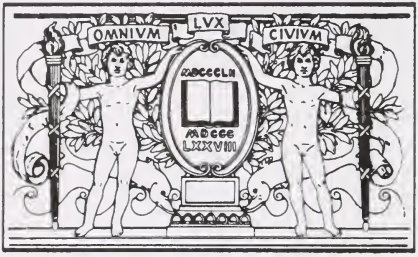

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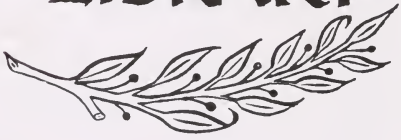

WINDFALLS.

WINDFALLS.

"FRUIT THAT IS BLOWN DOWN FROM THE TREE."
Evelyn.

"A TREE THAT HAS BEEN PROSTRATED BY THE WIND."
Worcester's Dictionary.

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BRIGHTON BRANCH.

BY

THOMAS G. APPLETON,

AUTHOR OF "A SHEAF OF PAPERS," "A NILE JOURNAL,"
"SYRIAN SUNSHINE."

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To E. L.,

IN TOKEN OF OUR FRIENDSHIP OF
MANY YEARS.

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WINDFALLS.

I.

SOMETHING ABOUT OUR GOOD THINGS.

OUR country is steadily progressing in civilization: we mean here by civilization not only refinement and culture, but a better use of the materials about us.

We certainly do not allude to politics: that flows like a river, sometimes a mirror for heaven's blue, and at others dark with storms; sometimes it runs low and shows frightful monsters on its banks, and all the while the life of the country is steadily rising; this life, which includes so much, — better manners, a friendlier intercourse, more sensible views on religion, a better architecture and a better household art; galleries and public libraries springing up everywhere; and, by the help of all these, a political sagacity daily growing and training itself for the great work of the future, for the hour seems to have struck when the man is outgrowing the garments of the child,

and must get himself measured for his suit of manhood. He has wearied long enough of his public servants who traffic and dicker, and were at times organizing themselves into rings of legalized banditti.

The bright, the happy time of a new Saturnian reign seems to have come. We shall soon see if we are to be given to the spoiler, or whether our genius, flexible and inventive, has not resources of adaptation and reconstruction enough to save us.

But we did not intend to speak of these things or make dangerous predictions of emendation, which the lessons of the sober past teach us to think too sanguine. No, our intention simply is to refer to the nation's life outside of politics. That life, with all its glorious increase of convenience and comfort, in one direction nationally sins. In our enthusiasm of living, we forget the sources of life: we trust the brain with our feverish activity, too much like a kite without a string, or rather with the string cut across; yet a healthy and well nourished body gives the only firm foothold for the gusty and high-flying mind.

In Europe, the body rather outbids the mind: people do not particularly care to be restlessly

active, cleverer than their neighbors, or to make work if they do not find it; but they do care for creature-comforts; they believe seriously in the *dolce far niente* and the body's enjoyment. Every Parisian shopkeeper looks forward to the time when, withdrawn from business, in his little garden in the country or suburb, he shall smoke his pipe with ample leisure under his own vine and fig-tree. Here, we only retire from business when the strength to continue it retires from us: business is our life, and, in the rush, we stumble over our grave before we have time to pull up.

Such are some of the reasons why, here in America, we have neither done justice to our own needs or our surroundings in the matter of food. Nature invites us to a table magnificently spread, if the proper artist were there to intelligently profit by its bounty. Heaven has sent us its food, and the Puritan has sent us his cook. How that honored ancestor must have instinctively felt that a more cheerful larder, a more skilful kitchen, would disagree with the ascetic and inhuman doctrines he believed in! All over New England the doctrine taught by the Puritans is fading away; but, alas! their kitchen remains. Few of our well-fed citizens,

who wisely and skilfully recognize the bounty of nature, know of the deplorable condition of the cooking in country towns, not so very far from Boston. Within twenty miles, you touch this dreadful atheism which spurns the gift of the Creator. A selfish economy may begin what habit and a chronic dyspepsia make a second nature: but it is not that; it is not that money is wanting, but that the proper nourishment of the body is not believed in. Even yet, among these poor fellows lingers a certain shame in the enjoyments of the table. Duty may be believed in, though its inspiration rather comes from a frown of Mrs. Grundy than the true conscience. Business is really sacred; but what has the contemptible body more to do than to take in its supply of brain stimulus when needful. See them at their repast in a country inn, moving from the despondent parlor, whose air is aflame with carbonic acid gas, to the bare and chilly dining-room, with nothing to encourage a generous appetite or social cheerfulness. Mark their silence: even the comforts of the table do not raise their spirits. Wine is too dear for a palate which can get out of no wine-bottle the money cost of it. They may stagger themselves, as with a blow, by a

shock from rum or whiskey; but they take good care that the blow shall be broken by no bread or meat, and so leave their undefended interior to fight out the battle for itself.

In this matter we have no reason to be hopeless, because we are of English descent; for we have a fineness of organization, and a delicacy of nerve, which make us as sensitive to animal as to mental enjoyment. But, on the sanitary side, we have much more need to be careful than they. They have a climate where the dull sun fails in its stimulus to the nervous centres, but one in which muscular enjoyment — the pleasure of exercise — is at its highest. We are nerve, they are muscle; we run to brain, and they run to body: these conditions help them much.

Yet the English kitchen never rises beyond a certain level: where good sense and substantial, wholesome food stop, it draws a line. It never ascends into the high æsthetic region of the great *chefs* of the French school, of the art of harmony, the matching and marrying flavors of piquant discords. Of embroidery and ornamentation, it knows little or nothing: it cannot even make an omelet. No provincial French peasant woman, in her little kitchen, but can toss you up in a minute a light, fragrant omelet, such

as deserves the name, dredged with sugar, and branded here and there with a hot iron. Such an omelet has often sent the traveller on his way a happier man. And, in their cottages, they believe in milk for their coffee. In the good time before chiccory, a table-spoonful of coffee would suffice for a large cup; but such milk is not warm merely, but thoroughly boiled.

When England introduces artistic work into her kitchen, she gets it from a French source. In referring to national kitchens, I mean the cooking of the bulk of the people. For the rich, in every country, get something of the best, and that best mostly imported. The English nobility live well; for, submitting their excellent material to French skill, they have as good a dinner as can be got. Fresher fish, a better flavored mutton, and the national joint of beef, make the French envious.

I once, in a stormy channel passage, found below a couple violently disputing: the pair consisted of a Frenchman, earnestly advocating the better relish and wholesomeness of the English kitchen, while the Englishman, remembering Paris, gave wholly the superiority to the French cuisine. And they each had reason. There is a wholesomeness in plain roast and

boiled, a stimulus to the gastric juice, and an enjoyment, perhaps with a touch of the cannibal in it, which the less simple, more complex cooking of France does not know. Yet, wholesome as it is, we demand a greater variety and a more poetic treatment. Each school has its merits and its faults. *Vino ciboque plenum*, the glutted Englishman will take a nap before his sea-coal fire, with his handkerchief over his eyes; while the lively Frenchman will get up ready for the opera from a dozen courses, and scarcely feel that he has dined. His palate was tickled: the chemistry of dissolution was begun for him by the skilful cook before nature undertook it. The sleeping wolf within us, which tears and gorges, dozed through his repast. His mind is clear, his senses keen, for the delightful entertainment of a French evening.

In most things the French do well, the ultimate fact is their artistic taste. It is everywhere. It makes beautiful by arrangement the shop window; it gives to the cheap shawl and simple dress of the grisette the grace a duchess may miss. Lyons could not live an hour without it; and it easily makes the French school of art the first in the world.

Their blood, running from ancestral veins, fur-

nishes an atavism to explain this inherited grace and sensibility to art. And how could it be kept out of the kitchen in France when it is everywhere else? An Englishman laughs when he hears the word "artist" applied to the worker in hair or to a cook; but, poor man, the laugh is rightly on the other side. The sadness, perhaps, even beyond that of "followers not permitted," in an English cook's life is, that her dull inartistic brain knows not the joy of invention, the delight of a pursuit of the beautiful. Was the soul of the greatest artist ever more turned to lofty endeavor than when the broken-hearted Carême broached himself on his own sword, dying thus professionally, for he had made the spit as noble as the sword.

The main purpose of this paper is to deal with the good things of America, whether wisely or unwisely used, with a glimpse at our gastronomic future. Nature has been to us no step-mother She has dealt most generously by us; and, unlike every other nation, we swing from latitude to latitude with a continental completeness in earth, air, and water. And this vast area is but one nation. No *douane*, no *octroi*, shuts the door from ocean to ocean. America stands with her starry baldric glancing between her subject

seas, and her brows crowned with an encircling garland where the pale growth of the North mingles with a tropical glow of a southern Flora; while from her strenuous right hand, which holds her horn of plenty, she showers the fruits and produce of a quarter of the world. And, with lightning speed, the railway distributes the good things of every State. Her clever sons are at this very moment inventing methods for the preservation and distribution of her produce beyond the seas.

Last night's "Punch" shows us a cartoon of an English butcher tossed by an animal he never saw before. Up he goes from the horns of *Bos Americanus;* but it should properly have been the English ox, fed with oil-cake and deteriorated by rinderpest, — or, rather, John Bull himself, — whom the newcomer should have been shown to be hoisting thus. England, in her old age, is getting pap-fed by all the young people. In the Pampas, she hermetically boxes the cheapest beef of the world. For her, a thousand sheep bleat on Australian hillsides. India fetches her sauces and every spice, and nearer neighbors her butter and her eggs. And now, her saucy offspring invades with an ox of her own the precincts of the sacred animal at home.

England sits, a little like some venerable Lear, above her chalky cliffs, seeing his sons gather samphire ("dreadful trade") from any crevice; while his prosperous daughters sometimes unkindly mock their dependent parent. But, if Regan and Goneril should be away in the hour of trouble, may, like Cordelia, America be seen sitting at his feet, and listening, while the old man says, —

"I think this lady to be my child."

Americans of delicate palates, when, after travel, they near our shores, are apt to talk enthusiastically of the good things they expect to find at home. They will compare with a friend their preferences. One will say, "It is autumn, and remember our canvas-backs."

To which the other may reply, "Won't I be glad to get buckwheats and fried mush again!"

"I will confide to you, my dear, that, as at the latest, we must be home by the eighteenth, for four successive days before that date, I have ordered roast turkey, — our roast turkey with its necklace of sausages."

"Now, do you know," in return asks her friend, "what I longed for the most in Europe?"

"Yes, I do," was the answer: "it was for one full glass of our delicious water."

"Ah, dear! that indeed is water, what they call so in Europe is only an infusion of lime. And that is why, there, it is virtuous to drink wine, thus escaping the evil of the lime, and here virtuous to drink water, escaping the evil of the inebriating cup."

"Oh, how often would I have gladly exchanged my bottle of champagne for a pitcher of iced-water, and yet we don't need water there as we do here!"

"In Europe our national ill-health is attributed to *bolting* badly cooked food, which, poor as it is, we insult by neglect, while the brain, unsubmissive to its claims, is foraging for new thoughts when it should be quietly helping digestion; but chiefly is it attributed to our too free use of iced-water."

"A distinguished physician of New York, Dr. Hossack, has said, that Americans have a certain latent feverishness, a fire within, which drives them up and down, ever seeking the excitement which shall fan it into flame; and no European can know how necessary, how delightful, it is to try and quench this flame with our ice-cold water."

To which the other: "That is just it. Europe is a kind of letting down to us: our American harp of a thousand strings is keyed so high that the strings must snap, if at times they are not loosened in a less electric sky. It is good for us to go there, and it is good for us to come back; but really now, do not you think our good things better than theirs? Why is it that, when we come back, they taste so well?"

"I suppose, because we belong to them, and they belong to us. The same influences, solar and terrestrial, which go to their making up are acting also in us. Our protoplasm within hails these good fellows without, and longs to make their acquaintance; and for the same reason European good things do us good, because they supply to us, as Europe does, what was missing. In Europe we recover our ancestral selves, as at home we recover afterwards our Indian or American selves."

And thus we have a kind of stereoscopic or double life, if we travel much. Somewhere they overlap and make to the spectator a true picture; but usually there is confusion of outline, an unachromatic look, which makes one not quite a citizen of either country. Patriotism thins itself into cosmopolitism, and one becomes

a citizen of every country, and of no country. One gets to be the inhabitant of just the place in which one does not find one's self. But let us come back to home, with that relish of its good things we have spoken of above, and look a little steadily into our larder and the larder of the future; and yet, with the European side of us, remember also her good things, and hint slightly at a comparison it seems natural to make between the two.

The modifications made upon animal life by different climates are almost too subtle to be followed; but that there is such an influence is proved, not only by our own feelings and health, but by the geographer, the physician, and the chemist. We must leave to these latter to tell us, if they can, what chemical differences in composition of the body climates produce.

We know generally that men in the polar regions have need of heat-producing food, for life is combustion, and it requires a roaring fire there to keep warm. And we know that near the equator man can need no such food. There the heat, tending to feverishness and difficulties of the liver, demands the acid of fruits, the mild nourishment of rice and other vegetables, but little meat.

But all the lesser degrees between these latitudes and the finer modifications of dryness and dampness, sunshine or fog, and electrical activity, — of these, as yet, the physiologist tells us little. But we observe that these influences of climate act in each place to modify the whole life there. Each living thing shares in it: the elm of England differs from the elm of America; the maize of America differs from the maize of Lombardy. And the character and flavor of fish and meats is modified through the same principle. This difference is so slight that it is not much spoken of; but it still exists. We see the European emigrant change hour by hour from his former self, and in the same way do animals.

The merino sheep of Spain, the English horse, the camel of the desert, soon show here that they are not at home. In the West Indies sheep lose their wool; and it is proverbial that, as we approach regions where carbon is less useful in food, the flavor and nourishing qualities of meats fall off.

We are very apt to accuse our southern friends of an incapacity for good roast and boiled, when the fault probably lies in the quality of the material. But they have a *cuisine* of their

own; and any one who has enjoyed the good offices of one of those old-fashioned confidential negresses who cooked here and there so well, before the war, must admit that Africa as well as France can supply a culinary artist.

What is this mystery of chemical adaptation in food between man and his environment? There would seem to be no connection between a living creature and his necessity of being gastronomically suitable to us. A lobster thinks he has an independent life, and little dreams that the ultimate object of his existence is to crown a salad. And the free-born children of the air, the wild fowl and the plover, — playmates of the billow and the beach, — little think that their tireless flights, their escapades and flirtations with the wave-crest of the outer deep, or its threaded silver as it dies along the shore, are, as far as concerns man, only to fetch for him a piquancy from wind and wave, and change replenishment into poetry. And, in this matter of adaptation, see how the scanty supply of this exquisite food, and all luxuries which bear the name of game, is managed. There would not be enough to go round; and, therefore, the Heavenly Caterer sees to it, that the laboring man, the servant, the sailor, shall be indifferent to its merits.

Did it ever occur to you to think if it be accident or no, that so many things are palatable and nourishing? We eat them without thinking of the fine mixtures of fibrine, gluten, and the flavors which run upon a scale of ascending pleasure; so like, yet so unlike, to each other; so artistic, that the mind enjoys them and finds for its perception the same word as for its relish of art, namely, taste. Should there not be a reverential, even a religious, recognition of these harmonies between the world He has made, and Man the lord of it, which it would be more proper to express than commonly we do? Well might the poor Esquimaux, if they knew enough, see in the oil-bearing phoca, which keeps for them alive the lamp of life, a divine and personal beneficence. If they were to worship the creature, it would be better than to bow down to stocks and stones. And, if we choose to see it, there is a divinity even in the hog. To a thoughtful man, this insulted but useful creature, seems to say, "I am an after-thought." When the great Provider had fashioned and sent forth his creatures, — those that fly and swim and ruminate, — mindful of man's future need, He gave these the flesh which his fire could make palatable; and also gave to man a

delight in his use of a function without which life would be impossible, and finding for him such an enjoyment that he would never be tempted to neglect self-preservation. And as the Infinite Power contemplated the world of happy beings he had made, and those whose fate was to be serviceable to man, with no foreknowledge of their doom to embitter their little lives, we may, without irreverence, imagine him to have thought, "All is good, yet one thing I lack: something not perishable like these, — the use and pleasure of a moment, — but a heat-giving food, compact and with properties for long preservation by salt and smoke; something that the trapper, the sailor, the wayfarer can carry with them, and find much sustenance in little space."

And so this exceptional animal, so spurned, yet so prized, by him for whom he was made, came into existence. See his great generous body, — the half of it hanging there in the market! Observe on what a slender line of membrane all this useful, this unique beneficence is suspended! There is no waste of the precious fatness, only enough bone, only enough muscle, is there to keep together that treasure, which, whether salted and called pork, or smoked and

called bacon, the working-man could not do without. If you doubt this, become a working-man yourself, or even that fashionable imitation of it, the hunter of the Adirondacks from the city. You will then find that the ripest game, the juiciest steak, cannot carry to the inner man that intimate conviction of merit that does this humble dish.

With what pencil shall we paint the shades of difference in flavor between the good things of America and those of Europe? They almost defy expression. They escape the definiteness of speech, and the mind's memory volatilizes almost as quickly as does the aroma of a dish fade in air. Generally, we may say that, in quality as meat, our beef holds its own, at the least, with that of England. But she surpasses us in mutton: her mutton flavor is truer, stronger, and richer. Her Southdown mutton, where the animal feeds upon the short saline grass of Beachyhead, and the neighboring downs, whose precipitous sides slant to the sea, surpasses any thing we have. So too does the Welsh mutton, — small, gamy, and full of flavor. Nor is the Highland mutton of Scotland much behind. The French have little good mutton, save from the *pré salé* sheep, so named from

the good quality it gains, as does the South-down, from being near the sea. Whether this comes from the sea air, or the grass there, I cannot say; but it is probably owing to that double oxygen, which is called ozone, which stimulates both grass and animal. I do not remember that the mutton of our sea-line is recognized as having the superiority given to it in Europe.

But our great excellence is in poultry: not merely did we give the turkey to Europe, but only here is it to be found really good. They do not care much for it in England; and in France it is only saved from neglect by the aromatic truffle, which makes it indeed a princely dish.

The French have good fowls and that breed, so large, so fat, from which the falsetto delicacy of the capon is made, which breed I remember hearing Mr. John Quincy Adams say he was the first to introduce here. This species we must place at the head of these volatile favorites; but the common chicken — is it anywhere so good as in America?

Foreigners I have often heard admit it; and yet, who of us now sees full justice done to the turkey, really the national bird of America, and

one to be prouder of than that rapacious sea-eagle whom Audubon so discouragingly describes. Since the wood-fire has ceased to roast, we hear with watering mouths of the departed grandeur of the Essex kitchen. There, on holiday occasions, the old-fashioned cook, who had never heard of Paris, would, under the approving eyes of her mistress, baste the broad breast of some monumental turkey, and release it afterwards from its revolving spit, with such a crisp froth of surface as coal-fire can never furnish. The same is recognized in Paris, where all cooking now is done by coal. There they talk of the good old days of the Rôcher de Cancale, and Véry's.

And we alone have the wild turkey. A Canadian friend once sent me one killed a hundred miles beyond Toronto, so huge that the uplifting hand holding it could hardly keep it off the floor, and from whose hospitable breast dinners were carved and eaten; its dome-like plumpness half concealing from the host the enjoyment of his guests.

And let us admit that they have cranberries in Europe; but, if you wish to know their merit, ask for cranberries in a country inn of our own. Europe dreams not of such a piquant companion

to the turkey as a good dish of cranberries: each one a glittering beryl, streaming with a juice as beautiful to the eye as the wild acidity, which sugar has tamed, is delicious to the palate. Before we dismiss this national bird, let us pay our homage to that witty French lawyer who first brought the kitchen into literature, — Brillat de Savarin. He not only gave us the reason of our enjoyment, but he garlanded the *casserole* with the flowers of wit and sentiment. But he had one supremely anxious moment in his life, when in America. While boarding with a farmer, with two lovely daughters, near Hartford, Connecticut, — which, being a Frenchman, of course he took care to misspell, — he had the good fortune to kill a wild turkey. He soon became silent, absorbed, and unhappy. He confessed to a grave responsibility,— how adequately to serve up a *morceau* of such importance, and he had reason, for at that day probably, no Connecticut farmer's wife would be careful enough of her roast, to give a Frenchman confidence.

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It is in the game course that we are strong also. Not only does the canvas-back, with a bit of celery in its bill, swim a crowned queen of its watery world; but having a longer coast-

line than other countries, running through more differences of heat and cold, we have a greater variety of shore birds. To know how many and how good they are, you must dine at Taft's in September: he says that on a particular occasion he once gave a dinner with birds from every State in the Union. His greatest effort that I have witnessed was the supper he gave to the New York Yacht Club, by invitation of the Eastern Yacht Club. Of course a supper of so many plates could not be like that of a small party: it was a *tour de force*, a case of *à peu près*. The quality of a plover or a snipe cannot be trifled with; it is perfect or it is nothing: and our New York guests confessed that Mr. Taft won laurels where others would have only reaped disgrace. "Alas!" said they, "we can never have such a hotel for game as his near New York. In the season it will be vulgarized by gamblers, and brutalized by roughs."

The reason of Mr. Taft's success is, that he believes in game; he is a sportsman as well as a caterer and a cook: he presides at the cooking, and this is always done by a wood fire. He observes his patients, watch in hand, till they are *cuits à point*. He is an authority at Shirley which none disputes. He once laid down the

law to Agassiz *de haut en bas*, and said, "You will find the golden plover the best bird we have;" and, with the bird in his mouth, Agassiz could make no denial. But the genius of Mr. Taft stops with his meats and fish. His accessories are of a cheap New England sort: his bread is poor, his pickles virulent, and his butter, — "oh! breathe not its name" — in Philadelphia. Let a grateful city urge him to reach perfection where it is so easy. To conclude with a compliment, Europe has no such sea-side hotel, with its affluence of game from so long a line of shore, and all intelligent foreigners who have dined there confess as much.

To come back to the larder. Fish are said to furnish phosphorus to the brain. Mr. Agassiz told me that the great chemist, Gay-Lussac, from experiments, was satisfied of the fact, and I believe other experiments corroborate this belief. Doubters immediately say: "Are then fishermen, who chiefly subsist on fish, so superior in brains to other people?" If they are not, the answer may be, that perhaps they eat too much fish; or do not eat enough of other food to keep the balance right.

One notices that some persons eat fish every day; others are indifferent to it; and some

never eat it at all. May not this be owing to the greater or less demand for phosphorus to supply the brain? At all events, fish constitutes a part of our subject-matter.

There is no better fish-market than ours. Though we may miss the lordly and firm turbot, the familiar and pleasant sole, the flaky and perfumed mullet, we have all that is necessary abundantly. Our mackerel are the best that I have met with. The halibut is almost wholly our own, for it is rarely found with the foreign fish-monger. We have not the fresh-water eel, which is so much prized, and so large, in France.

Our salmon, abundant only in the northern states, seems quite equal to the best Scotch salmon; though it is by no means so common a fish here as in Great Britain. We are even supplied with it from California; but, if we may judge of it in its condition from the ice-box, that is not so highly flavored as our own. The rivers of Nova Scotia and Canada furnish it to us abundantly. The waters there are strictly preserved, and our Izaak Waltons profit by this; and for a round sum enjoy, in our summer months, the sport of catching this royal fish.

If the salmon be the king of the piscatory tribe, the trout — the sea-trout especially — is a

prince near the throne. It is to be remarked that salt seems as necessary to make good flesh for the fish, as for man and other animals. The difference between the flavor of sea and fresh-water trout, and the salmon just from the ocean, and after a long stay in a river, is so great as to be distinguished at once. A sea-trout from the Cape, and fresh caught, perfumes the room in which it is eaten.

But our chief fish, from which our sickle-like Cape got its name, is excellent. And when its head and shoulders are eaten with oyster sauce, by many it is preferred to any other fish. Its flesh, is perhaps, not so firm as that of the English cod, and this leads me to make a general remark; I think there is something which tends to make flesh of all creatures here more delicate and softer than is the case in Europe. My own experience tells me so; though I have never heard it mentioned by another. Not only is the quality of all flesh that is eaten of finer grain; but I think the law also applies to the human race. I think the flesh of men and women here has a tendency to be more delicate and finer than that of European races. This has something to do with the refined beauty of our women; as also has another circumstance.

The bony structure of animals here seems slenderer, slighter, than that of the same creatures, man included, in Europe. Our hands and feet are smaller; our jaws narrower; the nose generally more delicate in its outline than is the case there. Our horses, cattle, and sheep seem smaller than they are abroad. It may be that the quickened electric life, receiving its stimulus from the sun, spends itself at the expense of the body's bulk.

We may be told, "There is the mammoth: do you call that a diminished creature?" Europe also has the mammoth, and I suppose it is quite as large as ours. But this fineness of the meat that is eaten here, Americans think, plays a great part in the excellence of their game-birds, while flavor is not wanting. Fish, flesh, and fowl, all have something to say to the same effect; and indeed the rule apparently extends through all living things. Our trees have not the bulk and fulness of foliage of English trees; and the flower-shows of London exhibit our rhododendrons, kalmias, and azaleas, larger and richer colored than we see them here. This fact, if true, is so interesting, that I think it will be worth while for our physiologists and students of natural history to ascertain its accuracy.

Before we dismiss the subject of fish, I would take leave of it by reference to two species both so welcome at the table, — the smelt and the Spanish mackerel. Though the smelt is known in Europe, it is nothing like so good as here. It is comparatively insipid. It seems to need our electric cold, the snap of our clear winter weather, to make it the delicacy we so love. The Spanish mackerel, of late only a visitor to our Northern shores, — for in the Vineyard, Sound, and near Newport, it is quite abundant, — is the trout of the sea. It has the same beauty of form, the same spots upon its skin, and its exquisite and fine flesh hint also that it is of royal lineage. The extension of its area lately calls to mind, that Agassiz told us that the range of space occupied by fishes is not so large as we might think, even where there is no barrier to prevent their moving farther if they please. This range, we suppose, is determined by their feeding ground: if that moves, they move with it. Probably that is the case with the Spanish mackerel, and certain other fish which have become emigrants; and we alone have a shad worthy of the name. I shall not stop to say more of fishes. I will not be seduced by the odor of the *frittura*. Our abundant and excel-

lent pan-fish, the perch, and the flounder shall not detain me; neither shall the unforgotten tenants of our lakes, — the gigantic trout of the lakes of Maine; or the capital white fish of our great chain of inland waters.

For the larder of the future, I would like to make a suggestion. In these Saturnian days, our new departure for another era of good feeling, when, let us hope, the scars of war are healing, the bounty of our land should be better understood and developed. There are commissions and bureaus to manage by division the great national domain. Why should there not be one for food and produce?

Each State now is furnished with its geologist to give an account of its mineral treasures, and could we not have one of food which should give its account also, not only of the produce of its fields, the number and quality of its cattle, its better or worse adaptation for the growth of the farm and the garden, but supplement it all by a search for hidden treasures of the table, either undiscovered or unappropriated until now?

It should ascertain the effect of the climate and soil on imported cattle, the greater or less success of agriculture, horticulture, pisciculture,

in each locality, and the probable chance for the introduction and discovery of new forms of food for man.

America must hide away many treasures besides gold and silver. The crude table of the countryman, the western or southern farmer, has had neither desire nor use for such luxuries, if found, until now. Nor if they had, was the government furnished with the means of accomplishing any addition to our scanty supply of creatures, vegetables, sauces, or relishes, which is a substantial increase of human happiness.

A Frenchman has said of America playfully, "It has a hundred religions, and but a single sauce." There is enough truth in it to make us desire to have these furnishings for this world and the next, balance more equally.

A few years ago, mushrooms were not in our market, neither were Brussels-sprouts, artichokes, scallops, the oyster of the cape, nor even the tomato; till Agassiz noticed it, the American turbot was unknown. It is fortunate for this fish that it has his authority for calling itself a turbot, for it is widely different in size and flavor from its English namesake; but it is a good fish, however called.

France considers her perfumed truffle a jewel among condiments. Capons and turkeys stuffed with it become royal dishes. But the true *gourmet* best loves it in its simplicity, boiled like a potato, and served whole in a snowy napkin, and eaten with bread and butter: this gives it its full importance. But it is only good when fresh: served in restaurants, it is apt to be the leavings of days before, and then it is tasteless, resembling black cork. The best truffles in the world come from Périgord in France, not far from the Mediterranean, near Marseilles. It is about the size, generally, of a middling potato, jet black with a rough surface. Dogs are trained to find it in the forests of Périgord. There has been a great increase of late years in the production of this dainty, just as the world might have feared a falling off. The history of this increase is curious. The birth of this tuber, the truffle, was a mystery. It was simply known to be unearthed by dogs, hogs, or accidentally by men. The seed of it could not be procured for propagation, and all attempts to grow it failed; but a certain peasant was noticed growing rich by the sale of truffles. He was so watched and surrounded that he consented at last to tell his secret. His neighbors profited

by this, and became rich in their turn. His secret was this. After watching long the behavior of truffles, he discovered that they chiefly were found under one species of tree, I forget which; so he planted this tree, and the truffles followed.

The French government has deigned to notice this industry, and encourage it. How many times the production of this delicious comestible has multiplied from the old supply, it is difficult to say, the increase is so rapid. It pays so well that it supersedes, where it succeeds, every thing else. Thus France doubly gains, by the increased supply of a favorite dainty and also much useful timber.

Germany has a truffle, so has Italy. Hers is of a light brown color, and, though good, much inferior to the truffle of Périgord.

America, one would think, must possess this treasure; with so many climates, such forests everywhere, this black diamond must be somewhere hidden. Would it not be well for our Food Bureau to ascertain the facts of its culture, import men and dogs to hunt for it, and, if necessary, plant the French tree, which is the *fidus Achates* of this mysterious stranger?

Delicious wild mushrooms we have, and of

late the cultivated, but is that all we are ever to know of the fairy-like race of *fungi!* Italy possesses a dozen or two varieties, all eatable, and we do have or could have quite as many.

The word "toadstool" scares people from attempting a discovery. But an expert could soon settle the matter.

It is a great advantage for supply, that we are a continent, yet one country; and our enterprise fetches from the four quarters, as its season commences, many a good thing. We know when the spring is coming along in Florida by the shad and early pea we see on our table. We know when the ice has disappeared in Canada, for the salmon comes to tell us. Bermuda writes her latitude upon the early potato. Even California makes a long arm, and drops into our hand her peaches and her pears. Kentucky thinks nothing of hanging her fresh mutton in Faneuil Hall market, and no change from ice or muffling snow can prevent the grouse of the prairies, the venison or wild turkey of western forests, from reaching us uninjured.

Europe knows nothing of this. Her little nations jostling and keeping each other off with *octroi* and *douane*, forbid such interchange of markets.

America has great advantages, and it is our duty not to neglect them : it is, above all, our duty to try and reach the national kitchen and teach it improvement. We must take time to understand and believe in this chemistry by fire, for it will give a better chance to the coming man. We must take time to eat, and time to digest our food, and then we shall know something of the ample and generous larder with which a beneficent Father has favored us.

II.

A MONTH IN THE ADIRONDACKS.

"HAVE you ever been in the Adirondacks?" "No? Then your life is a mistake." We none of us knew what we had been missing until we got there. In a certain sense, and an important one, we then discover what is the America we live in. We had known our Atlantic Ocean as overlooked from headland and bay on its sinuous shore. We had known New England's rural village, — its street, checkered with elm shadows, and those meadow, or hillside walks, so important a part of what we call "living in the country."

But the Adirondacks are quite another affair. There you do not visit Nature, you are enveloped by her. You lie on her breast, and her arms are around you. She mixes your blood with the balsam of her caresses. All that she loves — her happy solitude, the floor of glassy lakes, her woodland song and odors, — she gives to you. By the seashore, which is ever whispering, "Come back to Mother England: you are her child,"

we have a divided affection, but in the Adirondacks, we are wholly American. No trick of the old civilization is here. No imported habit, no daily custom, borrowed from a sunless land, here exists. It is America to the core. It takes up your half-European nerves and makes a home for them, where every sight and sound repels the alien mixture.

No forest of Arden but the one which Shakspeare visited, can match these poetic solitudes. Jaques is sure to be there, and Audrey, and Touchstone, "though with a difference:" here, they are called hunters and trappers, and their mother wit could give long odds to any pasture-fed wags of the low countries. They are on their native heath, and their name is MacGregor. But for the king and his court, I fear the best we can get, will be merchant princes, — those kings of Cocaigne. And I fear all our courts can do for us is to furnish not courtiers, but lawyers. Alas! I suspect the penknife of America has scored upon tree-trunks other verses and another name than those of Orlando.

England rubs the rust off her members of Parliament and her city men in Scottish highlands. And our jaded merchants, or the barnacles of our city clubs, do the same in our

highlands, — the Adironacks. They tell me that the city so empties itself now into the forest, that —

"The trail of the cockney is over it all."

Some fifteen years ago, when I was there, it was still a virgin region. Its great simplicity easily swallowed any intruder, and he was lost in it. I have lived for nearly a fortnight there by a lake, with only one habitation within ten miles. It is this privacy of the woods, all our own, which is their greatest charm.

We should have been jealous of any rival. Those long leagues of waters, those crimsoning mountains, that hyacinthine arch of sky, were all ours, with none to dispute our possession. If we analyze the many sources of our satisfaction there, we shall find that this undisturbed and imaginary ownership of all counted for a great deal.

We could well spare any display, or the luxury of home comforts, having such a royalty. In the city, beautiful furniture and spacious rooms we might have; but what a pitiful kingdom in extent it was, some thirty by ninety feet! Here the boundary of our estate was the circling wall of the horizon only!

Once when I visited with a party, we had the

great good luck to go there in October. It was the time of our own Indian summer. Where can it be so felt and enjoyed as in the Indian's country, for whom it was made? That is the time when all things in America are at their best. The mosquito and the sand-fly have disappeared. No smoky cloud of smudge pollutes the breathless air. Like eagles, the winds have flown to some high nest, and a celestial calm takes their place. It is the time of the hunter. The poor deer no longer sinks, when shot, in the lake, but floats buoyant in his long hair.

The travelling ducks dip downward to try these wells of the wilderness, and there slake their thirst for water. And the heat, sufficient at mid-day to warm us as if we were a pear on a garden wall, is mild enough to leave morning all its freshness, and give to the cooling evenings the comfort and glory of whole tree-trunks of flame, whose dying embers warm for us the night through and through. At such a season, the guide can tell his tale of adventure beside our forest fire-place, and sleep comes to us afterwards close and deep, as the feverish summer is gone.

Our preparations for camp life were ample. One of the party had been there before, knew

what it was necessary to leave as well as what to take, and, besides, he had a passion for preparations and packing. A genius of this sort is invaluable where compactness is every thing. We had a serviceable tent, which was lent us for the ladies; but the men were expected to sleep as they could. Through the skill of our guide, we either improvised a sufficient shelter, or like cuckoos took possession of the nests of others; for the wilderness keeps open house.

We had the metal plates and all needful things for meals, breakfast and dinner service, but not a bit of crockery!

Of course, as food, we brought only the plainest things, — flour, salt, and butter, pepper, — but no relishes, beyond a jar or two of English pickles. In one important particular, we were exceptionally fortunate: the *pièce de résistance* in the forest is pork. I am tempted here to a disquisition on the hog; but, as I have relieved myself of it elsewhere, I will spare the reader. But I must notice this, as the appetite changes with its *habitat*, its need and relish of food changes. This permanent picnic, this life in the open air, craves something which pork supplies, and which no dainty in the world could.

We took no dainties, or if we did, did not dis-

turb them. Our sherry we left untasted in its bottles, but honest whiskey we never despised.

The forest provides its own larder. There was always a buck hanging by the heels near the camp, and trout were rarely wanting. We imitated the bad practice of the Irish, who after ruining their own at home, are now ruining our fishing, hanging great lines in the sea with a thousand cruel, baited hooks depending. This not only catches and kills the too young fish, but it scares away the larger ones. Though a law passed in time could have stopped this, our fishermen, who used only the hook and line, were like all Americans too *amiable* to protest beyond grumbling a little. But I suppose we must submit to our new Ireland on the water, as we are losing our new England on the land.

So the guides swung their death-hooks to *set lines*, and our breakfast was the better for it. Rods we took, guns of course, and a heavy ballast of shot and bullets. But our bother was bait: there is every thing else in the woods but worms, as we either are or furnish them food by civilization; without these, they cannot exist.

Our circular tin-box, a foot long and half as wide, whose top was pierced with little holes to admit air and water, was cared for as a very

precious thing. As to dress, we already knew that for wild life a woollen overshirt is the only wear: with bars of color, it may even be beautiful; but its pride is in making a cockney look like a trapper. With the sure taste American ladies have for the harmonies of things, ours reflected the crimson woods in their petticoats, and carried off that color in their hats crowned with scarlet berries. What relates to the kitchen, — what relates to the chase, excepting guns, the guides provide. The frying pan and the gridiron have more to do there than the spit. Eggs keep now as they never used to do. My driver to Moosehead Lake was an egg-merchant: he kept his method of preserving them a secret; but to show its worth he told me that, after buying up a lot from neighboring farms, he sent them to Boston to sell. There was no demand for them, so he exported them to California. They met there with the same indifference; so, being reshipped to Boston the next spring, they sold very well. Ours had this advantage of the lime-water treatment; and, in spite of what people may think, condensed milk is richer in coffee than cow's milk.

Our party had shown pluck in sticking to the appointed day of departure. After a dry sum-

mer, it began to rain; nor was there any let up for a fortnight, and into that time the whole wet of the season was packed. We were true to our mutual promise, and were rewarded for it; for, after the storm passed away, faultless autumnal weather set in. But for ladies to start on such a trip in a driving storm astonished some of their friends. "You will never arrive; all your things will be wet; the mud will prevent your moving about; and when you are there you will only get pork to eat," vainly croaked these birds of ill omen: our wills and faces were set to go, and every thing turned out for the best. The rail slid us through in a day to Lake Champlain; and, ere night, by steamer and coach we were at Keesville. The storm there was strong enough to get through the ceiling of one of our bedrooms, and sprinkle — which then seems a deluge — the sleeper. Nothing daunted, the next day we set off for the lower Saranac in one of those generous country wagons, and such a spanking team as puts gayety into the heart of the excursionist.

Though the storm lasted for many days, it did not rain always. The curtain would lift, and chase as with silver the gleaming frets of the swollen Ausable. Tahaus, for a moment, would

throw off his hood and look down on us. For a moment, we glanced up the long aisles of the dripping woods; getting a peep of a clearing beyond, with its stumps looking almost like wheat stacks, and the settler's house, with its smoke blue against the pines.

Our horses didn't seem to mind the mud; nor did we. It was very juicy, but very jolly. Before we got to Martin's, there was plenty of thunder and lightning. Evening had come, the storm closed in, and so it was doubly dark. Our guide-post was the lightning. When it flashed, we profited by it to see our road; and scampered along till the next flash showed us we were not yet quite among the stumps. In an instant, the glare etched against the darkness every particular of the whole landscape. A straggling fence, a hundred trees, films of mountain, and the puddles beside the road, were, so to say, burnt into the brain in a second. If a cart, going at a round pace, passed before the eye, it seemed to stand still; we could see all the spokes: the reason is, the lightning was swifter than the cart; and its impression, like an instantaneous photograph, catches things on the jump. The photograph of men running shows us their legs thrown higher than we ever see them.

Mark Twain remarked to me, that lightning throws no shadows: the reason I suppose is that it devours while creating them.

At length, with a rush we came dashing under Martin's covered doorway and stopped. Instantly, one of our horses reeled and fell dead. Poor fellow! He did not fail us, till perhaps he felt that his service was no longer wanted. We shook ourselves out of our wet clothes, and dined cheerfully. Apparently, there were no people in the house but clergymen. I have often noticed the same thing in Switzerland. At Lucerne's *table d'hôte*, you may see opposite you an Alpine line of white chokers, and you almost fancy you hear them say to the waiters, "Dearly beloved." These play-grounds of Europe and America authorize a harmless dissipation, where the world permits them so few. They escape out of their parish routine into the freedom of Nature. These mountain play-grounds, this summer vacation, is as the year's Sabbath. Overworked and fatigued, they get then rest, refreshment, and a store of good thinking for the future. Civilization, which lives by consuming men's lives, is made possible through such reservoirs of recuperation as Switzerland and the Adirondacks. Yearly we shall

profit by them more, for we shall need them more.

Every moment hoping to see the rain stop, after a row on the lower Saranac, to get a taste of what we came for, we were off for Bartlett's. This burly inn-keeper resides in a comfortable house near the upper Saranac, and is a power in the forest. He has his henchmen who do his bidding. He desired to sweep us into his net, to assume the management of our party. After the storm had continued two days more, and he thought the weather had softened the ladies' hearts, as it had the ground, he put his foot down and tried to make an impression.

"The men 'll do it well enough, I guess; but t'aint no use talkin' to you delicate critters 'bout goin' up to Long Lake. Yer ain't used to it. And if yer get out there you 'd only sog round a bit, make believe yer like it, and then, if you can find a dry place, you 'll sit down and cry. Why, the mud 'll be up to your waist. I tell you, yer *ca-a-an't* do it. Now you just stay here and be comfortable, and when it clears up I 'll row you round Tuppur's Lake. You 'll like it fust rate."

He got no reply; but a whisper like "pig" floated through the air.

Those plucky ladies! "They bated not one jot of heart or hope," but bravely adhered to our plan. Such firmness and courage deserved the reward which they soon got. After a day or two, a manly figure, a face resolute but sweet, suddenly showed themselves. With that appearance was bound up the success of our enterprise. When he came, we felt the sun could not be far behind. And instantly, as if per contract, the great luminary shouldered the clouds aside, and stood laughing down at us. Even Bartlett was melted. "Just you stay one day more, and we 'll have a grand hunt with all the dogs." "I mean to," quietly replied the new-comer, whom we had caressed and welcomed in a way that made Bartlett understand our mutual relations. Our deliverer, and hero of the woods, was protector and friend to us for a month of such thorough enjoyment that his name shines with lustre in our memory. It was Robert Fulton, guide of Long Lake, and he was no dishonor to his greater namesake. Knowing all that the woods teach, practised in invention and contrivance, kind, steady, wise, and brave, we soon believed in him with the same reliance through these woodland leas, that dependent passengers acquire for some captains of our ocean steamers. Bartlett's prop-

osition to give us a day's hunting was so seconded by the lovely weather, and our delight to escape into the air, that it was a brilliant success. The woods had been undisturbed for at least a fortnight, and the deer came out like ourselves to enjoy the fine weather. Bartlett posted us at different points; appointing for each a hunter, and distributing his pack of hounds. I was placed where two tongues of land nearly united, with shallow water between. Then, for the first time, I heard that music of the hounds which Shakespeare must have enjoyed in Warwickshire when a boy, as looking over the hedge he saw the hunt sweep by. His lines in Midsummer Night's Dream betray the memory of the ear as well as imagination. Then could I as he did: —

> "Mark the musical confusion
> Of hounds and echo in conjunction.
> . . . . . .
> . . . Never did I hear
> Such gallant chiding; for, besides the groves,
> The skies, the fountains, every region near
> Seemed all one mutual cry: I never heard
> So musical a discord, such sweet thunder."

And there was meaning in the music. At first the dogs ran up the mountain, and their track was marked by a perspective of sound.

Then finding the deer, there was exultation in their cry; and I knew it was making for the lake by the increasing swell and loudness of the barking. Having heard of the "buck fever," I quietly waited for it to show itself. While standing still, with the shame of an expectant murderer, the wood in front seemed to open. A vision of grace and beauty came dancing along with glancing horns and a derisive smile. That contemptuous smile was fatal to the buck; for, as he swept by, I put a bullet through his head, and he fell in his tracks.

After sketching him, while busy with another drawing, Bartlett came up. Seeing us so tranquil, he said eagerly: "Where is the deer? Didn't you hear a gun? H'aint the dogs bin by? I suppose then t'was t'other feller's gun I heerd."

Turning to my companion, I said: "Certainly we heard the dogs, and I think the gun too, didn't we? Mr. Bartlett, will you be good enough to hand me my pencil-case. You will find it just beyond that bush." When there, he started back, exclaiming: "Good gracious, what a buck!" Not appreciating the diffidence I thought I showed after my success, when talking it over Bartlett remarked: "There was a

chap here from Boston who killed a deer, and I tell yer, he felt as big as a four-acre lot." Later in the day, Bartlett killed a buck himself, and he showed what he thought the right way to express his triumph. He bragged outrageously, and so embroidered the truth that we almost thought he had not killed any thing. Each of us men killed a buck that day, and it was best so, for such satiety of luck put us at peace with ourselves. And afterwards we took things coolly.

The next day, with our six guides, — each one rowing a boat, the last one looking after a larger boat which held our traps, — we took a cordial leave of our landlord (for the previous day's success had smoothed all irritation between us), and made directly for Long Lake. We struck the shore not far from the place where one day we had vainly fished in the rain. And leaving the upper Saranac, we crossed to the Racquette by Indian Carry. I remember the Indian, for there was a famous story told us of an Indian chief, the mound of whose grave we saw about midway; but I seem to think the Carry was only our old acquaintance, a horse and cart. But whether or no it be so, we had the real thing afterwards. I remember a terri-

ble carry, up hill and down dale, over which it was my fate to have a sack of potatoes, swinging from the shoulder. As the ground was more or less oozy, this sack would jerk to right and left, as if some one were pulling me back. After that experience, I never doubted any stories I had heard of carries.

When we had passed the ferry, Fulton displayed his flotilla; consisting of six boats, such as are in general use in the Adirondacks. They are light yet strongly built boats, some twenty feet long, and the pleasantest way of using them is to lie half reclining at full length, with wraps under you over which are placed elastic boughs curving upward of the fragrant balsam fir. You thus carry the woods with you as you go. And there is health as well as fragrance in their pressure. The attitude, the drowsy click of rowlocks, the whispering swirl of the receding water, are all favorable to indolence and dreaming.

Life clothes itself in poetic bliss. The body is no burden. Its muscles sleep. Thought and will are at rest, while, before tranquil but not unobservant eyes, Nature unrolls for us the panorama of the wilderness.

Yet this gliding tranquillity does not equal

what I remember at Moose River in Maine. There, in the evening, looking out for moose, we floated over the crimson lustre, as our soundless birch canoe glided like some silent cloud across that mimic sky.

We hung secure, and shot past the uprooted tree, the bellowing bull-frog, as does a bird on balanced wings.

But, in the Adirondacks, a stronger boat is needed. Intersected as the woods are there with rivers on which, like pearls, great lakes are strung, — a country which reminds one of the Brazil which Mrs. Agassiz describes with *arapes* (water-roads) everywhere, — these boats are the cabs of the wilderness.

The sense of progress without effort, a beauty which stoops to you and is not hunted for, flatters our pride and complacency. And the vagueness of the forest, where rises no shattered tower, where no historic sight awakes the slumbering mind, well matches the vagueness of our dreamy pensiveness. At evening we arrive unjaded, and the fatigue of a walk only refreshes us. Our minds are so lost in dream that on one occasion a lady of our party lifting her lashes, as at evening the day's journey ended, and the boat without a jar touched the shore, beheld a familiar figure looking towards her.

"Ah," she thought, "then I am not in the happy Adirondacks, but still moving along Broadway! This city acquaintance makes it but too evident."

Our first camp was full of interest to us. The river on which we had been, had for its name a suggestive French one, reminding us of French Jesuits, and the lonely rivers which run through the picturesque pages of Mr. Parkman, the historian. It was called the Racquette. Upon its bank, our guides began to cut long saplings for the four posts of the ladies' tent. The larger and longer ones in front, to which soon was attached a sloping roof of canvas, and three sides only. But the axe never tired of waking the echoes of the forest. Great trees fell, the equilibrium of their divided mass so understood that they dropped just where the guide wanted. Soon there was a film of blue against the green, the crackle of flames, the laughter of the burning wood. Before such a hearth, within walls of such majestic verdure, our eggs, our venison steaks, our slices of pork, became a banquet. And when, as the dark deepened, the stars came out to look at us, this ceiling of stars which Egypt loved to imitate, so beautiful yet so lofty, allowed the smoke of our cigars to rise unim-

peded; nor, if it listened, did it send back any echo of our laughter and merriment.

We slept well, though once a shriek rang through the forest. We had instructed the ladies, if in trouble, to call us by an imitation of the call of the Indians, — a cry interrupted by quickly covering the mouth with the palm.

Our alarm was received with shouts of laughter. It was merely an experiment to discover how the Indian call would work if needed.

If evening and night were delightful, morning was not without its charm. Our dressing-room gave us abundant room for our toilette. Our faucet turned on a whole river at our service; and, if our ladies cared for cosmetics, the best and wholesomest the world could offer them was there, and it was called Morning Blush. Then first appeared America's masterpieces in india-rubber; and to procure which light, firm, unodorous ewers and basins, two or three lives were sacrificed before the chemistry which brought perfection was reached.

Then the walk in the woods before breakfast; for we must have one, be it ever so short, though Fulton remonstrated, and the saucepan beguiled us with its sorcery. What an aromatic air-bath it was, and the sympathetic silence of those

endless woods. The air was blithe and bonny, and our steps were elastic. And here is the secret of our unexplained satisfaction in living, and here is the secret, too, of the gain the invalid finds in that mountain air. It is not only the free life, but the quality of the air also. Men of science tell us of the mysteries of ozone, meaning the increasing presence and energy of oxygen. The city has the least, the seaside the most of it. But nearer the latter than the former is the energy of ozone amid wooded mountains. The low-lying meadow has not much of it; but all the Adirondacks is raised many hundred feet above the ocean level.

This is why the citizen, fatigued with his long winter, instinctively seeks the seaside and the mountains. As the poor are denied facilities of locomotion, Christian society has already discovered its duty to those who languish in towns through the summer heat. And it is a charity better than money to furnish them with access to these reservoirs of strength. Any one who has seen with what joy these wilted plants at Nahant drink in its living air, will not forget to do his share of the duty to little children. Their pallid faces glow in the sea breeze; and, as some kind-hearted lady fills each little hand

with a nosegay from her own garden, they return home, grateful and content.

The history of our first encampment was repeated the succeeding days, with only differences according to its locality and the state of our larder.

The fine weather was unalterable. The Indian summer was at its stillest and brightest. Something had favored the ripening of the leaves, and their tints of gold, crimson, and purple would have been glaring in a midsummer sun; but the late autumn takes care to glaze the too great splendor with her amber atmosphere. This harmonizes and blends the discordant colors, and the sky's tranquillity and peace do not allow the vivid scene to jar upon our senses.

The only change was the shortening day, and the increasing chill at night, as the season advanced.

Our first camp was just below the falls of the Racquette, a very pretty cascade, down which, not without some excitement, we descended on our return. Below it, is a still pool, in which we fished; here we tried both the fly and worms from our much cherished tin box. But the season was too far advanced for much success

here or elsewhere. We had to content ourselves with our guide's stories of the prodigious size and number of the trout he had caught here when the time was more favorable. We even saw the dusky backs of some monsters moving about in the pool, but they were not at our disposal. Not far above the fall ended our longest and most terrible carry. I forget the exact distance, but as we each carried something, for even the ladies burdened themselves with light articles, and I staggered about with an oscillating bag of potatoes as above mentioned, to us the space measured many miles. This was our only carry of importance; and we were glad to do it, to understand better the stories my friends had told me of the carries which they had to traverse in Maine. At times we would leave the boats, unburdened, for the sake of the walk or a little shooting. We occasionally got a few partridges; but, with the exception of deer, game is not very abundant in the wilderness. Always after this carry we slid along the glassy floor; and, as the winds were hushed, it was only once or twice that our boats met the shock of little waves in some open lake.

It was the very poetry of travel. We had not to rough it anywhere; and the ease and

elegance of our conveyance, the simplicity yet comfort of our lodging, and the living pictures always passing before the eye, made us pronounce our life in the woods superior in distinction to any other form of existence.

The midge and the mosquito troubled us not; only once something was said of a snake, but few, if any saw it; and the dry, clean ground of our camp furnished no manner of vermin. So we glided, as in a dream, from river to lake and from lake to river.

We passed from the Racquette River and entered Forked Lake on the fifth of October. Thence again by the river we rowed on till the mountains rising from the lovely shores of Racquette Lake saluted us. But behind us we had left the extended waters of Long Lake, the home of our chief guide. There we pulled up midway down the lake, as all tourists do, at Cary's. It was quite a settlement: there must have been as many as two houses. At Cary's we stopped for a day and partook of civilization. We tasted once more of the famous American stove which returns the money you have spent upon it in carbonic acid gas; and we saw again America's housekeeper. She bore like Atlas a world of care upon her

shoulders; conscientious, fidgety, and faithful. Worn to a shadow, it seemed a cruelty that she should slave for us incessantly.

Something must be done for these devoted housekeepers of ours. They are unlike the same class in any other country. One might hope to find on these breezy heights that robustness which plain living and such air should engender. The substratum of a nation should be as a quarry from which the rough blocks of human nature are cut, to be polished and chiselled into the Corinthian columns which decorate while they support. But, if the nation give way at its base, there is little security for any true equilibrium. These good, weary women who die in harness deserve a better fate. Let us hope that the exhaustion of our climate will be met by the tranquillity of an accomplished civilization, when the duty as well as the pleasure of repose will be better understood.

When returning to Cary's, from our excursion beyond, our party met with an adventure which showed the notion our guides had of the strength of these country dames.

It had been the writer's misfortune, in the confused transfer of our belongings on board the steamer on Lake Champlain, to lose a very val-

uable pair of Faxon's best boots; high, solid, and strong, as fittest for the forest. The consternation I expressed for my loss was a subject of endless mirth for the rest of my party. At Keesville I got another pair; but, as I expected, so inferior that I had little comfort in them. They were moulded for some abnormal foot; for where the leather should have curved in it curved out, and *vice versâ*. After much wearing, an indenting point hurt me, and was filling the boot with blood. This decided me, a few miles above Cary's, to take to a boat and descend the Racquette with the luggage, while the rest of the party, the gentlemen with guns, and the ladies with walking sticks, strolled across on foot. There was a wagon for them to go in if they chose; but the roads were heavy, while the turf was springy and pleasant. So, leaving the wagon toiling after, they walked merrily ahead.

When our boats came in sight of Cary's and no wagon was visible, our guides, for we brought them all, were in a great state of excitement. We hurried to the landing, and they broke into lamentations.

"Dear me!" cried Fulton, "they must have been left behind in that horrid mud; I can see

the ladies now, tuckered out and crying by the wayside."

When we reached the house, we found the ladies very comfortable, round the fire and reading aloud. To be sure one, to whom cats are a profanation, had found one on the stair, and had passed a bad quarter of an hour. How they laughed at the fears of our guides! They said the little walk was delightful, only five or six miles; and they were not in the least tired. "Well," exclaimed Fulton, "I know there is no woman hereabouts who could 'a done it. Why, bless you, they never walk a mite!"

I must not longer delay lazily, like a trout, eddying round in these river reaches, or lying indolent upon the bank, below the fragrant hemlocks. Let us hurry past the shadowy crests beyond Long Lake, and which evening turns to a purple, as if each were the broad leaf of an immense pansy. Past the swelling forest which the Racquette cuts with its thread of silver, past Racquette Lake, past Forked Lake, whose silent headlands crimson the water with the dyes of autumn, till we find ourselves arrested, for a moment only, by its pebbly beach. Thus far, all is open, smiling, frequented; but now, we are aiming at the heart of the wilderness, and

launch away from the tourist's ground into the majestic solitudes of a nature which shall be all our own. We are to visit Blue Mountain Lake, the terminus of our wanderings; make, as it were, a home there; get to love it; hate to leave it; and still keep in our breasts its sunny image, so that it seems to us we have lived there for ever.

The little stream that led thither, was no river, only a wide brook. It had rocks close to us, from which the wild flowers peered at us with their little eyes. Trees, with vines hanging to them, leaned forward, and covered us with their shadow. Then, looking past some dusky knoll, we would see the sun strike beyond, and the maple-leaves burn like a chaplet of rubies. Then again, we would glance into the blue of the middle stream, over which the shadow of an eagle sailing overhead would flutter and pass away. We saw pictures everywhere of a scenery which America only possesses, and at length we also made a picture ourselves.

We stopped to lunch in a most picturesque place. I am now looking at a sketch of it, and all the delights of the hour come back as I look. We emptied our boats, and drew them up on the shore. Some we overturned to lean against, as

we lunched; while, upon a knoll beyond, one of those impromptu fires which looks as if a city were burning, was wasting its energy for the small purpose of furnishing us a few cups of hot coffee. Two great trees on the left, embowered us with their overarching boughs. Among the roots at their feet, were mosses of many colors. Here and there upon the russet of the bank, a fallen leaf would lie like a jewel. Dispersed among the leaves and moss, were fishing-rods, gun-cases, skillets, and powder-flasks. And by their side after a careful sprinkling, our precious box of worms modestly asserted itself.

And the pipe which followed the roast potato, — and where are potatoes better than on Long Lake! — the broiled trout, and the aromatic Mocha, into what content did they not waft us! Call it physical satisfaction if you will, but the comforts of the body, when set amidst such weather, such scenery, such society, fill up for man a cup of perfect happiness.

When we can easily and innocently enjoy so much, why is it that life must know many colorless gray hours, the darkness and the rain?

And then, alas! too soon away, leaving, as we fancied, the ghostly bloom of our happiness, the

impress of a moment's personality which we had made alive, to fade away from that bank of many colors.

There must have been at one time beavers on that little stream, or perhaps otters. Soon after our visit to the Adirondacks, a club was formed, which for no great sum purchased an area of five miles square, and thus gave itself the satisfaction of a proprietorship in the wilderness. That club was composed of many renowned men, and was visited by many lovely and noble women. A whole lake belonged to it, called Ampersand, from its form, which it resembled. It owned, too, a brook like this, where once at evening, with swift and sinuous grace, I saw two otters glide over a bank and drop into its stream. We allowed no gun to disturb them; for they were our friends and companions, and their charter of the wilderness had a longer lease than ours. No one of us saw a more beautiful cottage for the forest than our own. Every log of it was the trunk of a shapely pine, neatly dove-tailed at the ends. It had six sleeping-rooms and a great central hall, where was placed the long table for our meals. All cooking was done outside, where screening trees protected us from the fire and smoke. We had

a storehouse for provisions, and ice was cut for us in the winter. We had boats in abundance; and we could use them either to procure the deepest bathing, or to follow the bay of the invisible hounds along the mountain-side, needing no better guide than their cry to know where the deer would lead them, before betaking himself to the lake. And then, like an arrow, the little skiff silently shot across the water to intercept him, as he neared a majestic island, to receive the fatal shot which could replenish our larder.

Or our men of science would be rowed where on the spot they could fathom the intricacies of Natural History. Little lectures on the ova of the trout, or the parasite of the deer, turned our rustic play-ground, for a moment, into a college. And at evening we practised with the rifle, to learn if the hand which could hold a microscope, and the trained eye of science, made a professor the equal in skill of the best hunter. Nor were the ladies wanting in skill. And as the bullet rang in the bull's eye, with admiring faces the guides would surround and congratulate the fair sports-woman. And when at night the rain came, shall we forget him who gave to the gorilla its name, as he buried him-

self, defying the elements, in his burrow of earth, with only a protection for the head?

The same day of our lunch, we reached, in good time for dinner, the camp which was to be our home for many days and the terminus of our excursion. Our little river emptied into a large lake, on whose shores we saw the only house there, that of the celebrated Ned Buntline, whose neighborly good-will, before we left, we drew upon, through necessity, by asking the gift of a sack of potatoes. And then we entered Blue Mountain Lake, our favorite of all the lakes. It was just large enough to seem wholly ours. Its mountains sheltered it from the wind, and the lake repaid their protection by keeping clear its mirror for them to admire themselves, and see their autumnal coats of many colors.

It had an island or two, with lofty pines upon them, whose dry moss of a tender green, and half a foot thick, made couches for us whence we could watch the sunsets, and hear the laughter of the loon.

Every lake has, or should have, a loon for its presiding spirit. Its shriek and laughter humanize the spot, and seem the echoes from afar of our life with its two extremes. Sometimes

the cry sounds as if mocking us, and at others it is one of sympathy. The loon is not there to be shot, or, if that were possible, to be eaten. It evades, by a dive, the bullet. It is there only as a voice, and it talks to us, and to the wilderness, of what it has overheard in flights along the sea-coast, of men and their ways.

And our lake had strands of silver, where we could walk in the moonlight, waking the echoes with song, interrupted by the bitter criticism of the owl. In the woods at night, any noise you may not understand generally turns out to have been made by an owl. It can cry like a child that is hurt, draw corks from imaginary bottles, whistle and cough as well as hoot. Even after you think you understand it, it surprises you with discordant novelties.

It was our good fortune to find there an abandoned camp. A one-story building of coarsest boards, and with a slanting roof of bark, is then a palace. It is man's primitive hut, and we lie there as may have our forefathers of the stone age. Guides, dogs, and we, rest side by side. We converse little, we never quarrel, and are all aiming at the same object, — a good square sleep. We only go to our couch of wraps and balsam fir, when our eyes

will no longer stay open or our stories give out. We rise with the sun and make our toilette in the open air. Our table is a tree-stump, on which our guide places our caoutchouc wash-bowl, or we slip away and swim in the neighboring lake. Once, when stooping like a heron over the tree-stump, in the act of washing, I heard a twig snap in the silence. Turning my head, I saw my own guide quietly curving a finger with a gesture of invitation. I knew what it meant; for the dogs' thunder had been rolling for an hour along the hillside. In less than a minute, gun in hand, I was seated at the boat's stern, and my guide feathering his oar in silence. What a picture it was! and fortunately one that memory loves too well to forget. There was the moving dot, with a silver line behind it, and that we knew was the deer. And there were the other guides, pausing in their boats for us to come up. I would not look for a time at these figures; for such a morning should not be stained with even necessary blood. The thought was a discord, where all else was pearl, only made rosy where the far hills shot it with the tenderest gold and crimson. The lake still slumbered in the mountains' encircling arms; only an ill-advised cloud or two was up

so early. The owl had gone to bed, and the loon had not yet left his reeds. All was purity and innocence; and yet — our future dinners had to be provided for. So, at a long shot, I was lucky enough to put a bullet through that swimming dot. In five minutes from the time I heard the twig snap, I was back again by the stump to finish my toilette. A pair of bright eyes peeped from the ladies' tent inquiringly, —

"Ready for your walk?"

"In a minute;" was the reply.

I carefully avoided encountering the guides, as we approached the lake, and, even more, the mighty carcass, — our *spolia opima*. We took our walk along the strand, rejoicing to have the word suggest promenades in such utter contrast. We even were wicked enough to hatch a pun where the silence knows not the snap of such fireworks. We talked of our draught of early-purl, still thinking of London's Strand. Our mood was not difficult; and the laugh which followed our tiny jokes owed less to our fun than to the spirits and good-nature the morning bred in us.

"But you heard the dogs? Where do you suppose they are? I half thought I heard a gun too."

Without reply, I drew them a little into the wood, where, to their surprise, depending from a branch, they saw a mighty buck.

"All done since first I called you for our walk, and was shown that pretty proof of unpreparedness, you remember."

As the nights grew fresher, our great fire sparkled more vividly, and was more enjoyed by us. When the flame died, we reclined not far from its huge bed of coals, — a rose-colored mass, on which, at intervals, like down, lay the tender white of its ashes, — we would watch the great core of heat calcine and clean the pipe-bowls, which thence came to us pure as when they left the maker's hands. We pulled the long ears of "Watch," and praised him for his running. We would mark the stars as they sowed themselves between the pine branches, and try to guess from which side came that sudden hiccough of the owl, — if owl it were. And then, while we reclined in comfort, knocking the ashes from his pipe, our guide would tell us the legends of the forest.

There is something very winning in the manner of these guides. Their speech is Doric, not Corinthian. It is pictorial, because every thing they describe is painted as if seen by the

best eyes in the world. It is direct, hearty, and, above all, manly. Their adventures are not poisoned with ink, but stream fresh from living lips. Their narrative is spiced with technical phrases: words which grew in the woods as naturally as a tree; they run with the sap of the maple; they are crisp as an axe-stroke. How different from the slang and *argot* of cities. The one breathes of the freshness of nature; the other of the pollution of slums and the den of the thief. They told us modestly their exploits concerning the *loup-cervier* and the wild-cat. With our guns so near us, these had the relish of danger, and we could share in the courage and skill of our comrades. And they spoke, with amusing words of wonder and disgust, of one of Europe's effete children who had wandered into their neighborhood. He was a debauched Englishman, and a fair friend accompanied him. With staring eyes they told of the luxury of his equipment, his prodigality at the beginning, and his amazing brass; how he ordered them about, paying them well, crashing and smashing through the woods, till, one fine morning, he disappeared, leaving his fair friend, his dogs, and his unpaid bills to wonder over his departure, and to guess of his whereabouts.

"We pitied her, and looked after the woman, poor thing. I 'd have liked to yank him into the Racquette for desartin' that wife o' hisn, but we levelled on his dogs at any rate." The guide meant to say levied, and that the money the dogs brought was used to pay his bills.

One of the best stories the guides told was about the loss of a little child in the woods, and its recovery; the pathos of it was direct and genuine, and every word came from the heart. It was something in this way.

"Did you ever, Mister, hearn tell of the craze, or mayhap, though I guess not, have had it yourself? Wall, you see a man keeps stiddy and straight in the woods as long as he has the blazes to go by, and can see right without his head's turnin.' It comes on him all at once like. He gets a bit dubersome about his trail, finds he 's gone wrong of a sudden by the looks of things, puts about quick, up and down, to right and left, only getting into a snarl the wuss every minute; and then he gives up and stands still, and knows he 's got it. He 'd hearn tell of the craze, and now he knows he 's got it. 'Tain't a common scare, that. Why, bless yer, all a feller ever knew then runs out of his head like gunpowder out of a flask. Why, a feller 'd pass

straight afore his own door without knowing his house. He 'll go right over the track he 's most used to, and won't know it a mite. That 's 'cause he 's got the craze, which muddles him all up. I guess when they aren't picked up soon, they wander off into the thickest part of the wood, and git low and weak like, and sit down on some log, or crawl about on the dry leaves till they starve to death.

"Wall, now, you see I was livin' down to a little town, you may call it, of five or six housen, t'other side of Long Lake. We 're sort o' intimate, living so close together, and knew about each other's folks. 'T won't do for a chap to be stuck up and onhelpful in the woods, where we had need of each other; and, besides, we like to see the gals and women when we can, and that ain't much, we 're off campin' so all the while. And, I tell ye, down to a man's house called Stevy there was jist about the nicest and puttiest four-year-old boy you ever sot eyes on. He was real smart, too, and likely for one o' his bigness. He 'd heave away at Stevy's axe as if he could handle it, till we had to take it away from him for fear o' his hurtin' himself. And, bright and brave as he was, he looked putty as a little gal, for his yellow hair curled all over

his head and hung down his neck, an' his cheeks was like apples, — not that saller kind they hez down in them fever and ager mashes.

"Wall, ye see we all loved that little feller as if he was our own child. As fur as we 'd see him we 'd cry out, 'Blossy,' and he 'd come toddlin' along with his arms up, jes' as if we were his own father.

"One day, the neighbors, all but Stevy's folks and mine, went off for a couple o' days maple sugarin'. It was late March, and they went to see to the tubs and how the juice run. It was a big bit down to Scroon Lake, and they mightn't be back for two or three days. 'T was real lonesome without 'um, an' I tried to fill up the time with splittin' up wood for the old woman, for the winter stock was used up.

"Arter a while my arms got enough of it, so I went down to Stevy's to smoke a pipe and have a talk. He 'd been fussin' round, too, gittin' his winter traps stowed away, and puttin' things to rights. So I went and sot down by the chimney, and we had a good smoke together. All of a sudden I missed suthin', and said, quick, —

"'Where 's Blossy? I don't see the little crittur anywhere round.'

"'Wall,' said Stevy, 'I hain't seen him myself since mornin'. I guess he 's down to your house, ain't he.'

"'He wasn't when I came away. Let 's go see.'

"We both on us pretended we wasn't oneasy. But we went straight enuff to my house, with not a word on the way. The child wasn't high or low, or anywhere round. I thought he might a' hid in the wood-pile, playing hide-and-seek like. When she heard me crying out as loud as I could, 'Blossy! Blossy!' my old woman went on like one distracted: turnin' over of every thin', lookin' down the well in a skeery kind of way, upsettin' all the empty barrels, and then of a sudden runnin' a piece into the wood, singin' out as she ran, 'Blossy! Blossy!' Arter that, she came home, walkin' slow, and sot right down on a stone by the door without sayin' a word. Then, lookin' up to me with a sickly look in her face, she said, —

"'John Forester, I guess that child 's lost.'

"It was gittin' on nigh dusk, and the way we used what was left of daylight 't is no good to tell yer. We scooted up and down and round in circles till we was dead beat. Suthin' took away my strength till I could hardly draw one foot

arter the other. I was so dead beat that I wouldn't go upstairs, but slept awhile like a log on the settle. The old woman had gone and put a piller onder my head.

"The next day Stevy and I were up with the light and doin' it all over again, only at times we went a long piece into the wood; and I remembered a little pond there was down in the holler, where once I had took Blossy to show him the turtles, and give him some chickerberries to chew. The chickerberries and the turtle was there, but there was no Blossy; so I cum back down-hearted, and met Stevy, who looked as white as birch-bark, and, catchin' me by the sleeve, said, hoarselike, —

"'This is the day the men come home from the maple lot. Les' go out and meet 'um and make 'um spread and scoot through all the wood.'

"So we did; and 't warn't long afore I hailed 'um. You never see fellers so knocked up as they was with the news; but we set about huntin' for him right away. There wasn't a squirrel track or path we didn't foller up, but 't warnt no use. I told Stevy, 'I don't b'lieve you 'll git that child agin; now, don't cry, but harden yourself to it.'

"'Seems 's if Blossy was too putty and angel-like to stay here, and so they have come down and fetched him away.'

"We two couldn't look no more, and went straight home; but the other fellers went rangin' furder and furder into the wood in great sweeps and circles. They wouldn't give up. So Stevy and I got back; and, conceitin' that he and his missis would feel lonesome without Blossy, I went with him down to his house; and we sot round, not speaking much, but I knew he was glad I was there. Every now and then Blossy's mother would come out from where she was rummagin' about, a tryin' to stun herself, and looked at us with hard dry eyes an' a face pinched as if she 'd bin a month sick.

"When she come the last time a questionin' with her dry eyes, I couldn't stand it no longer; so I riz straight up and streaked it into the wood as if she 'd shot me out of a gun. I went up a great cart track which ran down to Joe's clearin'. There was a path a few rods from the house which crossed it at right angles. I was jist drivin' ahead, meanin' not to fetch up till I 'd got t'other side of the trail of the boys who was huntin' for him, for I thought I couldn't bear that look in her eye agin if I hadn't found the child.

"Just as I reached the path, my eye caught the flutter o' suthin blue down it to the right. I stood stock still, I felt so weak and trembled so. I had jist time to git behind a big maple there was there and watch. I peeked round keerfully, and, Lord o' massy, if there wasn't little Blossy as peart as a robin, and a walkin' along in the middle o' the path as easy as ef he hadn't left home an hour. I was glad to see he had a bunch o' berries in his hand, for that told me he 'd had sense enuff to find somethin' — it couldn't be much, any way — to eat. I knew he must be dreadful weak with fright and fastin', and I guessed I 'd better not come on him too suddin, so I ambushed him a bit, and got into the path about a rod ahead, and, turnin' my back, pretended to be busy watchin' a red squirrel there was there.

"I laughed out to see him jump so putty when I threw twigs at him. I heard the little feet behind me draggin', oh, so slow, one arter the other. Pretindin' I 'd just seen him, I said, over my shoulder, 'Look now, little boy, and see how nice he will jump!' for the squirrel had got too far on the bough to go back, and me a peltin' him so. Just as the squirrel jumped, I slipped my hand into Blossy's, and said, 'Wasn't

that putty now?' and then I led him along ever so gently, and allers talkin' of the squirrel. At last, when I could see that he knew me, and his little hand tightened on my fingers, I took him up quietly, and, turnin' my head, I see he was asleep on my shoulder. Arter that, I didn't walk, — I kind o' glided along the ground as swift as a bird flies. When I got near the housen, I see the old woman a standin' in the doorway. When she obsarved us both, she flung her arms out, and would ha' screeched, but I put a finger on my mouth, and she dropped her arms and stood stock still as if she was froze. When I cum up to her, I whispered hard, 'Keep quiet, and just you put the boy to bed without wakin' him now, and, when he wakes o' hisself, give him jist ever so little o' bread and milk; then, later, he 'll eat hearty.' She smiled all over; and, I tell yer, 't was good for me to see that dry, hungry look gone out of her eyes.

"'T warn't more 'n an hour arter this afore all the boys come back to find if there was any news of the child. They wanted to hurrah, but o' course I wouldn't let 'um, and I made 'um all go up to my house where we could talk it over, and be as noisy as we wanted to.

"And they was some ; for they had been shet up so long, and were so glad, it was nateral they should. And, sittin' round the fire a smoking quietly, an old feller, who was there a standin' up, took his pipe out o' his mouth, and said, —

"'I 'll tell yer how it was, boys, that that child comes out, arter sleepin' a night in the woods, so fresh and peart. '*T' ain't he that had the craze, — he 's too young ; we 't is that had the craze fur him.*'"

We got so attached to our camp on Blue Mountain Lake, that we never dreamed of leaving it. The days succeeded each other, each one more beautiful than the last. The pageant of autumn was undiminished in splendor ; we could not see that a leaf had fallen, for no breeze to shake them disturbed the utter stillness. There was something sacred in the purity of the air. The forest aisles, the colored architecture of the encircling hills, made the place a temple, — a sylvan temple, — where, every hour, our hearts became more devotional, and one we knew we could not find elsewhere. One of our ladies expressed the general feeling, when she said, with enthusiasm, —

"I have been welcomed in the palace of nobles, and dwelt in many famous houses, but I

never felt the regret in leaving these that I shall when I see the last of our little camp."

"Then we had better go to-morrow," said Robert Fulton. We were silent with indignation and amazement: then he added, "Let us go when we are so happy and have so little to regret. Last night you remember the wolves howled in a circle round our camp; and that may mean change o' weather. If we go now all will be well; and I should be sorry to have the snow or rain come, and you all draggled and miserable in the boats." And so we swallowed our regrets, and with a sigh departed. We rowed back to Cary's in the most placid weather, and there enjoyed a famous hunt, during which we secured a gigantic buck, which we brought home as a trophy. We had wagons to convey us from the upper end of Long Lake to the steamboat landing on Lake Champlain; but we found the road so rough, mostly made corduroy fashion, with great gaps where the logs had fallen out, that we walked nearly the whole way to the lake. It took us a day and a half to get to the steamboat. On the boat our shooting equipment and our odd dresses made us objects of curiosity to the passengers. Before night we had reached Rutland.

After a square meal, we took a pathetic farewell of each other at our bedroom doors; for we meant to sleep, and didn't know when we should wake up. Such a sleep as some never know held us in its soft embrace till far into the following day. We were just in time for the cars, and reached Boston at night.

The air there seemed thin, and wanting in nourishment. We were so full of the woods that I proposed that we should camp out in my half-acre garden in Cambridge. The saddle of the buck was delicious, and was proof of our prowess to the interested family. As we divided its succulent meat, stories were told of our adventures; and all who heard wished they had been there.

We had left the Adirondacks, but none of us have ever forgotten them. We soon heard from Robert Fulton, and he told us that, before a week had elapsed from the time we left Blue Mountain Lake, the whole country was buried in snow. How wise had he been in precipitating our departure. I subjoin a sonnet written on the morning of our departure from Blue Mountain Lake.

Blue Mountain Lake.

Camp of the woods! we see thy tiny tent
  Struck with a sorrow which we have not felt
When from majestic palace-walls we went,
  Welcomed where Luxury's spoiled children dwelt.
A freer hospitality is thine.
  The largess of the forest all is ours:
Our banquet served by sumptuous star-shine;
  Our carpet, the fallen forest leaves in showers;
Our hearth, a holocaust of royal trees,
  Through the thin glass of whose ascending smoke
Their forest brothers nod before the breeze
  White with the moon; and, startled, we have woke
To hear unscared the hollow night reply
  In mellow thunder to the wolf's wild cry.

III.

A PLEA FOR PHRENOLOGY.

"Remove yon skull from out the scattered heaps:
Is that a temple where a God may dwell?
Why, even the worm at last deserts her shattered cell.

Look on its broken arch, its ruined wall,
Its chambers desolate, and portals foul.
Yes, this was once Ambition's airy hall,
The dome of thought, the palace of the soul.
Behold, through each lack-lustre, eyeless hole,
The gay recess of Wisdom and of Wit,
And Passion's host, that never brook'd control.
Can all saint, sage, or sophist ever writ
People this lonely tower, this tenement refit?"

Childe Harold, Cant. ii.

IS phrenology a science? At its beginning it seemed to try to be, and indeed in some sense was, a science. For the vague preferences of the mind, its passions and its tastes, as taught by the Scotch school and many a metaphysician, till lost in the far blue of Plato's dialogues, it substituted an apparent accuracy. Let us not say that phrenology sought physical residences for the propensities, but that the faculties declared themselves when the skull was carefully contemplated. Germany seems the bird which

should naturally hatch such an egg. Loving metaphysics, with systems of philosophy chasing each other as do waves upon the sea-beach, yet with the persistent plodding which steadies their airy flights of speculation, from Germany, if there be such a truth as phrenology, it was sure to come.

It has had but three teachers of importance, and of these, two were German. Gall first discovered it; but, dying not long after, it remained for his disciple Spurzheim to propagate it in the world. As he passed through Great Britain, he fired the conviction of a canny but ardent Scot, George Combe, who in his turn became a knight-errant for its sake.

We do not know enough of the patient labors of Gall, enough of his defeats and triumphs, till he allotted chambers for the guests of

"The dome of thought, the palace of the soul."

His method was simple. He brought together for his notice skulls of men remarkable for good or evil gifts. If they agreed in any salience of the surface, he noted it. Of course of the less obvious human propensities, he must have long lain in wait for proof. But it is remarkable that when he had built up his "dome of thought,"

stone by stone, the plan of the master should remain authoritative to this day. Combe added nothing, perhaps Spurzheim did somewhat. An enthusiast of our own, from the West, made some brilliant additions, and suggested more things than are now found on the charts. Later we shall speak of these suggestions of Buchanan more at length.

Now, is phrenology a science? Of course not, in the true modern meaning of the word. It is in taking to itself such a dangerous appellation, that science catches each fresh discovery of man's nature. No! the vague, lambent flickerer of Hadrian will not bide imprisonment, even that of a name. Its motions are not this wise. It is just that one thing in the universe which cannot be surrounded, dictated to, and shackled. This seems plain enough to any one who observes the nature of the human mind. But if, by any happy chance, it does take to itself a material aspect, how glad should be the world which always needs any help in this quarter!

It is noticeable that the Scotch school of metaphysicians talk of mind in general, its laws of association, its inherited ideas, if you will; but never put a man breathing before you. It

is interesting to know the methods of benevolence, but it is also interesting to know who has got that tendency. Very misty reading now is Dugald Stewart on the mind; for we fear that more than half of his mental laws are unimportant or mistakes. Would reading him help Fowler, and the many phrenologists who astonish their clients by revelations so clear and exact at times, that their friends merrily shout as they hear them enumerated? And often will the patient of this scrutiny retire to brood over a knowledge of himself, which before he scarcely dared avow, and which he thinks does something for that self-inspection which the Greeks held of supreme importance; namely, γνῶθι σεαυτόν. Courageous as were the Messrs. Fowler, they could hardly tell every thing. It might be dangerous to announce to a criminal his impending crime, or to the swindler his prospective delinquency. We were always told that it was done with the aid of physiognomy. Of course it was, and why not? For the physiognomy is made by the phrenology. The two pull together and do not quarrel. But while the eye read the face, and even got the body to whisper of a character, in the main the mind of man was got at, as by the scholars of Dr. Howe, through the skull's raised

letters, which finally were as deftly interpreted as do the poor blind children their horn-books of basso-rilievo. Mentally, man is a unit; we know him as such, and find a difficulty of belief in an aggregation of powers round the central life. If this unity were absolute, each man would be but a repetition of another; for the simple motive forces of his nature are common to each. Fear and hate, judgment, kindness, selfishness, more or less, must be common gifts to all. Yet we notice in men an infinite diversity: each mental faculty is bestowed in unequal proportions or sometimes wholly withheld. The wisdom which can give a statesman the guidance of a nation may be allied with indifference to the arts, deafness to musical concord, and alas! a conscience so poor that that wisdom fails to furnish good personal guidance. And to the objection so common of old that matter must have little or nothing to do with the life of man's spirit, modern science is unfriendly. These specialties of mind, this inherited bias of character, this predetermined, prenatal groove of thought and feeling, must be largely owing to physical conditions which modify the pure spirituality of the brain. The sanity of thought may be there, but how dwarfed and distorted

by prenatal necessities we learn more and more. And if forty men, with fulness at the organ of tune or order, and forty others in which these are wanting, show, severally, orderliness and enjoyment of harmony, and indifference to these, may not such an agreement be something more than coincidence, and bear some modest evidence that Gall and Spurzheim are not wholly wrong.

Physicians usually scout such a possibility; but we are aware that, while they may be familiar with every convolution and fibre of the brain, they have no theory of their own, as to any connection between these and the action of the mind. Their evidence, therefore, can only be negative: they are not enough students of the mind to bring for it any corroboration from the brain, and the leap from matter to mind is as difficult to them as for any one else.

But we must confess that a flavor of charlatanism accompanies the phrenologist as it does the homœopathist, the magnetist, and the spiritualist. Yet none of these will be pooh-poohed out of the world, though the dictate to be gone has come from the bent and angry brows of professional omniscience. A thousand reasons start up to explain man's natural hostility to most of these. It seems very like Sinbad's suc-

cessful command to the expansive Genius to get him back into the narrow limitations of his bottle; as if immortal mind would dwell in an attic chamber of the "Palace of the soul!"

This feeling springs from the horror felt at mind being tributary to matter or expressing itself through it; and yet, all the while, one knows that it is only through that it can express itself. For man seems all matter. It is a handsome concession to allow, that mind may reside in the brain at all. But that at least does seem conquered to the world. And, perhaps, something more in relation to that brain may be conquered too. The question before us now is, in relation to Phrenology, — Has it achieved for the world any thing? Can we say that men may turn to it with confidence to know more of mental mysteries? Is it fairly beaten out of the field, or does it win unacknowledged battles like the *Desdichado*, overthrowing its foes and rolling them in the dust, but without blazon or cognizance? Does not the novelist, without claiming to be phrenology's disciple, carefully observe the numbered head on his mantel-piece, in describing the good and bad characters of his book? Does never by any chance the caricaturist give a forehead "villanous low" to his ruffian, or hare-like ears and flattened

combativeness to his coward? If we may trust Punch, phrenology is always dictating the pencil's curve in the merry whimsical heads of that fascinating solace of the week, where Fun, the daughter of Good-breeding, knows so well the limits of vulgarity and cruelty.

In fact, did one ever find a sculptor or painter whose intuition did not make him its disciple? Look at the long line of consular and imperial busts with which Florence and Rome greet the American thirsting for knowledge! Cæsarism seems almost made to prove phrenology. A man was fed and pampered with self-indulgence, with no check within or without, till, before his taking-off, his disposition got the same bloated abnormalness which makes dear to the epicure the famous fowl of Strasbourg. We can see in some cases, the process of cramming and expansion; as in Nero's head, which, when young, showed those charming possibilities of virtue which Mr. Story would have us think he had, and in which belief his mother shared, with many another mother, less foully betrayed.

I myself was amazed to find, from an authentic bust, the hugeness of the organ of secretiveness in the head of Tiberius. It is this organ in combination with destructiveness, which gives the

cat its relish for playing with its victim before destroying it. All these imperial busts phrenologically correspond to the characters as described by the historians. Can the amiable Trajan, or the noble Marcus Aurelius, be mistaken for Vitellius or Caracalla? In Vitellius, the organ of alimentiveness is preposterously vast; and in the gladiatorial head of Caracalla we discern at once the force that made his brother Geta so slight an obstacle in his path. Any one who cares to understand history, through portraits and busts, will certainly study phrenology. If that does not put its seal upon the individual, we may have doubts. One would like to see a good bust of Lucretia Borgia, now that a more careful attention to the facts of history has rehabilitated, at least somewhat, that victim of the necessities of an opera and the criminal needs of M. Victor Hugo.

And yet this teaching has no acknowledged place in any curriculum. We believe, indeed, the college at Glasgow endowed a professorship of phrenology, but that was in the days and through the influence of Mr. George Combe. Yet we do not see that there is much need of any endowment in the matter. A careful, eager study of the accredited phrenological organs in

common busts suffices, if daily observation complements the labor. A habit of thinking what the individual head expresses, when regarding a new acquaintance, soon furnishes an aptitude which gets only more facile by practice. To be sure, the great bulk of heads would tell very little, because there is little to be told; where no extraordinary gifts exist, where the temperament is sluggish, a head may make a certain show of fulness; but the quality of the brain is too poor to produce powerful thought. Quality is always the essential thing. This is a material mystery, accompanying always the great gifts of remarkable men. Of course, Shakespeare had only a human head on his shoulders, and could not be differentiated from others by a dome like St. Peter's, though we may think he well deserved it. One instinctively feels that no outward material evidence can explain so unique a phenomenon as his genius. But is not he sure to have that ample circle, that full swing of all the powers, which make every human faculty its guest; while imagination, creating, from his intuitions, every possible combination of humanity, holds its central place like an eye which reviews all things, superior to the multitude it evokes? The head of Shakespeare, or rather his counte-

nance was probably carefully copied from a mask in wax which still exists. We can ask nothing more than such a brow, such an eye, with its fit prominence and the short and delicate mouth. This mouth is bereft of its natural expression of life, the rigid lines of death being copied. But the village tyro, who fashioned the awkward hands and clumsy drapery, never could have wrought that face but by slavishly copying something before him.

One of the awkward facts for phrenology is, that the interior of the skull is not always exactly conformed to the external lines. I believe it is physiologically true that in us the softer parts fashion the harder; that is, because there is more life in the former. Where a faculty is unused, the bone may thicken; but where it is active, the bone sometimes will be worn almost as thin as paper. This was shown in several skulls by Mr. Buchanan of Ohio, of whom I spoke above. Holding a candle inside a skull, we saw the double organs when active, admitting the golden light, in just the form of the organ, through to the outward eye.

Mr. Buchanan made many discoveries, most of which were fanciful; but his ingenuity and success, in some particulars, made him the acute

American we could desire at the heels of the German and Scotch philosophers. He would stimulate the organs in the head of a living person, and thereby get many curious results. A member of the temperance society could be made to stagger disreputably round the room; prudent merchants would empty their pockets at the hint of benevolence, and others, notoriously generous, would close their fists and button their pockets at the suggestion of acquisitiveness. But later experience of the laws of biology, and the marvellous control which some minds have over others, causing them to feel, as they command them to feel, and experience what they desire, makes it probable that he was introducing, at times, this influence.

It seems generally conceded now, after long and weary denial, that the thing clumsily called Animal Magnetism exists. Indeed some people who always denied its claims are found explaining away the deeper mysteries of spiritualism by limiting that to this. Animal magnetism is certainly a very extraordinary thing. By passes, waves of the hand, certain persons of sensibility seem to have their personality annulled or merged in that of the operator. Their will abdicates, and flies to add itself to the will of the magnet-

izer. Two facts strike one forcibly in this new condition. One is, that the will and intellect seem somewhat incorporate with the controlling mind, and the other that new powers are induced, new capabilities evoked by a wave of the hand. The rudder of the mind is unshipped. The tie which bound man's inner nature to the flesh is disturbed and broken: something gleams through the chinks of the body from the enkindled soul. A power of thought and language, the subtlest reading of character, a knowledge of healing, an apprehension where objects lost may be found, and a certain pure and lofty morality, come with this marvellous change of a moment. In its highest form, it is called *extase*, and then the most poetic suggestions, a power of foreseeing events, and intercourse with spirits, — long before spiritualism had claimed this for itself, — were the marks of this condition. The voice will alter, the words will be choice and intense in expression, and, at times, the whole face glow, especially in young people, as with supernatural light. The most interesting subjects of these phenomena were simple people, lowly born, and without that half-knowledge even which might help them; and, in the main, all over the world this strange faculty resembled itself. It seemed to have the

same powers and the same limitations everywhere. It was a freemasonry beyond that of any Lodge, and gave to all believers a feeling of brotherhood.

Now it has never been adequately stated that these somnambules everywhere recognized phrenology as true. Without knowing the first word of it, they spoke like professors, and pointed out all its subtleties in themselves and others.

I have seen a young girl entranced, who, when I touched the organs of ideality and language, and commanded her to construct an acrostic upon her name, toiled with moving lips till she had successfully accomplished it. Upon waking, and being told what she had done, she said she could never make rhymes, but had had an acrostic written upon her name, and forthwith recited one, there being not a word in common with the first. As the liveliest interest in magnetism was felt, and phrenology was not the lion of the hour, sufficient weight has not been given to this additional proof of phrenology this furnishes.

People who like to qualify every dangerous novelty by reservations delight to say that "they think there may be something in it," and

that an ample forehead may denote intelligence; but they boggle at the small organs near the eye. They think these cannot be as genuine as the big ones; forgetting that a whole race of creatures of genius, with multiform activities of intelligence and will, namely, the insects, have all their powers shut up, oftentimes in no vaster a space than the head of a pin. If a bee can regulate her stupendous commonwealth, and mathematically hive her fragrant treasure, surely mere material space is not necessary to hold the most peerless ability.

Another objection commonly urged against phrenology is, that it condemns us to a kind of mechanical play of faculties, which are given at birth and limited through life; and that it takes away responsibility. We do what we are driven to do, and cannot help it. Whether this be true or no, it overlooks the central mystery of the will, and that the faculties as well as their outward expression enlarge by use.

It has been noticed that the brain consists of double organs; and it has been suggested of late that for complete development, both sides of the brain should be consciously exercised, as we strengthen by use the left arm as well as the right. But how this is to be accom-

plished has not as yet been indicated. The fact of these double organs existing would perhaps explain how injuries to one part of the brain have not totally effaced its activity. The uninjured side carries on its processes so that sometimes little of intelligence is missed.

In relation to this duplexity of the organs, I have a suggestion to make as to a well-known phenomenon whose effects have been thought to imply a pre-natal existence, and the source very likely of the eastern idea of metempsychosis and Plato's; that we have previously existed. This it may be which suggested the noble passage in the ode to immortality, and the lines, —

> "Trailing clouds of glory do we come
> From heaven, which is our home."

Many persons have felt as if a succession of incidents, conversation, and actions, very brief indeed, and mostly unimportant, had occurred at some previous time. Every thing for a short space seems identical with what we remember vaguely as a previous experience. The explanation I think to be this; either some retardation of the circulation of the blood in the brain, or the nervous fluid which animates it, causes one half to be ever so little in its action behind

the other. The mind, so to say, for once is not achromatic; the two parts are not simultaneous in their action. This would give a startling remoteness to perceptions which are but very slightly retarded. As this incident almost never concerns acts or speech of any importance, some such explanation seems natural.

The poetic expression,

> "It almost seemed her body thought,"

has doubtless a certain truth in it. The brain is repeated in the body somewhat, in the great central ganglion. Somnambules often hold books and letters to the pit of the stomach to discern their contents, almost as readily as they hold them to the head, and the ancients, as we know, made each of the great bodily organs a seat of influence. Affection was placed in the heart, melancholy in the liver, &c. It is enough to say that there is the subtlest sympathy between the brain and the bodily organs. The temperament will be clouded, direction given to thought and passion, as they are affected by good or bad health.

If there be any truth in phrenology, and as we get familiar with the pigeon-hole receptacles of thought and feeling, we naturally look in such

a masterpiece as man for something which it may tell us of a divine harmony, an architectural symmetry in this dome of thought; which shall force us to think that the Deity has not there worked at hap-hazard, but with intelligent relations of beauty, symmetry, and power. Let us see if there be not something of this. A plumb-line dropped from the top of the skull past the ear divides the brain into the animal and domestic instincts, and the intellectual, reasoning, poetical and artistic processes to which man owes his royalty in creation. In the great simplicity which is daily attained to in investigating the compound elements of this world, the discovery even that the planets share with us, in the simple bases of their mixed elements, it is fit to state that wherever there is mind there is precisely that same simplicity, that something which we ourselves possess. While instinct remains as the hidden command of Deity in man, as well as animals, for self-preservation and guidance, the animals also share with man those processes beyond instinct which we call reasoning and intelligence. There is but one kind of mind possible in the universe for animals, as well as man, and those hierarchies of angelic spirits which may be as far above us

as is man's intelligence beyond that of a dog. If the dog reasons he does it in the way that man does; if he has affection, sportiveness, and remorse, they are like our own. This belief which is daily growing, and the great Agassiz held it, will in the future bring the animal creation into closer regard and brotherhood with us. If man can follow the circuit of the planets, calculate eclipses, estimate the materials of distant worlds, his intelligence is of the same order as the Deity's who fashioned the creation, as we can somewhat understand. Such a certainty is the best help for hope that, in the world beyond, with the creatures we may encounter, man's mind will not be a foreigner, but at home. The power of understanding things about us, which has so enlarged since man's childhood and the infancy of the race, may only hereafter be unfolded as it has been here, but with fresh subjects for contemplation and to us an unimaginable theme for its activity. Thus human powers, if phrenology be true, should be built up in the great arch which crowns that sublime face of man, where the animals read their master, with relations of symmetry and beauty.

The combative and destroying instinct, per-

sistency in pursuit of an object, love of family and offspring, as conspicuous in the animal creation as in man, all have their place behind this line which passes downward past the ear. These instincts are blind, but imperative; it requires all man's selfishness and the invitations of the intellect to deny them. The animals do not, and they are innocent. The tiger which tears its prey has its commission from on high, as well as all those creatures, who, abdicating self-indulgence, fulfil the duties of maternity and care of their young. For in proportion to his bulk man's brain is in evident excess over those of the brute creation. It has been his good or bad fortune to build from humble beginnings that vast dome of power which makes him master of the world. But with his gains may he not have lost much? He is now far removed from the natural instincts which guide and satisfy. His will is distracted by a thousand appeals; his nervous system is shaken and suffers from the whirl of the mighty enginery above. Whim, caprice, and insanity are the penalties of his elevation above his fellow animals. They know them not; but live content within the secret boundaries of their instincts. The joy of life is not simply the joy of thinking,

the greatest geniuses are often the greatest sufferers: an equilibrium between the health of the body and the sanity of the mind is the truest happiness.

Nor will the brain be content to moderate its claims; it cries ever for more nutriment, more fuel, more knowledge. Does it not somewhat seem that the blade may devour the scabbard, and the race of men perish from off the face of the earth through that very superiority which makes them kings of it? Apparently only the wisest subjection to sanitary laws, the fullest study of them, can offset the dangers of too much brain, and save man's future. In our complex civilization, we can hardly judge how innocent in primeval man was the impulse to battle and destruction; when society, unformed, had not bribed man to relinquish his instincts of self-preservation.

In advance of the ear, at the base of the brain, are placed a cunning to secure the food once so difficult of attainment, and its relish. This is so near the neighborhood of the intellectual faculties as to explain the social cheer that so pleasantly accompanies its indulgence, and with Bibativeness so makes glad the heart of man, giving to the social table that sunshine which the solitary

meal of the prowler never knew. If the place of this instinct be not correctly found, at least, apparently, it should be there. This low belt to which we must add Acquisitiveness, the instinct of having and holding, on which society largely is founded, and the animal region behind the ears, is of that dumb blind sort which stimulates the intelligence to fulfil its ends, though itself incapable of thought. Continuing in front the belt of organs at the base of the brain wholly round, we come to that tier in front with which the senses and especially the eye are connected, and in which, in some cases, the animal race has an advantage over man where he needs it. Here are the faculties of Weight, of Measurement, of Form, and of Color, and at the angle of the brow the simple sentiment of Order, or the adjustment of things in their places. Language is supposed to be expressed by a certain prominence of the eye in its orbit, though, perhaps, that is the most disputable of all the organs; for language would seem to be but the outlet, through speech, of the aggregate accumulations of the intelligence, subordinated to the glow of fancy, and warmed by the affections. Locality, or the sentiment of place, is in this tier. How conspicuously it differs in individuals, whether

ante-natal or developed by use, we can all remember. The dog has it, as do many animals, and in the pointer it is often conspicuous. Here, too, is Individuality, or the notice of particulars. This is conspicuous in heads of Darwin and Lyell. It accumulates facts.

Now, if there be any thing in Phrenology, where should all these faculties be placed but just here? It is the battery of power which uses the eye, whether it be only the keen glance of a creature which discerns its prey, or the artistic outlook of a nature capable in this world of following somewhat the Creator's plan of beauty and order.

In the centre of the forehead, above these is placed Eventuality, or the tendency to foresee, to connect events, and to prepare for the future. It deals directly with this world, and dreams of no other, and is placed where it should be by the law of symmetry. The great fulness in the centre of the forehead, man's sovereign faculty, the judgment, or "Causality," as it is poorly called, holds the same commanding and regal place as does the faculty in the mind of man. This is the seat of contemplation, the place of judgment and final decision of the mind. No mind is great without it; and, unless it be

in the elephant, we scarcely find much token of it in the brute creation. It is the throne of thought; to it are brought all the stores of learning, the history of the world, the spoil of science, for its final acceptance. It is the judicial faculty *par excellence.* Immediately above, at the angle where the forehead usually retreats, is Comparison; this, as it were, holds the mighty scales before the judge.

Thus far, the faculties we have enumerated are for the sustenance and continuation of the race, and of the intellectual use of the senses, without which life would be impossible to us, as to all creatures else. But here, at Comparison, begin curves which have no outlook directly into this world, but use what the lower faculties have observed and found, in a sportive and even sublime way of their own. A little above Comparison, to the right and left, is the faculty which enjoys the juxtaposition of thoughts not matched by Nature's order, but which it will match for its own enjoyment. This is Wit; not the mere fun derived from accidental confusion and the comic mishaps of life, but an intellectual critic of this and all worlds. Its enjoyment is the felicity of man's nature. Without it, and its neighbor, a little nearer the top of the skull,

Hope, with no outlook forward, but a blind faith in better things, man's life would be cheerless indeed. The tragedy of its losses and failures, would be more than he could contemplate without anguish. These two make the sunshine of the mind, and hapless indeed is his who is without them.

Just at the curve of the forehead, behind comparison, where intelligence begins to melt into the moral sentiments, a heavenly instinct is found. Its law is the reversal of the law of selfishness. It bids us not toil to get and hold possessions, but to share with others the good things of earth. Its reward is its indulgence. Happy he who knows the lovely impulse of Benevolence! He is not acting from the earthly side of his nature, but is anticipating the relation of spirits, and sharing with others, as hereafter they may with him. Though controlled by that wise selfishness which makes self-preservation a paramount power, it delights in trying to bridge over earthly inequalities; and, when it gives material help, send a cheer and comfort into the heart of the recipient better than alms; thus, while it disfurnishes itself of the values of earth, is enriched with that priceless treasure to which all other possessions are as dross.

In a broad belt on either side, with no forward look, and yet, not like that of Reverence, withdrawn from all observation of things about us, is Ideality, the reconciling power which strives to make life and the world more beautiful than they are. This, in its lowest portion is Fancy, a combination of gay and agreeable thoughts, which, by the help of Comparison, can make ideas flowery with metaphor, while its neighbor, Wit, gives sparkle and brilliance to its play. A little behind the angle of the eye, is the sentiment of Harmony in music. This, too, has no direct outlook into the world: it has a side-place, and speaks a language of its own: but it draws material from life, its tragedies and its passions; it gives them to us in their essence, or can, borrowing from the lofty region above it, thunder or plead, in harmony with the loftier moods of the mind, the promises of hope or the sublime intuitions of that reverential sentiment which finds in it its fittest expression.

Above all these, at the top of the brain, but still well in advance of the ear, is the sentiment of Reverence. It faces the sky, and does not feed itself by notice of the things of earth. It is an intimation of something beyond ourselves and the scene we live in, and can never formu-

larize itself in unassailed statement; for it deals simply with the infinities of man's soul, and the Creator who gave it to him. How vainly does Mr. Buckle ask that it should share the conquering march of man's intelligence, when its home is far away from the paths of labor, with only Faith for its guide, while in speechless trust, it contemplates the heaven above it!

We have omitted to speak of an organ high up in the intellectual region among the idealities, and a little on one side of the head, called Imitation. This is the instinct which pushes the actor and the artist to a delight which no other organ could furnish. Its province is the world and man; whether looked at as the victim of tragedy, or the sharer in comedy: and the artist, while considering man in both these aspects, has the whole outward world for his field. It impels him to study the method of Nature, the different expressions of landscape, all its details and the whole seen through aerial perspective, till the horizon is but a blue line. This faculty makes itself felt in poetry and even in manners. When a person has it in excess, united with self-esteem, his friends find him "affected;" he lives the life of an actor, in every-day life, and poses unconsciously. Man's

architecture, through its action, has always borrowed from Nature hints and suggestions. The old story of the basket, in Greece, through which the acanthus wound itself and thus gave to us the Corinthian order, but stands for what man has done in the architecture of every country. Its exercise is a pure delight; and though the world gratefully rewards the clever mimic, the noble actor, or the glorious artist, the impulse, independent of greed, finds itself best rewarded by those plaudits which are to it better than money. For, while it may caricature life, as well as ennoble its sorrows, it is a purely intellectual organ, and the world has always so understood it.

A line from the ear issuing at the skull's crown marks the home of that *aplomb* of character, that downrightness which, as its place is not that of an intellectual faculty, expresses itself as Firmness and even Obstinacy which often no persuasion, no argument, can shake. Behind this, just where the head slopes backward resides the sentiment of Selfhood, Self-esteem, Egotism. Round this all the faculties should cluster in wise selfishness, which, aiming at happiness, does not disregard that of others. In the greatest minds, self-esteem is modified by

a philosophic sense of man's short-coming, and the mystery of a universe he cannot fathom. It has, on either side, for direction and guidance, as rudders which should direct its movement always, Conscientiousness. Any one may see that this heavenly guide can only have its place as near as possible to the sentiment of Self. Without its sheltering wings, its forward pointing finger, man would drift, aimless, among his passions, or be driven hither and thither by each invitation of pleasure or whim. With a nature so incomplete and imperfect as ours, this eternal claimant for perfection, but too often ineffectually, makes its voice heard for guidance; and in its tones we recognize the sad wail of contrition and remorse.

In this slight sketch of our phrenological faculties, we have endeavored to show, very feebly indeed, that the place claimed for them is no mere pigeon-hole receptacle which chance gives. We have tried to show a symmetry, a harmony, through all; how each balances the other; how complex, without disorder, are the forces appointed for us to use; and how, indeed, a certain sublime beauty hovers about the architecture or the making up of our multiform being. On reviewing the whole, we seem

satisfied with a content which does not wholly come from finding the mere relation of fact, in the home of our powers, with observations made from nature; but we seem to behold a flower-like loveliness of relation, a harmony which may well be the ideal after which a God may work. That there may be other faculties, other powers in higher orders of being elsewhere, is very possible; but the intellectual and moral faculties, at least, must be there. And as these powers adjust themselves so nobly to the grand theatre upon which they are appointed to act, and as this world is day by day more and more understood to share in its elements and even in its conditions of being with the worlds around us, this cluster of faculties may well give man a confidence that he may be a freeman of the heavenly city, at home and no stranger in any of the countless globes about him.

This mind, these powers, are hindered, as well as nourished, by the limiting environment of the body. Ill-health and a thousand accidents modify or defeat their perfection. The body is but their servant, a clog to their swift and bird-like activity. Easily do we imagine them, under material conditions more akin to their spiritual nature, blooming out into a

happiness and beauty which has always been the dream of the elect. Without the lungs which we need to breathe our heavy air, without that *fatalité du ventre*, the daily necessity of supplying the celestial lamp with the oil earth furnishes, without the pitiful limitations to movement which our poor limbs demand, the translated spirit may then exist. Man has always imagined something angelic, bird-like, superior to the delays of matter as we know it, and fed, as is the Medusa from the sea, by the direct infiltration of Divine love. Such a creature, buoyant, brilliant, and moving with the swiftness of thought, may yet find his faculties, enlarged, yet the same, and fit for the companionship of the Heavenly Host, his brothers of the skies.

IV.

THREE MONTHS IN THE SHADOW.

DEATH must certainly be a catastrophe, but not so great a one probably as fear suggests. We may know nothing about it: as sleep shuts softly behind us its muffled doors, so may life. The mystery of sleep but refreshes body and soul with a new strength. And not only may the eternal morning come to us with dewy freshness, but its spiritual sun, whose sunshine is happiness, must make both the life of earth and death, something subterranean, dark, impossible to remember.

Our spiritual gossips, of the pine table, tell us that the transition was so easy that they generally did not find it out till after it had happened. They went on thinking and acting as if in this world, as Captain Munchausen's horse went on drinking after he had lost the backward half of his body. As Nature does not love shocks, and does all without violence, it is more than probable that it is our imagination only which pictures for us death as a terrible

catastrophe. Yet it is the event of events. How it shall then be with us is the only substantially interesting question that the soul can ask. That it should ask it here often of the listening spirit, amid the perplexities and sins which follow life as shadow follows the sun, is best for us. That the disquietude which mingles with the answer should be lost in the peace which comes through righteousness is best of all.

But there are events infinitely less important than death which may bring us near the coldness of its shadow. They are as many as are the possibilities of human misfortune. They always stun and sober us. They remind us that we are mortal. Loss of fortune and friends, loss of health or good repute, lead off the long file of these foes of man's earthly happiness, and unmask so often to show they were angels in disguise.

There are accidents which are not catastrophes, — trifling or important, from the cut finger to the loss of a limb. Of the graver accidents one does not care to speak. But of one, however grave, which carries with it assurance of a full recovery we may even like to talk. We play with our enemy and taunt him as he retreats. Though he pressed us to the earth with ease,

when we are again ourselves we like to think we made a good fight, that we held and shook him at arm's length, though, really, when he met us, we were less than nothing in his terrible hands.

Was it to make our last experience of activity pleasant, or the love of contrast, which made fate jump on us so unexpectedly? Was the dinner too good, the conversation too cheerful, that last thread of talk which Atropos with shears cut short, too dear? So it was. When Boston is sheathed in ice, and up and down its steep hills, without insurance, a walk is a criminal pleasure, then it was on the edge of an ice-clad curbstone, curved and polished like the rail of a stair-landing, out of digestion's dreamland up went one foot skyward, inviting the other to follow, which it gladly would have done but that it was imprisoned by the curbstone.

As a tooth is pulled out with a wrench, so that belated leg was extracted. And as the dentist drops on the floor a molar which a little while before was priceless and now is naught, so did cruel Fate drop that hurt life upon the sidewalk. Here was a chance for philosophy. It instantly took advantage of it, and began the contemplation from the point of view of that

second party, the *alter ego*, which makes a man actor and critic at the same time.

The city, viewed from the level of a sidewalk, put on a new aspect, when made suddenly conscious of what a shining deception it is. The arms were extended, as it were around the globe, in the effort to hold on. How high the houses looked! and the light in friendly rooms, how mocking and unattainable! The other side of the street mostly disappeared. A fine line of Alpine crests, which night could not darken, rose between. It was well that to lie there in a warm cloak, with no desire to discover the worst, left that second party so much of a philosopher. It seemed like an incident of a novel by Alexandre Dumas, where the hero, thrust through and through by a rapier, comfortably waits for the opening of the next chapter.

That opening soon came, heralded by tinkling bells and in the person of Boston's blessed Booby; two of them on the outside. The world knows no such ambulance, as the low-stooping motherly arms of Boston's darling; and so home was reached by a not too impatient cripple.

People do like to hear about the mishaps of their neighbors. A Rochefoucault can be found in the corner of many a one's mind who loves

us dearly. And an accident is not without its charm. It is like seeing a man fall in the ranks at our side. How do we know the ball was not meant for us? Why, simply because it hit him, and so we feel let off once more. In England, insanity is considered a disgrace. A family is too proud to let the world peep in and mock it with pity. If one sort of pity is akin to love, certainly such a one is akin to hate. Whoever heard of taking a skeleton out of the closet and putting it over the front-door? Not only pride forbids it, but the neighbors would be hurt, for they mean to do their own peeking. They do not wish frankly to have the game come and surrender, for they love the excitement of the chase. Wherefore, it is pleasant to know that this avowal of misfortune is not written in such shameful fulness by the sufferer, but by that second party who overlooks and sometimes takes notes without his friend's knowing it. That friend would be ashamed of such a revelation. He knows that a wounded animal leaves the herd to die; and that Nature — its passions and its woes do need a veil.

When a house, no longer a nest from which we take flight every morning, becomes a prison, it is important that our prison should be com-

fortable; for it is then the only world we have. If it should have three long rooms through which the air from a lifted window draws not too harshly, if the bits of straw and earth with which we have plastered our nest should be a satisfaction to us, it were well. If, instead of bare prison walls and the deformities of fashion, we get a glimpse outside of nature and beauty through little canvases into which some master-hand has distilled the essence of both these, it were still better; and if within, the eye can fall upon pretty objects from remote places, reminding us of happy days of toilsome travel and the enjoyment of liberty, it were best of all.

Every thing is relative. One can be as miserable as a miser with all the world can offer. Bruce, Picciola, and Bonnivard teach us how to make the most of what is left when all but a patient spirit and life are gone. As our horizon narrows, we learn to value but the more what it encloses. And there is the pleasure of endurance: to feel that something presses against us which we resist. Sickness, poverty, imprisonment, may each prove an angel with whom we may wrestle through the long hours of the night, and morning shall find us but stronger for the contest. There is something

medicinal in the touch of the cold hand of Calamity. It is a tonic for self-indulgence. Desire diffused through the sunshine of too much pleasure exhales as does cologne from an open vial. Unrest runs by his side who searches too fast, and too far, for happiness. Satiety drugs excess with stupor. But calamity teaches us the content which these cannot. The anxiety of choice is calmed where no choice is possible. Peace may sit beside the bedside where Pain is no unfrequent visitor. As we lie inert and helpless upon the bed, the very touch of whose covering thrills us with distress, we teach our nerves a quietude, which is to them a useful lesson. This king of creation, once so proud of his strength, so eager with tumultuous preferences, exchanges his royalty for the weakness and docility of a little child. He lies as he did at his birth upon the knees of Nature, and looks up to her, pleading for her nursing care and motherly regard.

He and the world have now so changed their relations to each other that it takes time to adjust them and accept the new situation. At first he is stunned, discouraged, and misses the old personality. He, the proud ship which crashed the billows as they came, is now a

stranded hulk, with torn rigging and broken spars. About the immovable bulk, the tide ripples in slender lines, while far out at sea it beholds the sunshine on clouds of canvas as the mighty creatures come and disappear. The great life goes on about it; but it shares it not. It is caught in the silent sands, — the soft protection of an uneventful beach. If it were only a wreck for the winds and waves to shatter, — if it were to bleach there till the last rope parted, the last plank gave way, it would be sad indeed. But hope survives with a consciousness of regenerating powers, a life behind the momentary death. These are comforts and consolers.

The world swims before dying eyes, and there are maladies which make the face turn toward the shining beyond death's black portals. Life and the world, then are as friends to whom we prepare to say farewell. As the silver cord loosens, so does our hold upon the things and purposes we grasped most closely.

But where there is no sickness, but only an injury which time and care will medicate, the outlook is wholly different. The *alter ego* feels his ties to things relax, but he does not wholly drop his hold. He is sequestrated, but not banished. His order of release shall come, and

not that of execution. And so he watches his fellow-men, their busy ways and the onward march of his nation, as one who may yet stand in the ranks. He remembers that, —

"They also serve who only stand and wait."

And, if he be only for a while a looker-on, it is with impatient interest that he is so.

Thus, though he does not abdicate his fellowship with humanity, he sees all things from the level of his low-lying pallet and his chastened pulses. For a long time he lies there, the slave of immobility and silence. His spirit has no wings, but droops wounded and irresolute. The earth withdraws; for the senses which gave him intercourse with it have receded to gain strength. Hope hovers unseen, for the mind's eye cannot see so far. Longing and confidence are born of the body's strength, and as yet it is too weak to animate him. He sees things as in a vision. And he thinks himself somewhat a disembodied spirit. Personality which made him what he was, and passion which gave impulse and ardor to his choice, fade to a thinness in which they are lost. But the mind, active as ever, demands its nourishment, and finds it in beautiful memories of the past, speculations concerning the soul and its destiny, and obser-

vations of the little world within its reach. His calamity makes for him an impartiality which the fever of life disturbed. He gets to look at things as they are, or as he now thinks they are, unmingled with himself. His body placed itself between them and the sun of truth, darkening their clearness and projecting falsifying shadows. This impartiality comes to the sick and dying as the measure of their mistakes; and its sacred revelations belong to hours which may almost be considered the first of the life to come.

But his impartiality is but an incomplete disillusion as to the treasures which man values. It is the judgment rather which holds the scales, and not the soul. There is a glimpse of eternal verities, after which it cannot return to a distasteful world and again bear its part in the busy hive of men. But his is the happy pause which brings the careening vessel to an even keel, — the mark of a new departure, the clarity of reason, the illumination of conscience.

The motive forces of both mind and body are quiet and unruffled by life's gales: all things become mirrored truly in its central calm.

How different things look in perspective if the point of sight be changed! Did you ever drive through a familiar street from the high

perch of a stage box, when before you knew it only from the lower level of the sidewalk? You hardly recognize your own town, your own Washington street. And so, from the level of the floor, Boston has a new look for us. Measured by our inertia, how they flit about the streets! with what prodigality of gesture, and strides which to a lame man are criminally careless! The whole city seems in a ferment. It is all twisting and turning like a bag full of eels. What is it all about? And is the city again on fire? Who dares to call Boston a sober, dull town? The young people I see are ever coming and going. They never get enough of pleasure. Dinners and concerts and balls and Art shows, and Moody and Sankey to top off with! Hurry, hurry, for the season is soon over, and of all these jollities none will be left.

And where do they all go to? As sings Hans Breitmann, —

> "Last night I gave a barty,
> Vere is dat barty now?"

Recorded, ticketed, photographed, somewhere, no doubt. There they will count for something; but here these costly and fatiguing satisfactions pass us by, like wind blowing through the hair. And from our low pallet how passionless

look the intrigues of contending nations, how dull the roll of Sclavonic drums, when one is not even "a looker-on in Vienna." And what a book to read now is Lanfrey's Napoleon! Can it be any thing but a crazy world or a crazy Governor which commits to such selfishness as Napoleon's all that it values?

Because of that poor trick of military genius he had, a knack in that great game where men are ninepins, that moral coward, that measureless liar, was for a while as a God upon earth. He was the cleverest and the wickedest man in his army. He not only possessed no true nobleness, no love of goodness, no tenderness, no friendship, but his iron soul ploughed them out as they stood in his way. And of this rage for criminality, this fanaticism of destruction, what was the moving power? Could he have told himself? A colossal greed, a love of that glory which holds but a lying trumpet, and is but a vapor of the brain? No: for all his personality, he was impersonal; an instrument in the hand of a power better and wiser than he knew.

The newspapers, as the days and nights melt into each other, what a log they keep of swift-running time! they pelt each other like the

flakes in a snow-storm. What a mirror are they of the planet! What an instantaneous photograph, which fixes all its busy crowds, as the procession of living things passes before the eye! How proud are we if we discover any thought, any words of ours, moving with the rest! How we think the editor who inserts our article does not consider us quite dead yet! Our vanity is pleased that we still count among the living for so much.

It is worth while to be ill or injured by a fall if only to find out how kind the world is. Just as our gayety is eclipsed and we are taught humility by the check we receive, just then, when we need it most, this kindness shows itself with delightful unexpectedness. We count for so little in our own eyes, it seemed but natural that our friends should forget us. But here they come, and not once only, with their hearts full of sympathy and their hands full of gifts. They cover our wounds with flowers, and heal our hurts with the balm of their kindness. If we liked them before, we love them now. These handsome, fashionable women, leaving for a sick-bed their pleasant occupations, touches us with a gratitude which we shall not forget. How tall and stately they look, wearing their

beautiful dresses, which in our disrobed condition we notice as never before! And the friend who snatches from business his half-hour to cheer us with news of himself, or the gossip of the town, — shall we not remember his thoughtful friendship, his considerate attention, where neglect were so easy?

All these proofs that it is a good world we live in; that our fellow-creatures have not the cold hearts the cynics have told us; that the most occupied life can go beyond itself to remember a stricken deer, — come at a time when we need them most.

To die among one's kindred has been a longing of man from the first. To be ill and suffer among one's kindred is equally a longing of the spirit; for it establishes, where most we have a right to claim it, the bond of a common humanity. But to die among strangers, to see the cooling draught never held — if held at all — but in a mercenary hand, adds an anguish to the solemn hour indeed hard to bear. To hear no words of sympathy, to see no eye which looks pity and compassion, gives a sting to the loneliness of disease which our weakened nature cannot endure.

I remember a funeral at Rome which had an

indescribable sadness. It was the funeral of an unknown American whom none of those who attended it because he was a countryman, had ever seen. And as we stood there in Rome's beautiful Protestant burying-place with uncovered heads, the melancholy wind blowing through our hair, while the son of England's great moral poet read the touching, solemn service for the dead, we felt the pathos enhanced by an ignorance who it was for whom these last rites were rendered. A negro servant stood in tears beside the grave. He only knew his master's name, and that he came from New York. But the bond of a common country, a common humanity, lent sufficient dignity to that lonely death to disarm it of something of its poignancy. "Bury me among my people," whispered every heart as we silently withdrew.

But the hours of convalescence, how delightful are they! As the sun mounts in the heaven with the rejoicing of spring-time, and the grass visibly deepens its green, hope within us soars as the birds do, and our desolation clothes itself with verdure that shall not long wait for flowers. And see, they are already beside us. These Mayflowers, which are a token and a pledge of the coming happiness, how lovely are they in their sil-

ver, tipped with rose! And how their fragrance breathes of the open field, of the unchained music of the dimpling brooks, and the warm sunshine which lies on the hill and meadow!

Spring is the only time one should recover in from any hurt or sickness. We and it then both move together, nor feel as in the chill, narrow days of winter our elasticity and gaining strength repressed by the season's inclemency. For if spring come to all as a boon and a blessing, how doubly so is it to him who has been exiled from the blithe air and the curative tenderness of the young sunshine! And when at last, with faltering steps, we leave our prison behind us, and in the morning's glow sit or stand amid the happy groups, how intoxicating is the open day, what a bath of bliss to our weary frame is the dazzling atmosphere! And they seem borrowed from spring's sunshine, — the smiles of welcome of passing friends, and blood-warm the hands which tenderly touch our own in congratulation. We are again among our fellows and at the year's best hour. May we all of us, having known the hours of shadow, discover ere long the joy of convalescence, with friends about us, with birds to cheer us, and the season's invitation gladdening our recovered strength.

V.

THE LOOM OF THE EAST.

(*Read before the Bric-à-Brac Club, January* 17, 1877.)

THIS evening I am to speak to the Club a few words upon Textile Materials. For that is the name given to all stuffs wrought by the loom. I would naturally rather speak of these artistically than learnedly, but a few facts are well enough for us all to know. The stuffs by me here are Oriental, and of these only I shall speak. These rugs, sombre with suppressed fire, why do they so impress us? It is that they hint of a dim past, a struggle for life through many experiments in pattern and color, and for their rich suggestion rather than exact statement. The date of the first carpet is not known, but they are mentioned in the earliest writings. In the East they do not overlie wooden floors as with us, but floors of stone, to which they are not fitted, but upon which they are placed. The Orientals do not make much of paintings. Their walls are not hung with them. For them their beautiful carpet is picture

enough. Not that they try to make one of it, of landscape and animals, as sometimes the moderns have done, for some of us have seen a lion roaring before the fender, and upon whom we could harmlessly place our feet. Yet there are accounts of early work representing deer in a forest and the like, but now the Orientals always recognize the purpose the rug serves, and nothing but what may be a flat is represented. Variations upon lines and colors practically are not infinite. Long ago their favorite patterns were found, and the survivor of the fittest became the rule here as elsewhere. The jewelled lattice-work of Persia, the knotted line doing and undoing itself, the suggestion of flowers rather than their representation, a hint here and there of an animal, a bird, but nothing more, and all set upon a ground dark and neutral to give relief and value, is the art of the Oriental. For a pure color, so placed, so contrasted, will burn like a jewel, when a wider surface wearies the eye. Color is dealt to us by the Oriental artist as something precious. He gives us a drop to taste: he never drenches us with it. This homœopathic principle of suppression, — a low tone sought, with here and there a sparkle of color, — and the

kindred one, suggestion, rather than representation of form; and one other point of good art, which we find the more, the farther we go back, namely, correspondence without identity; parts which seem to match, but where a difference is preserved: these form the basis of the merit of Oriental art. The learned consider Persia to have been the point of departure of the art of weaving carpets, for in India the same patterns are found with a greater resemblance as they approach that country's borders. But even the finest Persian carpets seem made of worsteds, while the best of Indian ones are made of silk. At Worungal, Rungpore, and Sasseram, there are wrought carpets of cotton; but those of Ahmedabad, though cotton, have printed not woven patterns.

But it is not my affair to give you facts as to the methods of weaving of any stuffs, or the details or dates of any manufacture. Enough for us to bow reverently before the genius of that East, our parent in so much, and to enjoy, without trying to analyze too carefully, the method of its charm and beauty. We can see there, through fancy's help, the dusky mother of our race sitting silent before her loom; and coming down the ages, past the majestic Bible

figures so occupied, we glance at Andromache and Helen, many an English and French queen, all deriving their pleasant labor from a Persian brain, till finally we witness the last tribute to Persia's invention in its acceptance and reproduction in so many modern carpets at our own Centennial.

We have here precious fragments of the Alhambra. These veined lines, cut in the surface, show the march of the Orient along the Mediterranean's border until it leaped into Spain. These lime-stone blocks, with their symmetrical web of lines, painted, not cut on the surface, and then covered with a glaze, the East discovered; this makes the Damascus tile which is so famous to this day. The hall has a double line of these tiles two hundred years old. This Damascus art was the foundation of Majolica and all the Italian *faience*. Moving along the African shore with the armies of Mahomet, it sprang to Majorca and elsewhere; but it got its name Majolica from that island. Italy then abounded in men of genius, who delighted to use this new material as a vehicle for it. How beautiful their work was, Signor Castellani has shown us at Philadelphia.

Cut-work, which was the old name for patch-

work, is the technical title for pieces united, bit by bit, to make a symmetrical whole; and the use of it, as here for bed-quilts, goes well back in the past. This Herzegovinian work is embroidery for bed-quilts; and we can imagine, if we choose, the quilting bee of New England outlining an Asian hillside, which has the merry chatter of Connecticut, tempered there by the gravity of a life which has so little to communicate.

Here are Damascus silks woven with gold and silver. In the East the value of personal importance is enhanced by richness of dress. There they do not as here try to prove all men are born free and equal by shutting them up in an equality of dull colors. They would scarcely be excited to delight at beholding a group of our gentlemen at an evening party. Their mournful black would seem meant rather to discourage than enhance social gayety. Fortunate in their barbarism, they retain at least something of the joy of the natural animal; while we, believing in brain and all the penalties it brings, studiously abandoning the source of our instincts, will soon present that faded figure, the "Coming man," and his great grandmother, the gorilla, will not then recognize her

offspring. But the past is splendid in gold and purple.

The psalmist says that "the daughter of Pharaoh's raiment was of wrought gold," and "for Aaron sacred vestments were made, an ephod of gold, violet and purple, and scarlet twice dyed." When the soft Darius went to battle, the "waist part of the royal purple tunic was wove in white, and upon his mantle of cloth of gold were figured two golden hawks, as if pecking at one another with their beaks." From that Damascus, where still lingers this fading splendor, as of a belated dawn, thousands of those gentlemen who came out from that city to meet Alexander's victorious general, Parmenio, wore robes splendid with gold and purple. An Indian king, visiting Alexander with his two sons, was so clad. Nature permits such extravagance in countries where she leads off. Her pheasant there, like an Indian king, moves in an attire of gold and silver. Later, even the martyrs disdained not such earthly glory. St. Cecilia was found by the pontiff in her arched niche of the catacomb, which we have many of us seen, dressed in a garment wrought all of gold; for she was a high-born lady. Cousin to her namesake, Cecilia Metella, whose round, for-

tress-like tomb almost gazes down upon her grave, apparently St. Cecilia, from her share of the family estate, could privately admit her Christian friends to worship in the catacomb without espial by their enemies. To understand this profuse use of gold in early days, we must remember it was like California now, so abundant that the supply seemed endless. Only thus can we understand, that whole statues of it were given in offering in Grecian temples; and how complacently Solomon refers to the gold plating of his temple. Ophir had enriched him and given to his race that taste so pleasant to their nerves, that they have quested for it ever since. Fortunately, at first that gold knew not of alloy. It was thus imperishable in its purity; for in the last, astonishing collection of General di Chesnola — on whose acquisition by us, I congratulate you — from the treasure house at Kurium, the silver ornaments were found partially oxidized, while the gold was perfect. And Schlieman's recent discoveries, at Mycenæ, of the tombs, perhaps even of Agamemnon and his family, are the latest and best proof of this. We read of gold cups and bowls, and even the heavy handles of swords, of that metal uninjured by time.

At first the gold for weaving was cut in long flat strips. It was not till later that it was found, by folding it could be made round. Though usually wrought with silk, dresses all of gold were afterwards made. Its ductility allowed of the finest wire. Tombs of the middle ages, all over Christendom, showed lying fresh, untarnished, where all mortal remains had perished, strips from this rich gold work of theirs. The eastern end of the Mediterranean was the head-quarters of all this fine work in silk and gold. Patterns, imitated to deceive from Persia, would place the cross beside Persia's sacred pine, and be thus detected. Christendom here and there attempted an imitation with success, but Cyprus gold had that eastern flavor which we still recognize now and enjoy, as they did. *Cyclatoun* and *Baudekin*, the names of ancient stuffs, have a rich sound: Baudekin still survives in Baldichino. But the fancy is most taken with the old name for that stuff of silk and gold, which gleams with such soft lustre in the "Idyls of the King." Samite, "clothed all in samite;" this seems the right web in which to drape those shining, elusory figures of the morning prime of England's history.

One would think the Eastern man had in-

vented the kaleidoscope, for its movable, ever-varying harmonies of transparent color seem to belong to him. But, after all, it was only a Scotchman, Sir David Brewster, who did. This Orient, whence we all came, seems to be rediscovered from time to time. Though for a long time ladies, up and down Christendom, had been seen with the shawls of Cashmere sloping from their shoulders, yet at the earlier English and French Expositions the full beauty of Eastern work was for the first time apprehended. At first it was a wonder: a salutation followed; this ended in desire. Not the shawl now suffices, but every house must enrich itself with the woven jewelry of Persia, or India, and, later still, swarm with the intelligent fantasy of Japan. The give and take of life is now at its highest. That unsupplied corner of our minds which Japan is fit to fill, has waited as long as it has for what we can furnish Japan. And such are the attaching felicities of their art, that everybody talks Eastern rug, Japanese lacquer, and the poor Cashmere shawl of our grandmothers is forgotten.

Books have been written of this marvellous island, with its snow-crested volcano; and sharp, eager faces under Parisian bonnets might have

been seen lately at Philadelphia striving to strike a spark with their flint from the impassive faces of the Mikado's subjects or the citron-colored citizens of the flowery land. For a new sensation in the world is priceless. The genius who can furnish it now shall be well regarded by bank-clerks, and with the people which provides it will we make treaties as with the most favored nation.

One can see Horace Walpole, whose Dresden china soul had all the cold glitter of porcelain, amorously inspecting a Chinese maggot. He preached the new sensation of his time. Japan was unknown, and the carpet of Aladdin might have visited the Princess of China, but did not much descend from the skies upon the expectant West. The Expositions of London and Paris were needed to diffuse these seeds of desire for Oriental art, which a readier intercourse than of old could indulge. In nothing are the fine lines of Shakspeare truer, —

> "A substitute shines brightly as a king,
> Until a king be by."

and when the splendid Persian textiles appeared, Europe soon learned to bow as before a king. The absurd patterns of English and French carpets, with small recognition of the purpose for

which they were made, or the space they were to occupy; with crude splashes of color, or absurdly naïve imitations of natural objects, — blushed, ashamed of themselves; and at our late show nothing was more striking than our submission to the wand of the Eastern magician, the adoration of Persia or Hindostan to be found in the patterns of European and American carpets. As to porcelain and pottery, all dishes and cups now posture and try to pass for natives of Japan. The artist of Worcester or Etruria is forced by the power of fashion to caper and wind after the manner of those islanders.

We gain by this contact, this fresh sensation, this subtle, capricious newness of Japan; but we think they must lose by touching us, and they will. The genuineness, the native *élan*, which furnished their art, will suffer, watered by our commonplaces. They may even imitate some second-rate mistakes of our own, so great a charm has novelty. But we with difficulty do justice to the passionate longing of a superior race, imprisoned in its solitary seas, with minds like fountains equal to rising to the mountain level of any spring of thought, when discovering our world of science and knowledge. And they may throw away as baubles the too familiar

things of home, in the eagerness to gratify this longing from our overflowing supplies.

When we think of a child of the Mikado working the wire of the telegraph, or constructing a steamer, we have a glimpse of a possibly near millennium. As a friend of ours said to his neighbor, a Russian, at one of the splendid *tables d'hôte* by Lake Leman, where lions were lying down with lambs to the right and left, and every nation of Europe was represented, "How do you know but we are living in the millennium without knowing it?"

Without attempting to fathom the grotesque art of China, or its saner sister of Japan, let us look at the rug of India, and see if it can tell us any thing. We will take the rug as a brick from the Babylon of their fancy, one thing to stand for all. There are rugs from various cities of India: the Caucasus sends its rug, the Himalaya another, and we can walk on carpets all the way to the Bosphorus, where, on seeing the rug offered to our feet by Turkey, we notice cheapness and vulgarity of form and color as if the magic of the East were fading before the prosier daylight of Western life.

But in all those Eastern rugs there is the charm of that magic. There is a tangle, an

intricacy of lines and tints, which lead on the fancy. If the form of a known object is attempted, it is carefully half blotted out. We see something struggling up which we do not exhaust and set aside as known, but we muse, as over the forms in crumbling embers, on touches of smouldering fire, here and there a coil of flowers, and lattices and garden borders, where the eye wanders without satiety. The restraint in use of colors as well as their harmony, the tempered minor key of their splendor, is something better to live with than the *me voilà !* of Kidderminster or more aristocratic Wilton. On looking long and lovingly at these rugs, of which we get so fond, we question them for their secret. Something is whispered there by that Arachne of the mind which wove these tissues, alien to our brain. Their evident good taste as to garishness may lead us at first to overvalue them. But behind, is left that which at once we recognize as genuine, — a natural, not an artificial, growth.

The East, old as it is, yes, — the oldest of countries, — is yet barbaric, if we take the pale decorum of Christendom for civilization. With great skill, after many efforts, we have succeeded in nearly killing the natural man in us. Conventionality, generations of artificial livers, have

taken the color out of Anglo-Saxon life. The savage in us is so overlaid with broadcloth, studiously cheerless, that the natural skin is not only not seen, but when seen has nothing of the delightful health of the fellah's or the Nubian's. We have missed our maternal monkey, and have not yet reached the angelhood for which we pine. Falling between these two, with only illusory dreams to feed us, with no root in life as has the natural man, we wander on ever farther from the bliss of the simple instincts, clutching bank-notes and brick houses, any straw to stay us, while the man that nature meant is drowning.

The East may be as effete as we are, or more so; but she keeps the tradition of her better time. Haroun al Raschid is hinted at in these beautiful works, and his successors have not forgotten the trick of the ancient charm. For as we think of him, as painted by Tennyson, in the jewelled, perfumed shadows of his Bagdad barge, so, in their way suggesting mystery and jewels, glance at us these woven wonders. And we must remember that, as the Western man suppresses his nature, takes color and tropes out of his speech, shuts down to his side the gestures which passion inspires, so also he effaces

himself, and makes a negation of the vanity which should love to assert itself in rich clothing. In full contrast to this, the sunny Oriental intensifies his personality with language, gesture, and all gorgeousness of apparel. To be able to say that he feels fine and likes it, the diver cuts for the pearl the blue wave of the Persian Gulf, the shadowy jeweller in many a bazaar is teasing the gold with frets of beauty, and glassy waves of creamy silk are flowing from brown fingers in many a khan; and thus the splendor he believes in, he gets. Our ornamentation is carelessly, unenthusiastically purchased; but the Oriental believes in his. "Nigger fine," he thinks, means not bad taste, but a human being made as glorious as may be, to express majesty and power, and to match earth's splendors about him. The secret of good work is, first, that it should be made by hand and not by machinery. The most excellent machinery has no soul. There is not a heart behind it; whereas the rudest work of the hand has one. Secondly, the workman should be an artist and not a mechanic; only so can the best work be done. Daily, machinery is supplanting work by the hand; daily, the artist degenerates into the mere mechanic. Thus in the end we get a

wide diffusion of pretty, inexpressive, unpersonal work; and we have to go to the past when artists deigned to labor, or to the East, where mechanical processes are of the simplest, to get objects that fairly satisfy our taste. Grace and beauty came at the Oriental's bidding, for they knew his invitation was from the heart. They were pleased to go where they were valued, and often withhold their presence from the votary of fashion, who invests with no personality any thing of his attire. And woman now is the slave of some lamp which shines in the hand of fantasy in France; or that pale lamp by which in England the subject of Hood's song sat painfully sewing, and which, has for its magician neither Beauty nor Color, but the volatile whimsical creature the world calls Fashion. Her wheel ever turns. She denies to-day what yesterday she affirmed. She crazes the mind by audacious unveracities, till at last in her subjects the sense of Beauty dies out. It cannot live in that kaleidoscopic whirl. Beauty is too permanent and calm for that, and there remains, instead of freedom and love of it in the victim's mind, submission, and at the best, instead of Beauty, Taste. But Beauty unchanging lives in the East.

VI.

LAVATER; OR, THE TWO FACES.

IT was autumn in that beautiful part of Germany so vitally connected with its spiritual regeneration, and where Luther for so long found a home, and which has pleasant Eisenach for its chief town. And fortunately the time of our little tale was before the French Revolution. The terror of war, conscription, and the ruined homestead, had not yet left their scars upon so beautiful a country side. Though in France, before that event, the peasantry had been brought to the verge of starvation; and gayety and rustic games could not live in the presence of the *corvé* and the *gabelle*, — there remained in Germany a continuation of the feudal system for peasants that was not without its charm. We are startled by the utter ignorance of the condition of its people, as displayed both by its writers and the nobility in France. There was even then a reign of sentimentality which pictured idyllic conditions of rural life, an insult to the famine around, had either of

these classes known of it. Florian and Gessner drew pictures from their imagination, as if describing scenes of an opera, where Colin and Fleurette danced to the music of the village fiddler or with garlanded *houlette*, like Lycidas, led their flocks through fields in the domain of poetry. But the sturdy German peasant and his careful housewife still were a reality. They would sit in the sun in their Sunday best, — the one knitting, and the other with his faithful mug of beer at his side. And the spirit of rustic games and merry intercourse was not frozen at its source by want. In the shallow and umbrageous valleys, not far from Eisenach, in the golden evenings of October, the tabor might be heard and the music of careless laughter. Sometimes these village *fêtes* would include the young people of neighboring hamlets; and then something like the scenes of *kirmesse*, as painted by Teniers, might be witnessed.

The youth of both sexes in their best apparel would meet there. The young women in snowy caps, jaunty bodices, and light woollen gowns, so short that the admiring eye could in the dance not fail to see with admiration the clocks of the neat stockings drawn over shapely limbs. And as the rustic admirer cared not to conceal his

content, the rose of coquetry would burn with a blush which only made the golden ear-rings the mother had lent a more sparkling contrast. The young fellows disported with a boyish energy somewhat out of keeping with their style of dress which seemed too old for them. What later generations have seen of such a style they associate with the survivors of that era; and to them the dress seems only suitable for the old. The flat cocked hat, the long and broad-skirted coat, breeches, ribbed stockings, and metal shoe-buckles, did not compose an *ensemble* displeasing to their partners of the dance. All knew each other, as belles and rivals do; that is, they knew each other by their good or ill looks and their faults. Jealousy can flame as hotly in the dull breast of a peasant as it could in the African heart of Othello. Nor is it necessary to go to courts for scandal. The clumsy arrow which drove the poisoned barb was shot with as lusty a will, as long practice in such archery could give the most accomplished courtier. For the glance of malice, there was no fan with its ambush. Every thing was downright, hearty give and take, which meant little harm. And yet a careless word, a neglectful slight, would leave a wound which rankled for many days,

when the compacter square of dances would dissolve in eddies of that one with which Germany has dowered the world, the waltz; and little preferences, little repulsions, were visible as partners were taken or rejected. All this was noticed by a figure unobserved by every one, stationary and pensive, while all else was gayety and movement.

Both sexes, occupied with each other, were too busy to notice it. Could they have done so, their attention would have been arrested by the pleased but pensive expression of his face. While the restless and sympathetic eyes wandered inquisitively over every dancer's countenance and action, there was in the somewhat worn and mobile mouth and brow, a far-away look of recovered youth, memories of his own spring-time, and pity for the winter frosts which chill such bounding pulses. Though the person who thus gazed might have seemed to the dancers, in contrast to themselves, old, yet he was not really so. An immobility they could suppose weakness; hands which rested upon a cane before him, whose top was gold; and something of fatigue and wisdom in the kind and questioning face, — would naturally explain such an opinion. But though with much ex-

perience of men, and a sensibility too tender for the ruder forms of intercourse, a good heart and a youthful imagination fought successfully against any blight from the advancing years. He was little past manhood's prime; but there was that vagueness as to life's years which this conflict of a soul kept young with the body's decay might naturally show.

As this figure quietly and contemplatively watched the ring of dancers, there was a little movement among them which made him smile. Much smothered feeling, brought to the surface by the fervent intricacies of the dance, arrested his attention. The forms of courtesy needful for the business in hand were likely to be broken up by something quite foreign to the orderly harmony of the music. The story of the village, indeed of more than one in what concerned these young people, the silent figure read off at a glance. What to him before had been only a misty dream of his own youth, the vague pleasure coming from the double satisfactions of music and grace, was suddenly informed with that interest in human nature which was the passion of his life.

The dancers had left their lines and formed a group, — the men within, the women without, —

and from all came cries shriller or more deep according to the sex of the person who spoke, nor was there wanting a ripple of laughter which interested but perplexed the stationary figure.

"It is too bad, Roesel, you ought to be ashamed of yourself. See Christian and Maxel how much better manners they have than you, with your great barn, which looks like a church, and your good father, who, if he were here, would say as I do."

The speaker was a bright-eyed, merry, little damsel, who looked afraid of nothing or anybody, and, as she saucily looked up with her arms akimbo, seemed like one of those little birds who will snatch the grain before the very face of the farmer. There was crimson in her dress, and her gold ornaments, brighter than were those of the rest, shared her excitement and trembled as she spoke. The young man she addressed looked sullen, but impenitent. He was a sturdy fellow, thick-set throughout, but not wanting in the beauty of strength: a flatness in his face, a mouth of uncertain expression, and gray eyes which wandered about with a mixed air of anger and shame, betrayed an intelligence not of the first order. Though his dress was rich, it had not the permitted coquetry of his

opponent; for he seemed such, and whom the girls had referred to as Maxel. His expression was lofty and defiant as of one not accustomed to brook opposition. Slowly, as if expressing a long-nourished resolution, Roesel turned to Hulda and said, —

"I have stood it long enough, and won't do so any more: you all care for that conceited coxcomb, and for him I am slighted. I am as good as he is any day, and could buy him out, stock and lock, bag and baggage."

A smile lighted up the faces of the girls as they heard this statement of humiliation and pride which passion had brought into juxtaposition.

"Oh, we know you are ever so rich!" they cried; "but you see we are not mercenary."

This taunt so exasperated him that, turning fiercely upon Maxel, he made a rush to strike him.

"Let me go: we must have it out sometime, and the sooner the better."

"To show us what a strong fellow you are," with a toss of her head, "that we weak women may at last be subjugated," said Miss Minchen, a tall and bony girl, who looked easily as if she could have taken up and sustained the quarrel herself.

As he stood fronting his angry rival, calm and a look of pity mingled with defiance upon his handsome face, Maxel was a striking figure. He evidently was a well-to-do farmer's son, perhaps not the equal of Roesel in worldly goods, but with that air of confidence and success only too provoking to the other, feeling his lack of these, — a true German *coq de village*.

"You have spoiled our dance; you have insulted me: but I forgive both, for I know your admiration for Rika; and, as I share it myself, I have too much of a fellow-feeling to be angry. See that old man who is watching us; he has stopped upon his evening walk; and I can read upon his good-humored face the disapprobation he feels. Pick up your hat, and beg his pardon."

So referred to, the personage removed his hands from his cane and gently drew nearer.

"My dear young people," he said, "I have ventured to pause to witness your sports: youth and beauty have always attractions for the old, little as you may care for us fellows who no longer dance. You have made me very happy with your enjoyment; but I am pained to see that the serpent *can* enter even such an Eden as this. But where there is love and strong feeling, there will be jealousy.

"It is the most natural thing in the world, but beware of it. It poisons good fellowship, is mostly unjust, and harms its possessor more than it can any other. He who tells you this by some has been called a philosopher. I dearly love to study human nature; and, to do so, I have long learned to make the countenance of man my book. I have shared your joy and your gayety more than you may think; and the pain I feel at witnessing the trouble which disturbs our friend here, makes me wish that he should learn to be his own master, and so suffer from that trouble no more."

As the tender and thoughtful words fell from the lips of the stranger, a revulsion of feeling was visible in Roesel, and he hung his head in shame. Encouraged by this, the stranger lifted his head, while the sunshine of benignity illumined his delicate features; and, extending towards the group his hand, he cried cheerfully,—

"Come now, forgive and forget. Though I am only a visitor in your village, I already feel myself to be no stranger. You must not feel hurt at the counsel of a person older than yourselves, who would gladly be of use to you if he could. You have beautiful valleys here, crowned with branching trees; and, much as I love it all, I

love still more my fellow-creatures whom I meet wandering there or reposing in the shade. For the purpose of study, I have taken a little cottage here, which the villagers will readily point out to you. I have there many curious things, books, pictures, and prints, which I would gladly show you if at any time you care to pay me a visit. When you come to the village, ask for the house of JOHN CASPER LAVATER."

With a courteous bow to the group, who regarded him with pleased wonder, Lavater withdrew. After a sufficient space was interposed between him and the young people who, till then, kept a respectful silence, their gayety was resumed, but not for long. A painful impression, produced by the quarrel, and the diversion of their thoughts caused by their unexpected visitor, interrupted the charm of the dance; so, after a few friendly words and an embarrassed stare from the two rivals, they dispersed, hither and thither, to their several homes.

It was a custom of the villagers of an evening to walk beside a little river which ran through their valley; it was shut off from the wind, and the maples on either bank would interrupt the shine of the water with their shadow. There were rustic benches placed at intervals

for the elders, or for the younger people when fatigued. The spires of a remote town softened by distance and here and there peeps of gigantic roofs, pierced by little windows, — indicated the boundary of this charming promenade.

Not many days after the foregoing scene, with a disturbed mind Maxel, taking his stout walking-stick, left his home and sauntered down the path by the river, in the hope to forget his troubles. He was an excellent fellow, and stood well with the farmers of his father's acquaintance for his amiability, industry, and solid worth. Those who had daughters were careful to invite him to their little family gatherings, where they made him quite at home, encouraging by a certain free-masonry of fellowship the hope that ere long he might make one of themselves.

The daughters felt flattered by his visits: his reputation was so good, and his frank and handsome features gave such an earnest of a good heart. They would demurely veil their coquetry in the presence of the parents, or watch him with curiosity over the flying circle of the spinning-wheel, as he talked of beeves and the price of wheat with the old folks. Glances of mutual intelligence, unperceived by the drowsy

elders, would telegraph sentiments which set both hearts a fluttering. As chance offered, a sly word spoken too low to go farther, would give them to understand at what coming *fête* or village gathering they might have the happiness of a future meeting.

But all this kindness but the more embarrassed the young man, for it played upon a deficiency in his character, which was only made the worse for it. Feeling with his youth's expansion the sweet tyranny of love, it made itself of such a volatile and winged nature that like a butterfly, it flew from flower to flower without the power of fixing itself. His affection wanted concentration. Instead of burning incense before one idol, his heart was like a prairie on flame, which nothing could limit. He felt his deficiency and deplored it. But the acceptance he found in the eyes of all the maidens kept him in a fever of indecision and longing. He would call up before him the image of the dark mirrors in the eyes of Hulda, which reflected the world so soberly; and the gleam which fell upon the polish of her raven hair, like the light on a cascade which curves to its descent; her majestic motions; and her slow, rich voice: but to find these in an instant displaced by the sun-

shine which ever hovered round the dimpled and laughing face of the blonde Elsie.

So one image chased and took the place of another, as if his poor heart were the slide of a magic lantern. And as he showed what he felt, and was frankness itself, he was enveloped in a tangle of preferences, by which his will was fettered like a giant with cords. This vagueness went on increasing, and he was distracted by it. For the sake of honor, for the sake of his own peace, he was determined to snap his chains, and recover again the free liberty of his choice. If he only knew, then, where to choose: that was the difficulty. *L'embarras des richesses* by no one was ever more keenly felt. He was the image of Cupid pelted by roses, and each fair hand which threw one he knew was ready to capitulate. Driving rudderless before the warm breath of love, he must find a pilot who could hold the helm, and steer as he could not.

Suddenly, like an inspiration, he thought of the stranger who, two days before, had given him and the others such fatherly advice. "If I should mention to any of my neighbors here my difficulty, I should be laughed at for my pains: the story would be certain to spread, and all the gossips would know of it. This man has no

part or lot in our life; and when he disappears, as he soon will, all traces of our intercourse will disappear with him. Besides, and above all, he is a kind and wise man; while all his equals in age here are but dull boors. I will ask him, as a favor, to take a look, a good one, at all the girls, and get him to tell me the one he most approves of. If in the decision we don't too much disagree, his opinion will be the decisive weight in the scale, and I shall feel a confidence in my choice which I could not without him. Bravo! I feel already my head and my heart lighter, and a better man for this."

So thinking, and whirling his stout staff in the air, he set off at a round pace on his walk by the bank of the Hörsel. He had not got very far before he came to a group of his female friends, — in the main, those he had danced with so lately: some reclining on the flowery bank; some on the stone seat; while others, standing, looked down and chattered with them. A burst of girlish laughter broke from them, as he drew near.

"Poor Maxel, Cupid's knight-errant on a *wanderjahr* of love. He never will be quite right till he gets some fish-skin to settle his affections!"

Though he heard not the latter words, the laughter did not escape him; and he felt, as we all should, that it was of him they were thinking and making fun: so he resolutely strode by, between them and the river, pretending that he had not seen them, though his hurry betrayed that he had. "Why in such hot haste, most adorable of young farmers? Can't you see that here is something better worth your while than any companion you are likely to meet?" cried the blooming and saucy Tina.

Thus addressed, and forced to turn round, Maxel made a sweeping salutation to the party, and offered to proceed on his promenade. Seeing this, Rieka came running up with a flower in her hand, at the same time whispering, — "Don't mind their nonsense, Maxel," and, placing the flower in his button-hole, she added, "Let this comfort you, and don't forget your truest friend."

He then sauntered along, cutting down the taller weeds with his swinging stick as he went musing of many things. His joy in his decision to consult the stranger soon brought back his former spirits, and his elated face bore no traces of his recent disquietude. He held on, happier and more serene at every moment, till suddenly he noticed

how low the sun was, its rays capping with a golden brown the summit of the Hörselberg. He was preparing to return, when suddenly a figure confronted him. It was Roesel, who, brooding over his wrongs, the taunts of the fair witnesses of his petulance, and the calm demeanor of his rival, was roused to anger by the remembrance. Now seeing on the breast of the man he envied the flower he had lately noticed on Rieka's bosom, rage and fury took possession of him.

"Is it to protect yourself or your sweetheart's favor that you take care to bring such a big stick with you? You will need something better than that if you hope to escape what you have so fairly earned. Look out for yourself!"

Maxel stood, the picture of amazement, for his present cheerful mood had displaced the memory of the quarrel his opponent remembered so well. Throwing his stick far behind him, with a quiet smile Maxel said, "What do you want?" Instead of answering, Roesel, leaping forward, threw his arms round Maxel's body. Both were good wrestlers, and most likely before this at some village *fête* had tested each other's prowess. Roesel was the stronger, but Maxel more lithe and active. He was taller too, and wound round the body of the other as the

slender snake winds round the clumsy creature it dares to attack. The two rivals struggled manfully and well; but at last, unconscious that inch by inch they were nearing the river, with a great effort and a sudden trip Maxel overthrew the bulky weight of his rival. The latter glanced on the slippery sward and tumbled into the river. He was in no danger; for though a little stunned by the fall, and upset by his unexpected bath, Maxel waded in after him, and drew him quickly to land. Slowly dragging himself under the weight of his hindering clothes up the bank, Roesel fired, as a retreating shot, one or two solid German oaths, and ran away as fast as his unfortunate condition permitted. Then Maxel, after picking up his stick, gaily returned to the village. To his surprise, the company of young girls was where he left them. When they saw Maxel pass, they knew that Roesel had preceded him, and they feared an encounter. Noticing the wet feet and stockings of Maxel, they supposed something singular must have occurred.

"Have you been fishing? We thought it was a walking-stick and not a fishing-rod we saw in your hand."

With a laugh, our hero answered, —

"I did catch a pretty big fish, and nearly landed him, but he broke away."

The weather continuing fine, Maxel hoped that his counsellor in anticipation, the kind Lavater, might feel its influence, as he did, to take long walks through the delightful scenery about Eisenach. The habitation of the sage he knew was on the side where the sweet valley of Ermenthal extends itself. For several days, though crossing at all points the most inviting paths, he had no success; but at last, near a little pond at the valley's farther end, he found Lavater ruminating like a stork beside the water. He joined him unperceived, and stood and watched him. He saw him stooping forward, and, after extending his cane, draw something to land, which he carefully secured; and, after wrapping in a bit of brown paper, placed in his pocket. Then he saw Maxel.

"Ah! my young friend! where did you drop from, and what brings you here? If you have come to fish, as I hear you are fond of doing, this little pond has no such big ones as the great fellow you so lately caught. I come to the village sometimes, and the other day, when I was there to order a supply for my larder, I found the tradesmen laughing over your story; but,

however, I am glad to meet you again, and you can tell me more of it if you like. You found me here, not watching the water-flies, as you might perhaps suppose, but trying to get some of the larvæ of certain insects from between the water reeds as you saw me do. Have you ever seen your own famous castle, the Wartburg, where your Germany was doubly born through the new religion and the new language, which both proudly own what we call the immortal Luther for their father? But the view from the castle is fine: suppose we extend our walk thither and see it. You can tell me your story by the way."

Glad to have the ice broken so easily, and an introduction prepared for a smooth descent to that confession of his helpless situation and need of a counsellor, he willingly assented. Before they had reached the castle, Maxel's story was not only begun but finished. The anger with which he remembered the impertinence of Roesel was a good driving power to push them both past the guarded wicket within which a young man keeps the secrets of his heart. When once he had passed that little barrier, he made his new friend easily at home there, and free of his choicest preserves. His disclosures were much

facilitated by the glee with which his companion found himself on his favorite ground. He produced from his capacious coat pocket a stout snuff-box, and sent titillations of content through all his nerves by an abundant pinch of its contents. Replacing the box, he rubbed his hands together playfully, exclaiming,

"And so you want the help of my experience. You give me no difficult task when desiring me to read off the simple language of those ingenuous young faces. No hard task that: it is only a hornbook containing words of one syllable. Easy lessons for children."

"I 'm glad you think so, and the luckier for me. I look upon woman as an enigma; and a girl of eighteen is no longer a child."

"Well! well!" laughed the philosopher. "You bring them to me and I will show you. I have given you all already an invitation to visit my cottage. Make that the excuse, and come with your party any day next week. I shall always be at home in the afternoon."

As they rapidly walked on, their heads downward bent with this interesting conference, they did not notice a clear bright face which watched them, half hidden in the shadow of a majestic beech, nor did they notice the figure's return to

a bench, where it had left a work-basket, and then its sudden disappearance.

"Now, my young friend, that we have arranged our little plot, let us bury it in our memory, and, for the present, try to forget all about it. Keep all your wits about you while we are at this famous castle, for there are strange and beautiful things to see."

They silently made the ascent to it, and soon Maxel's attention was wholly preoccupied with the objects of interest within the walls. As they strolled from room to room, Lavater explained every thing. Maxel, all attention, listened while his new friend pointed out the curious suits of armor, and their historical differences, giving him a rapid sketch of the strange life that was led in Germany when a man could encounter on the highway one of these steel-clad figures, and the horse under him equally encumbered with metal.

"Just as you now see one of our mechanics equipped for his wandering, with knapsack and boots depending over his shoulder from his weapon of defence, so then you might have encountered one of these astonishing fellows. You might have thought him an ironmonger, obliged to travel with his wares for sale. A happy

escape we have made out of that into our comfortable doublet and hose!"

After examining the strange pictures of wild beasts on the walls of a large hall which delighted Lavater, and flattered a favorite belief of his proving that power and wealth combined do not always confer good taste, they went as all visitors do into the famous room of Luther. Maxel felt the deepest awe on entering it, which the vivacity of his companion soon dispelled.

"My lad," said Lavater, with a chuckle, "when our great Protestant threw his inkstand at the devil do you think he was posing for posterity, or that he believed the archfiend anticipated the harm which might come to him out of that terrible inkstand? It passes as a story of hallucination commonly. But, critical as was his position, the sound brain of the reformer could hardly have been disturbed so much. His wildness, after all, may have been of that sound sort which made one even greater than he reply to such an accusation in the words, 'I am not mad, most noble Festus.' As a myth, it is capital, — the notion of a battle between the prince of darkness and the printed page, that fountain of light. Sound teaching must be what the devil hates most. But do you

suppose the black skin of the fiend would show any ink stains? he may have laughed superior, after all, and bethought him of the small chance man has with even the best instruction to escape him."

He turned as he spoke to see how well Maxel had followed his disquisition. To his surprise, he found himself unheeded; for the young man was busily intent upon the exquisite view before him. He had never seen his dwelling-place so ennobled. His sight swept, as down a groove of beauty, the whole length of the valley of Ermenthal and lost itself in those films of distance where earth and heaven meet. Half unconsciously, his eyes sought his own farm-house, the village, and finally rested upon a shining point which his heart told him must be the home of Rieka. Absorbed in his reverie, he forgot the presence of his companion, and heeded not the devil and all his works. As his dream deepened and his observation returned from its long flight, he persuaded himself that, among a scarcely visible group of figures in the valley beneath him, he distinguished the form of Rieka herself. He turned suddenly as he heard the voice of his companion, —

"I excuse your neglect of so poor a philoso-

pher as myself when I see you are occupied with one of the most glorious views in Germany. But it is time for us to return, or my housekeeper will be anxious."

They left the castle, and found themselves once more in the modern world.

"Human nature is always the same, though it dress itself as you have seen in armor, and can even once in a while throw an inkstand at the devil. It is an instrument many-keyed, of many stops, but it is always the same instrument: learn to play on it, and you can manage the world."

This encouragement to so lofty an achievement fell coldly on Maxel's ears, as he felt that the little skill he had was inadequate to distinguish the different merits of his fair acquaintances.

"I have no ear for that music," he thought; "but perhaps the Herr professor will give me a lesson or two."

Not much more conversation passed between them ere they reached the point where the path which led to the cottage of Lavater branched from the one they were on. Still, once the philosopher, who loved nature because it was the home of man, pointed out to Maxel a rich bank of waving ferns through which threads of water were winding.

"See what hints nature gives us," said he; "this is how a fernery should be built, in the cooling shade, upon a broken slope, where rocks are interspersed and where little streams can nourish the fern's roots and then pass away."

After a cordial farewell, Maxel returned to his home a wiser and much soberer man. Being left to him wholly to arrange, Maxel was not a little perplexed with his plot to visit Lavater with a select party of female friends, but fortune favored him; for, the very day after his visit to the castle, he chanced to meet some of those he proposed taking there, and among them Rieka herself. In the most natural manner she exclaimed, —

"Friend Maxel, have you forgotten the kind offer of Herr Lavater to visit him and examine his wonderful things? I am dying to go, and so, I dare say, are Tina and Elsie."

Taken by surprise, but pleased beyond expression, with a blush Maxel stammered, "I am quite at your service to go there any day in the coming week you may prefer."

"Well, then," said Tina, joyfully, clapping her hands, "let it be Wednesday at four in the afternoon, for then you will have got through your day's work, and so shall I."

After a little calculation of convenient times and seasons, they finally settled upon Tina's proposition.

"Let us agree to meet a little before that hour in the valley, where the path which I have so often seen him take leads from it to his house."

The others who had been at the dance were duly notified, and several accepted. It was even proposed to add to their number, and assented to by Maxel in the best possible spirit, young Roesel; but, on seeking for him, they found he had taken advantage of a business engagement in a neighboring town to disappear. Tina was vexed, for she had hoped during their excursion to smooth the bristles of her lover by soft words, and dissipate his gloom. She knew that from the embers of one dead affection the Phœnix of a new love will often spring.

The young people all met, as they had agreed to, on Wednesday at four o'clock P.M. in the lovely valley of Ermenthal, and made their way without much delay to the cottage of Lavater. Maxel boldly led his little troop; and, though the timid hung back, they were soon within the house. Maxel knocked at the door of the room which the housekeeper had indicated, and, not-

withstanding there was no response, slowly opened it. Looking in, he at once saw by his inattention and his costume that the philosopher was as yet unaware of their coming. His figure, clothed in a long dressing-gown which betrayed much service, was bent over a ponderous folio in which he was apparently absorbed. His back was turned to the party, and his face partly hidden by a white night-cap, a tassel of which depended behind. He was not long left to his contemplation and study. The girls, to get a peep, crowded behind Maxel, and soon a stifled giggle and smothered whispers betrayed their presence. Pushing back his chair, and wheeling suddenly round, Lavater, with outstretched hand, cordially welcomed them, removing at the same time from his mouth a well-used pipe, which he carefully placed beside the book he had been reading.

"Ha! ha!" he cried. "I rejoice that you have not forgotten the old man's invitation. Come in and rest yourselves for a while, and then, when you are more composed, I will show you some things worthy your attention. But why have you not brought the young man I saw with you at the dance? He ought to know, though perhaps then he was a little impatient,

that I should be most glad to see him. Make yourselves at home, and don't be afraid of my somewhat rickety chairs and sofa."

Thus encouraged, some sat, while others lounged about the room hither and thither, as the various objects attracted them. In the mean while, the philosopher, having resumed his pipe at the suggestion of Rieka, crossed his legs and smilingly watched them through the ascending smoke.

Rieka had paused in front of a beautiful impression, before the letter, a present from a royal personage, of the solemn etching of Melancholia by Albert Dürer. After a close examination of it, Rieka turned and said, —

"Herr Lavater, I cannot make it out. I see the figure of a seated woman buried in sorrow; but what meaning these various things about her have I cannot discover."

"Ha! ha!" he merrily replied, "do you think to get at the bottom of a German's brain by a glance only? The picture is not for you: you are too young and too happy to have much sympathy with the sad feelings it expresses. If you had known sorrow yourself, according to your temperament or mood, your imagination would find for you the explanation of these mysterious emblems. Look rather at that ring of

dancing children by Albano: there you will find not only what you can understand, and what all women should love, but its simple meaning and grace will repose your puzzled spirit."

"Does Herr Lavater suppose," she replied in the softest tones, "that I have not depth of feeling enough to value the sublime mournfulness of the other print; that I cannot perceive that it is the soul's disappointment with the paltry trinkets of earth, and its unsatisfied longing which is a prediction of the heaven which shall be its home?"

And crossing her hands before her, with bowed head, her features expressed an elevated grief, mingled with a disappointment that this wise man had so little comprehended her. Seeing this, with a lively gesture Lavater again placed his pipe upon the table, and came and stood beside her. Tenderly taking her hand, while, with a blush she turned aside her head as if from a look of reproval, —

"I have wounded you in what we value most, the reach and scope of our spiritual instincts; but I did not at all mean that. I only intended to say that you are too young to divine grief, and that the fancy of a German artist is a cavern in which strange and winged creatures are but half seen in the darkness."

Hearing a crash, they both paused, and, turning round, saw that the too bustling Tina, as she danced about the room, — at times calling to one of her companions to share in her admiration, as some pretty thing struck her, — by a careless turn, had overset a little stand of flowers placed between the windows: a small pot or two was broken and the water ran upon the floor. Maxel bit his lip with vexation, for the visit was his project, and he thought himself responsible for the consequences. One or two of the girls scolded Tina, while some on the sofa laughed a little maliciously at her confusion and the embarrassment of their host. But, after a severe look at the mortified girl, Rieka, stooping, replaced in the framework the earth and broken bits of pottery, and then recovering herself said,—

"The Herr Doctor I am sure will pardon you; for his heart is good, and he knows you did not intend it."

To withdraw their attention from this disagreeable incident, Lavater called around him the whole party to examine a collection of drawings on Physiognomy that had been made for him by the best artists of the time. As he successively held them up, he gave a little lecture upon expression, and explained the natural

language of the passions as they show themselves in life: pride, anger, modesty, fear, and faith, were emphasized so powerfully in these drawings that every one could understand them.

"Oh, what a villanous look this handsome face has!" cried Loisel: "I should be afraid to meet him in the dark."

"That," said their host, "is the face of treachery: a malignant purpose is concealed behind those handsome features; it attracts you while it repels."

"So it does," said Gretel; "but look here, here is a face which somehow reminds me of Roesel."

Taking it up with a smile of pity, and looking at it, Lavater said, —

"So it does, a little. Poor fellow! This head is Jealousy."

A smothered titter ran round the circle; while Tina, tossing her head, said, —

"Herr Professor, he is not here to be seen; but, if you should meet him now, you would not see any more that look on his face."

And, passing on, Lavater showed them his cabinet of medals, commenting upon the good or bad qualities of the high personages whose portraits they bore. Afterwards, he cursorily displayed a little collection he had made of insects and birds.

But while, to amuse them, he was giving their terrible Latin names, by chance turning aside, he was struck by the attitude and expression of Rieka. She had moved on, as careless of this little insect world, and was standing, wrapped in respectful interest, before an oblong frame which hung upon the wall, and held the rules for right living, which Lavater for his own guidance had written out.

Be and appear what you are.
Let nothing be great or little in your eyes.
Simplify always things in indifferent actions, especially in the midst of the agitations and torments of fear and grief.
In the present moment, confine yourself, if you can, to that which is nearest your life.
Recognize God in all things; in the vast system of stars as in the grains of sand.
Give to each one what is his due.
Yield your heart to him who governs all hearts.
Hope and carry forward your existence into the future
Learn how to wait.
Know how to find enjoyment in every thing, and how to dispense with every thing.

"And now, my young friends, I leave you for a moment to speak to my house-keeper: you can use my absence by examining and thinking over these rules of conduct. Young and careless as you are, you are not too young to have a purpose in life, and to guide yourselves by the best rules. Such a rule is a rudder, and will shape your course, so as to escape the rocks and quicksands. I shall be glad to think that any thing of mine may have served to render your lives safe and holy."

When he had disappeared, some of the younger girls, more curious than the rest, speculated as to why he had left them.

"Don't you see," said Elsie, "he dislikes to have his floor dirty and wet, and he has gone to have things put to rights. You will soon see his portly house-keeper enter, with a frown on her face, and a majestic broom in her hand."

But the fair critic was wrong. Lavater well knew that looking at pictures, and even conversation, was exhausting; and, after their early dinner, he desired they should leave him with a favorable impression. He also wished to study their characters a little more closely. He therefore had desired his house-keeper to set out a slight collation in a spacious arbor in the garden.

It consisted only of cold meats, a famous potato salad, and a few fruits which owed their merit to the fact that they came from the trees in the garden. Returning, he said, with a smile, —

"Now, good people, you have taxed your brains quite enough; and it will refresh you to take a turn in the open air in my unpretentious garden." The proposal was most welcome: age and youth had been quite long enough together; there is always with both a certain sense of constraint when they are strangers to each other. And a young girl, like a bird, is happiest in the open air. So when he had opened the glass door, they danced down the steps with an explosion of merriment. Lavater was in haste to follow them bareheaded; but Rieka ran to the corner of the room where she saw his hat and cane were placed, and hurrying with them said, as, with a courtesy, she placed them in his hand, —

"The afternoon is late, and I suppose that it would be hardly safe for you to venture into the open air without these, especially after the fatigue we have caused you."

Thus protected, the good man chirruped and waved in air his cane as he saw the innocent joy of his visitors. Their tone was quite different from that in which they spoke with him. They

chased the butterflies, felt of the scanty fruit which depended within their reach, raced and even waltzed with each other down the gravelled walks. Tina even ventured, after upturning a roguish eye of inquiry, which was met by a benevolent nod of approval, to gather a splendid chrysanthemum, which she paraded proudly.

"And now, my young friends, I have prepared for you, in yonder arbor, a little *goûter*, so trifling that I dare not incur any increase of appetite on your part by farther exercise. Come and try it."

A cry of pleasure answered this invitation.

Seated in the most patriarchal manner, in the centre of the well-filled table, with a volley of grateful eyes directed at him from every side, he dispensed in succession, slices of ham, cubes of cheese, and a mysterious but ample dish, the contents of which are, to this annalist, wholly unknown; till, finally, the banquet was crowned with a savory salad. Though the long glasses were filled with the foaming bock beer, scarcely in any case except Maxel's were they emptied. The physiognomist had encouraged their gayety, trusting that each damsel would thus show her natural character. He was careful, without being noticed, to observe each expression of self-

ishness or rude conduct in any. Some would eat with deliberation, with elbows well down, while others would push about their food, cutting and eating it at random. The tall Minnchen eat with an austere propriety ; and, though she emptied her glass, she did not spill any as did some of the others. Rieka, who by chance sat next to her host, urged him pleasantly not to forget his own creature comforts, and did at last prevail over his abstemiousness to share a little in the salad.

As the shades of evening began to fall soon after this, with many thanks for his kindness and gracious hospitality each in turn said *Guten Nacht*, and then they all took their leave.

For a long time Lavater, resting his elbow on the window-sill, his cheek in his hand, watched the waving line of their retreat, hearing ever fainter and fainter the murmur of their voices and the dying music of their laughter. Soon all was silent. Still he did not change his position: a shade of pensiveness stole over his delicate features, which deepened, till presently the moon rose above the rounded trees, and flooded all the porch steps, and his own countenance with a burnish of golden light. Then, if one had looked, one might have observed in his eyes, as he followed the moon in its course, a gaze of

rapt and intimate devotion: the philosopher looked now a saint.

The fine weather still continued. Lavater was seated, as the young people had found him the day before, at his table, carefully examining proofs which had been sent him for his great work on physiognomy. He compared them with the drawings which Fuseli and other eminent artists had sent him for his work. The engravings were beautifully done, and a smile of satisfaction showed that he appreciated the care of the engraver. Yet, every now and then, a twitch of impatience betrayed a discovery that minutiæ which had escaped the engraver's eye caught his own. These trifling defects seemed to him prodigious; for he saw in all the straight lines, angles, and curves of the human face that language of physiognomy which the engraver misunderstood. As he said to his friend, Zimmermann, when his theory first dawned on him, "It is by the lines of that person's neck that I divine his character;" so still every feature was charged with an expression for him which even his disciples could not always understand. And, looking back on his labors from our higher stand-point of physiological knowledge, we can guess in what way Lavater was deceived.

Lavater was not only a deeply religious man, with a turn to mysticism, but he was a sensitive in the modern acceptation of the term: his nervous structure was so delicate that every one's personality impressed him merely by its presence. There is abundant experience by others of this character-reading, through sympathetic sensibility: his own countryman, Zschokke, had it even in a greater degree than Lavater. To him, the experience of it was by no means always agreeable: he would be saturated at times, as it were, with the overflow of a life repugnant to him. Seeing a person for the first time, he could narrate to him the incidents of his previous life, and somewhat predict his future. In our own town, more than one lady has been able by holding a letter, ignorant both of its contents and the writer's name, to draw accurately his mental portrait. It is, therefore, reasonable to suppose that Lavater intuitively felt the character of the person he was studying; and, in his ignorance of this power, very naturally attributed to the rules of physiognomy what his intuitions had taught him. He was certainly right in believing that the face is moulded by the good or evil within. More or less to every observer the countenance tells a true tale, when

not used, as by an actor, for some calculated expression.

But to assert that such a line of the nostril; such curves in the chin, ear, or neck,— absolutely define a character, is to make the same mistake that I once witnessed in England. A lady who enjoyed the friendship of a sensitive, whose reading of the character she found true, had endeavored, by comparison of the letters of the writing of different persons, to discover the law of these various handwritings. She thought each letter written by different murderers, for instance, should in something correspond. I told her there could be no law for such an agreement; but that her friend read people, not by their handwriting, but by the relation which that handwriting established between them and herself. If the laws of physiognomy which Lavater believed in had since then proved themselves true, the world would have accepted his theory, and it would be generally believed in. But there are no disciples of Lavater now, in the sense that he would have wished. Physiognomy remains only in its natural state, unlimited by such laws as he prescribed. It helps the phrenologist, and we all unconsciously interpret what it says; but few,

if any, study now the human face in the manner of Lavater.

While our philosopher was losing himself in the study of his favorite science, a sudden rap on the door recalled him to common life; and, as he cried "Come in," immediately the friendly and expectant face of Maxel presented itself.

"Now seat yourself opposite me; and, though I am very busy, I can give you all the time you ask for the important matter about which you consulted me. You desire, do you not, that I should give you my opinion, as a physiognomist, as to which of the young women who were here the other day would make you the best wife. I do not say that any of them might entirely disappoint you. Some have candor and sweetness; and in others I think I read a covert expression of selfishness and pride. But, there is one with whom I have no fault to find: her nature is deep and genuine, her spirit elevated, and her kindness shows itself in every act; and, though not wanting in high intelligence, she has that docility which comes from an even temper, and the pleasure of doing what her heart dictates. Your own heart, I am sure, anticipates her name when I tell you it is the one I was told to call Rieka."

Delighted to have from another the authority of a decision which he could not make for himself, with a beaming face, and slightly waving his hand, Maxel exclaimed, —

"Many thanks, Herr Professor, for your goodness in giving me the benefit of your wisdom. I quite agree with you that Rieka is the most charming of women. I think I always believed so, but I am not quite sure. I will ask for her hand at once. And, as I have delayed too long already, if she consents, the marriage shall come off as soon as possible. I must not intrude farther upon your studies. But do not fail to come and see the realization of your prediction. The sight of a scene of connubial harmony will be all the more pleasant to you, that its existence will be owing to the perspicacity of your judgment and your willingness to oblige. Good-by. You know where my farm is, and where we shall be found."

The door closed, and with it for Lavater occurred an instant oblivion of all matters which did not concern his immediate labors. Bent over his table, he inspected again and again his engravings, comparing them with the drawings of the artists and the models he had in his own mind. Time flew by, and it was not till his

sturdy housekeeper came to rouse him from his abstraction that he was made to remember that the time of lunch had arrived, or rather had been allowed to pass by, by his housekeeper, who knew how to add, for the time his visitor had consumed, an equivalent portion; and the philosopher, after losing himself in a devotional ecstasy for a moment in silent prayer, with little sense of the pains taken for his repast, continued to see the features of human aspiration, malignity, and error dance before the dishes whose presence he so little heeded.

And his reverie was not dissipated, but rather increased, by returning from the meal to his studies. It held him with the tenacity of a passion; and, as there was nothing to break in upon his musing, for the walks about his garden which nature dictated could hardly be called interruptions, Lavater continued writing daily much and thinking more, till that relief and reaction the brain demands, at last suddenly gave him a sense of lassitude and distaste for his continued occupation; and then, suddenly consulting the calendar, he started up, saying, "And the pairing of my young doves. A whole month has elapsed, and I had quite forgotten them."

Seizing his hat and cane, Lavater sallied forth,

hoping to find some one who could give him news of his young friend. Soon meeting an Eisenach acquaintance, he was surprised to hear from him that Maxel had been married more than a week, and was living with his bride at his farm-house. Thither he bent his steps, and his gait was so lively that he soon came to the limits of the farm. He was pleased with that look of opulence in nature's gifts, that broad basis of strength, that copartnership with earth, which a good farm presents. "Farming," he thought, "is the most real of human occupations: it lives in and by the forces which are the life of the planet; for the farmer is always sifting with nicest chemistry each particle of earth. The sky, with its rain and sunshine, is his fellow-laborer; and the seasons, like so many hand-maidens, each in turn bring him the gifts appropriate to the hour. If it has something of the dull conflict of mind with matter, this grand fellowship with nature endows it with dignity. Nor are there wanting in the chances of drought, blight, or tempest, enough of the gambler's excitement to save it from monotony." He saw the reapers moving to their work, each with his sickle like a young moon. He saw the golden fields of wheat, heavy with a richness which the

breeze scarcely ruffled as it passed. He saw from the dove-cot, at the bark of a brindled mastiff, the pigeons soar like rockets; and returning fall, with a murmur of undisturbed tranquillity, upon the stately barn. And amid the clucking of the farm-yard and the cock's clarion, odors from the woodbine and the gathering fruit, and all the faint perfumes that belong to mother earth, flew past him, and he stood to give his senses this unusual satisfaction. "Ah! this indeed is the country," he said; "and how serene and peaceful must be the lives which are led here! My young farmer, with his tender and diffident bride, must feel that earth has no better home for peace than this."

The farm-house was picturesque. It was made from the wreck of a once stately building, probably monastic, but so obliged to accommodate itself to a farmer's need that there was a pleasing incongruity through the whole. The windows were irregular in look and expression; for, while some had round them an ambitious tracery of half-ruined carving, others of a recent date, plain but useful, were like a sentence of prose inserted into a rustic poem. There were columns at the door, with awkward but fantastic capitals; and above, inserted into the wall, was a large

cross made of stone of a different color. With some difficulty Lavater made out figures which gave the date 1621. The roof was broken up with projections, and a little tower, evidently modern; but upon the broad sweep of the nearer end were let in, as if breathing-places, those little pointed recesses which we see so often in the older buildings of Germany. Lavater, pleased with this subjection of the old religion to serve the purposes of modern usefulness, would have continued farther his attentive examination of the house's front; but suddenly upon his ear fell sounds which were a discord with all that he had beheld and was now enjoying. Even where words are not intelligble, the sound of them can convey only too much of meaning: the tone says often more than words. His heart sank within him as he felt that those sounds were unfriendly if not hostile. Kindness, reason, were not there; but temper, uncontrolled and raging like a sea, was master of the hour. He doubted if he should advance, and not rather retire homeward unobserved. But, besides that he was piqued to know the meaning of it all, he had come too far wholly to lose the advantage of his visit; so he timidly raised the ponderous knocker, which fell from his hesitating hand

with a heavy thump. Instantly all was silence; and, the door opening, Maxel appeared. His features were so disturbed with pain and mortification, that Lavater exclaimed,—

"I dare say you are busy, and my visit is inopportune: I will come another time."

But, not without a look of shame, Maxel took him by the arm, and insisted upon his entering the house.

In the little parlor, on entering, they found Rieka: the three stood and confronted one another; their faces bore each a different expression, informed by the feeling within. For some time it was a mute triangular duel, and their faces showed it. Each expressed anger in a degree except Lavater: with him anger was lost in anxiety and surprise. Rieka was flushed, her hair and dress in disorder; and, above her hard bright eyes, her brows were bent in scornful wrath. With Maxel anger was lost in distress and mortification. As Lavater, leaning on his stick, turned his face inquisitively from one to the other, Maxel's countenance was drooped in shame, while Rieka gazed unflinchingly, with clenched hands and throbbing temples, at the intruder. At last she burst forth,—

"So you have come, Herr Professor, to witness the billing and cooing of the turtle-doves whom you have paired. Are you not enchanted with the result of your meddlesome advice? Who can doubt your wisdom and learning when they witness such fine proofs of it? Is not your science of physiognomy above criticism when it can produce such charming results as you see? Isn't an old man who has forgotten the passions of his youth, he who can best read a young girl's heart and best prophesy her lover's happiness? Yes, I am not ashamed to say that we were quarrelling, and that words which love could never speak had passed between us," and, rising in her passion, she put back with her hand her falling hair behind her brow, and shaking at him, as she advanced in anger a step or two, the forefinger of the other hand, she exclaimed, — "And you are the cause of it: it is all your fault; you must conspire with this simple boy here a plot together. You think, at a single intervew, to weigh and judge the characters of us girls. A little good acting was quite enough to take you both in, and the actor's triumph was in her skilful deception. Do you think I didn't overhear your little plot to bring us together, and learn at once from the shapes

of our features, the lines of our faces, which one was good enough to become the wife of that poor baby there? Do you think it was not easy enough to look like a Madonna when standing before your silly pictures, and by a few soft words and gestures of kindness to take in the wisest philosopher of the world? I hope you are pleased with your work. To ruin a young girl's life and embitter a young man's, you must count a great success of the new philosophy. I wonder I had the patience to go through with it all, and not tell you what game I was making of you, even while winning your undesired approbation. I dare say Roesel would have made me a better husband than ever can this soft and docile puppet whom you have given me. Why, he has not even the spirit to answer my reproaches: he is as tame and as fond as a snow image of a man. Oh! oh! I can never care for such a nose of wax; and I am glad that you have come that I may tell you so before his face."

Out of breath and spent with passion, Rieka paused with bewildered face, and then burst into tears and sobs. Still angry the more she showed these signs of weakness, she dashed into her eyes her knuckles of ivory in the effort

to arrest her weeping. She tossed proudly back her head to relieve her cheeks of the entangling hair; but still her tears flowed on, at times broken by a choking sob. But nature had had enough of violence; and at last, with bowed head and a pitiful look of exhausted temper, with her hands at her sides she stood still.

For a while Lavater remained gazing at her with compassion; and then taking her hand, with a look in which authority and an infinite tenderness were mingled, he led her to a chair and bade her sit down.

"There, there," he cried, as she obeyed, "it does not so much matter as you think. No, no, it is not as you think, dear Rieka."

The reaction of exhausted passion, the shame she felt that she had gone so far, acted upon her like a spell: she sat irresolute and drooping, with tears standing in her eyes. She resembled a flower over which a storm had passed, and whose bowed head was slowly rising erect upon its stem, and a far sunshine, while recalling their color to its leaves, glitters yet on the drops which betray the convulsion which has passed. Lavater drew his chair nearer to hers, and in an equable, low tone spoke as one undisturbed by all he had witnessed, familiar with every

stop of that human nature whose keys had so lately thrilled with anger.

"My dear child," he said to her, "this is not your natural self which you have shown me: something has jarred the axis upon which your being turns, and it shows it by whirling in disorder. What that something is, it is my duty to show you; for therein is my apology. Yes, you are only too right, you are only too right, when you said that I was the cause of it all. I hope the innocent one, but still the real cause of your suffering. Tricks and plots deserve to fail, for they are acting upon another party without his consent. It was not my fault: it came from the fond heart of your dear Maxel, who needs confirmation when besieged by difficulties of choice. He has a noble nature, which can appreciate yours; but it is deficient in concentration, and the power of selecting for itself as do others. You overheard us, and that changed your two friends into conspirators. Our little intrigue and plot naturally wounded your pride, as you have only too vividly just shown to us both: but pride is a noble quality; and, when wounded, it speaks indiscreetly, as just now you have done. By no means be ashamed of it, though its words would have

been hard to bear for any who had not trust and confidence in you. You have felt yourself the victim of an experiment; and your maidenly dignity did not allow you, I think, to show Maxel your nature as without our mistake you would have done. Let the poor philosopher, who has crossed your life, and brought this trouble, remove it if he may by words of explanation and regret. For your own sake, far more than for mine, tell us that this anguish is but a passing cloud, and show us that behind it is that sunshine without which no household can be happy."

A hundred contending feelings chased themselves across the heaving breast of Rieka, and showed themselves in her countenance as they passed.

The words of Lavater touched as with fire the wounds inflicted upon her pride; but the fatherly tenderness with which he spoke, the absence of any annoyance which he showed for what already brought self-accusing blushes to her face, and, more than all, the kindness with which he presented her own true picture of herself, slowly smoothed the raging seas of passion till they subsided, and all was calm. Finally, the sunshine of a smile illumined her

face, her eyes were like twin lakes which mirrored heaven, and Rieka, the true Rieka, undistorted by arrogance, was there. Leaning forward, she gently placed her hand upon the sleeve of Lavater; she drew him to his feet while rising herself, and then, still leaning on his arm, with half-averted face, as they walked up and down the room, softly spoke words of contrition and self-condemnation. But Lavater would not listen to her as she spoke thus.

"Penitence is well," he said, "but humiliation befits neither you nor me. Be yourself. 'Be and appear what you are,' as you saw written in my rules for right living. That will be quite enough to make this worthy man forget all that is not you which he has witnessed, and send me back to my dear Zurich happy to know that my visit here has harmed no one, and may add happiness to the lives of two dear friends whom I can never forget."

Suddenly pausing in her walk, with sparkling eyes and a face in which a sense of mischief and fun usurped the place of the last trace of sullenness, Rieka caught both hands of Lavater within her own, and, tenderly pressing them, with a laugh exclaimed, —

"So we foolish girls, our spite and our tem-

per, have but their little hour of triumph, and must swiftly melt before that eye which sees so much, and that warm heart that I feel sure loves every creature our God has made. What can I say, my dear father confessor, when you have anticipated it all? It was both my misfortune and my fault that I chose to listen while I should not. I know now that if any one is to be punished it is I; and bitterly, indeed, and swiftly has my fault overtaken me. But now all is well, and that bad shadow shall darken our house no more. If I dared to praise myself where condemnation were fitter, I might with some pride tell you, and I hope some day I may show you hereafter, that the Rieka you divined was in nothing the Rieka you have just seen. I love my good Maxel most tenderly, but it vexed me to have him think me at once that paragon — that angel — which your too partial interpretation of me had made him suppose he possessed. It was the love of mischief which made me determine to show him traits of character surely little angelic, to enjoy his discomfiture, and revenge myself on his plotting. But now, dear Herr Lavater, and now, dearest Maxel, let us all forgive and forget. I only fear that, by the law of contraries, I may cherish and love

you too well, Maxel, till drowned in honey you may desire perhaps a little of the acid I have shown you I possess, to temper the too much sweetness."

While saying this with a roguish look in her eye, she advanced to Maxel and with her hand playfully patted his cheek. But Maxel caught her in his arms, and showered upon her lips, through words of endearment, a thousand kisses. Then slowly lifting his head and glancing over his shoulder he spoke thus to Lavater, —

"I am not at all abashed to show before you proofs of an affection which I so largely owe to yourself. Let Rieka's words and the sound of these caresses go with you, on your way to Zurich, as happy music, and proofs that your visit among us simple country folks has been a blessing which till our lives end we shall never forget. If again you pass this way, do not fail to stop and share in the happiness you have made, and which by that time will have increased fourfold."

Taking up his hat and cane, Lavater, after embracing both, stood in the door-way, and smiling said, —

"Your kind invitation, my dear children, to

come and revisit you I shall keep unforgotten in my heart always, with the hope that Providence will find for me the hour of leisure when I may do as you desire. Till then, God bless you, and farewell!"

VII.

THE KINGDOM OF THE COMMONPLACE.

THE world has heard enough of King Stork and King Log, and in their time managed to live under them as comfortably as it could: but there is a new kingdom come whose subjects we Americans are; and under that dispensation we have not learned at all to live comfortably. Their subjects, if devoured or neglected, could at least boast that both King Stork and King Log were born to the purple; but in the Kingdom of Commonplace, if we suffer, our annoyance is doubled from the knowledge that the princes over us hold no hereditary title, but are the creatures of our own election. There it is where the shoe pinches most. Not only is this royalty often neither in honor, ability, or manners the equal of the society it rules; but there is a certain gravitation downwards in the selection of our rulers from a still lower social stratum. One feels a little like the jeering courtiers of Shakespeare's lord when seeing Christopher Sly usurping his place: but

while they laugh he laughs too; for ours is no distempered dream, but a fixed condition of things. And in one point our Christophers exceed their rival, — in their phlegm and downright belief in the propriety of the situation.

There was a time with us when as an office was filled there was a modest reluctance in the incumbent, who felt his deficiencies: he aimed to do justly and well, even if not brilliantly. Then we were proud of our republic; for the homely virtues abounded, and we excused much when we knew there was conscience and good intention. It was sufficiently near the Greek ideal of the government of the best not to disturb our Republican confidence. Our numbers were less; the fatal poison of a Doctrine of Spoils had not been tasted, nor indeed, in the simplicity of life, were spoils to be gathered with a dangerous facility: but as riches swelled and living became more complex, with the rising tide rose visions of greed before a blunted conscience and a meaner official, till the nation began to look on with alarm.

From this increasing demoralization, holding its head-quarters in New York, spread rapidly through many municipalities a political disease which our fathers never knew. A system of

combination organized by bad men, wholly faithless to the rules of office and their pledged promise, came to the surface of the body politic, and got for itself the new name of a Ring.

The cause of this was but too evident. The world has scarcely ever seen a more grotesquely painful spectacle than the Ring which but a few years ago ruled New York. Yet it should have been to nobody an unintelligible mischief. Emigrants who at home had not the faintest experience in government, and often were so turbulent that the military arm was called in to suppress their factious disorder, — Helots of so low an organization that it is even doubtful if education could fit them for good citizenship, — were entrusted with a determining voice in the formation of government. That they would blunder was certain; but that they should go to the criminal length they did, was a horrible surprise to America and the world.

Jacks in office had never before so abused their opportunity; yet not they, but we ourselves, were in fault. We put into their ignorant hands the ballot they could not know how to use. Not the smallest training at home fitted them for any such function. But we courageously, perhaps inevitably, entrusted them

with the keeping and maintenance of our liberties. When they found that brain of theirs, and that will, so feeble and submissive at home, became a great weight in the scales of national destiny, they were easily tempted to an abuse, the end of which they could hardly measure themselves. Then was enacted a drama at which the world shuddered, comico-tragic in its acting, and almost wholly tragic in its *dénouement*, — if indeed it be over yet. The sword of justice is drawn and bared, but will it dare to strike? The Augean stable has its foul depth open to the day, but is the river of popular indignation strong enough to cleanse it thoroughly as it should?

But the short-lived prosperity of these scoundrels accomplished one good thing: it riveted the attention of the nation upon the abuse, and forced it not only to provide a swift cure, but prepared the thoughts of men for those changes in constitution and government which the nation sees to be inevitable. But in the mean time the ulcer of the Ring spread and contaminated widely. Hitherto innocent municipalities, tempted by these infamous but legalized profits, lost their virtue and tampered with the shame. Suspicion and wide-spread distrust of

public men was the consequence. The possibility of impending evil made it probable; and the same elements of a fear and alarm, though acting contrariwise, which had made the French Revolution almost hateful to the lovers of liberty, tainted every man's thought.

But it is not of these mercenary foreigners and the city they misgoverned that I care to speak. In their selfish rapacity, their shallow-pated and short-sighted selfishness, devouring and trampling their victims, they may serve as the republican formula of King Stork. We leave to that retribution, which has been to them for the time so sudden and complete, an abstinence from farther notice.

But it is of matters nearer home, of evils which are more under our eye, of that Kingdom of the Commonplace, the reign of men of low ambition and dull selfishness, in short of the Republican formula of King Log, that I would now speak. The continuance of an eruption of the criminal classes into a city government and places of honor must necessarily be short: it cures itself, through the indignation it inspires with all good citizens; and if sustained by chicanery, conspiracy, or a secret network of unavowed societies, the retribution will

only be delayed. A citizen soldiery, armed with right and the support of the best, would soon put it down in the way with which Paris is only too familiar. The Americans are just the nation, with their electric quickness of intercommunication, and a practice of adjustment in political affairs, when a crisis threatens, to find a clever and complete way out of their difficulties; for these bad men never seem to remember that the affairs of this world are not given over to villany, however skilfully it may lay its schemes. There is an absolute gravitation of moral law, as secure as the axis of the world. A gravitation which moves not downward, but upward, and which finally annihilates every opposing obstacle. If there were one spiritual power friendly to these men, there always have been enough of them to re-establish chaos and drown every divine decalogue. Though, when the day of terror comes, fright may make us, for a time, abdicate that conviction of God's retributive justice which is the balance-wheel of organized society, it can never be prolonged. Even the French Revolution, which burst upward like a volcano, its lava blasting every fair field of industry, — that reign of terror, — lasted not ten years. And the rapidity

with which its scars were effaced, and the trampled fields were laughing again with harvest, shows how secure is God's moral government. Every barrier which the insane workman of Paris in memory of that time has erected, lived but its hour. The cannon shot, armed with a divine vengeance, fell upon it as if winged with the justice of God. Therefore, if the future hold in store for us such a crisis again, we must prepare for it in full reliance upon the brevity of the hour of crime. King Stork will then find but insecure his new elevation above his subjects, from whose sharpness of beak no slyness of regard will avail, when the whole pool about him is in a tumult of judicial judgment. The soul of rapine —which once made that selfish figure, whether it bear the monarchical or democratic outline, so dangerous — is getting exorcised everywhere under a more liberal sky.

This danger is always, after all, one of the minor dangers of Democracy: it is not a part of its system; it is merely an abuse of one of its privileges. But the fear which King Log inspires is of quite another kind, and much more vital to the matter. For this has its root in the very heart of popular government. It shows no face of apparent tyranny; its features are marked by

neither insolence nor crime. But, if not omnipotent, its powers of mischief are so drawn from the very life-blood of the State that lofty and tender spirits, already look upon its somewhat shapeless figure with alarm. The very fact that it is in such dangerous harmony with what we advocate, is so little conscious of delinquency that it needs no cloak for an hypocrisy it does not feel, but makes it the more dangerous. It considers itself a fair representative of the moral spirit of the hour. Its allies are not only the Catilines and the Wilkeses of the time, but these are largely re-enforced from men of the best intentions. There is danger of their catching the disease, and its becoming chronic before we are aware they are attacked.

In a certain sense, the danger is not only unavoidable, but belongs of necessity to democracy. The world has hitherto seen itself ruled by princes and courts, who, even when their reign was noxious, held a certain knightly standard of honor and the grace of decent appearances. The gloss of good manners covered a multitude of sins. If the peasant was robbed, the tradesman mulcted of his gains, they acquiesced in an authority which had the prestige of splendor. They might be brutal, they might

be false, — those who ruled the land; but they could hardly be meanly vulgar.

Now money is mean, or rather the baser forms of its acquisition. It is a great evil with us that money carries such weight, that money-making is so overvalued as a pursuit. Combine a false estimate of riches as the chief end of life, give us our rulers without any knightly ideal of government, and the modern democratic alderman is the result. And though the American people have impulses to unselfish nobleness of character, as the late war amply shows, they must reconcile themselves to a level of popular government, which will have little flattering in its aspect. That is to say, for the first time a continent sees itself ruled by citizens chosen at random from their midst, the generous spirits in so small a minority among them that the majority of those so chosen cannot have a higher standard than that of their daily life, and that no high one. But properly managed, it may still work well; for it will be a true expression of the national life, and in a great degree in heartier sympathy with the bulk of the nation than could be the sway of kings or nobles. And while the tendency to rings must exist, and a contagion of vulgarity if not of fraud in office

be liable to spread, it is a comfort to think that, like our continent emerging from the sea, through education and culture there is a constant rise to a loftier level in morals as well as refinement, carrying office-seekers and all to a greater height.

The optimist and the pessimist will each see an encouragement for his own view, as he contemplates the one or the other of these conflicting aspects. Let us not be discouraged; for there is a radical justice in the democratic idea: it scares us because it trusts such mighty forces to untrained hands. It scares because it is like sailing into the unknown, this experiment of a people ruling itself. It is the mission of America to show that it can be done. Not those who believe in it most are the most timid; they trust bravely to the justice of its essential intention: it is only the wavering and the faithless who are ready to betray their master. And as the mere habit of living creates an affection and confidence by which that life exists, so every hour strengthens with the good the adhesive principle of familiar love, and by so much the republic possesses a vital defence.

But because to the timid the future may be big with danger, because to the student of his-

tory our experiment may seem too rash, is it any reason why the citizens, loyal to a hope which should be the hope of the world, should not do their best by spirited action to keep, through all its details, our government sweet and honest, frowning with irrepressible anger upon that maladministration the end of which is death.

We are too pliant and amiable a people: many things go by default here, because no one has the courage to stand up and say, No! It seems nobody's business because it is everybody's; and so by a weak compliance, of which later we are ashamed, we yield to the pressure of a mean selfishness.

One may usurp power here in almost any direction, if he have the good fortune to make his start without much observation. Take the case of the horse railroads. If there be any thing which may be called the property of the people, the tax-payers, and inhabitants of a town, it is their roads: they are the arteries through which the life circulates. In proportion as a people has good or bad roads, does it have civilization or barbarism. In England a road is called the Queen's highway, and in so saying speaks not for herself but her people. Here it should be called the People's highway, — unob-

structed, accessible to all, and with no barrier across it from any class. With the great network of the roads of iron, — the railroads, — it is otherwise. These are necessarily the property of private individuals; and they make laws for them as they think best, under the control of the state. Never did a good-natured people, however, since the world began, lose, for the sake of a few, its hold and control over that most intimate of all possessions, the right of highway.

Without the slightest claim beyond that of a bill passed in its favor, to the astonishment of all, a corporation for putting down rails in the public streets was formed. The horse-car undoubtedly is a convenient and cheap conveyance for suburban residents. But, however great the convenience, it had no right to annul the immemorial use of our public roads as a way for vehicles. This, to a very great extent, it does: it blocks the course; its rails dislocate the wheels of carriages; horses slip and fall on them; and it relegates to the outside rim the former owners of the road. And haughty, if not insolent as was this usurping power; not content with what the generosity of a legislature had given them, these tram-ways conspire to take possession wherever they desire, of a street in

the city or a road in the country. Not only no vehicle, but no householder fronting upon their track, has any rights they deem worthy of respect. And their plots ramify out of sight; influencing, we care not to know how, the decisions of city governments where no visible interest of these corporations is at stake. They are the bully of the present and the terror of the future hour. Already a whisper circulates of a coming assault and invasion of old city rights. They are supposed to be at the bottom of the plot. They have already destroyed the lordly Centennial Paddock elms, and rumor hints at the devastation of the play-ground and breathing-space of all, our beautiful Common. It may be that they are a necessity: that the advantage of so many must override the ancient purpose for which the road was made. But with the exception of one honorable merchant who rushed from his house and remonstrated with these disturbers of his peace, who were carrying their rods of inoffensive metal before his door, and the late hubbub vainly enough made about the projected track in Columbus Avenue, the whole rights of us all were tamely allowed to go by default. It was the most shining example of that pliant submissiveness and accommodating weak-

ness of which we see so much in all directions here.

London tried it, but the iron entered her soul; and she precipitately pulled it out of her streets. If there is to be in the future a silent understanding between these powerful corporations and our city officers, we shall have to form a counter-conspiracy to meet them. Already for the protection of our invaluable Common, a better friend to the poor than it can be to the rich, an organized opposition to these selfish people has been suggested; and, if the evil symptoms we fear should show themselves, that may be the citizens' last resource to shield from abuse this noble heirloom of the past.

Perhaps one may call this with some doubt the work of King Log. Yet it was his drowsy spirit, blind to beauty and the duty of something more than business considerations, that was the inspiration of these his representatives. It is that low level of eye-sight that will not look higher than the dollar, of which we complain. It is this neglect of all æsthetic considerations, or aim at noble and dignified decoration, that alarms us, — less even by what it has done, than what it prophesies for the future.

There is something pitiably discordant be-

tween two such facts as these. On the one side we see a city made beautiful more and more from year to year. We see it sanctified by churches whose architecture proclaims a willing sacrifice of money for an adequate expression of homage to the Creator, and encircled with institutions unexceeded elsewhere in usefulness and good. And, on the other side, we see a policy of premeditated shabbiness in high places, which is a sad augury for the way we are going.

These churches, these institutions, these museums, the charities of Boston, rest mainly upon the shoulders of a few. From fifty to a hundred people act, and have always acted, in this generous spirit. They have made the Boston which the world admires and America imitates; but there is small cordiality between them and the petty influences which move the thoughts of the men we criticise. These perpetuated benefactors of Boston are ignored by the political class: it may be that there is such a feeling of half hostility as is natural between men of such different motives; but we cannot help saying that this contrast should be diminished. It is the man of greed and selfish ambition who not only prates of economy, but practises it when he can do it at the expense

of other people. But they must be taught that there is no such true selfishness as generosity; and no such poor economy as that which pinches the life it should foster, diminishing salaries when nobly earned, and postponing for a little saving a work of usefulness, leaving barrenness in its place.

The grief that we have tried to describe is plainly this, — though we all accept the principle of Democracy, we do not at all like to have our masters caricature and even abuse it.

When an American returns from abroad, he is at once struck at the custom-houses of our larger seaports, with the want of system, the discourtesy, and not rarely a brutal carelessness, which ends in injury to the more delicate articles he has brought with him! A microscope will be broken, its lenses shattered, while at the same time the full duty be exacted for what the official has made useless. Boxes containing statues will be recklessly pulled about; others, with pictures in them, so opened that the canvas or the frame is injured; and there is rarely the slightest knowledge of how these objects should be safely replaced and their cases made secure. This ignorance and brutal treatment are liable to recur whenever there is an object which re-

quires delicate handling. Expostulation is useless; or, if made, the traveller may find that he has returned home to meet an impertinence which Europe could not furnish. He comes back, his breast glowing more than ever with patriotism; but this treatment from one, the appointed guardian of his interests as well as the Government's officer, reduces the temperature considerably. Attached to every custom-house should be an expert, well-mannered and careful to see that the traveller's rights are not assailed.

I do not speak of the tenebrous roguery and unsuspected cheating which sometimes burst forth to light from these nests of government patronage. These belong to the Law, and not to the essayist, to try and condemn. It is the tone of vulgarity, the absence of high aim and purpose of state officials, that we complain of. And we only complain of them, in the hope that reform, the watchword now of our better era, may reach them, and not remain an empty cry.

There has been no serious attempt in that direction, no proper supervision of inferiors by superiors, till now. The country will welcome such a notice and such control. The lofty patriotism, the vigilant but generous purpose, which

animates the government at Washington is the best omen for our future. And we have no doubt this sweet light of moral intention, now the rallying sign for the good to the government of the Republic, will reach every dark place and its unworthy tenant.

VIII.

WERE THE SLAVE STATES A PART OF THE NATION?

THERE is many a marriage which the priest cannot consecrate, many a nuptial bond which the ring cannot sanctify. For the heart is not in it, and there are the seeds of incompatibility and separation from the first.

The marriage of the North and South was consummated before the nations with every show of a love and fidelity for a voluntary contract; but the heart was not in it, and the Union was but a name.

This paper has no wish to say evil of any thing or anybody; but it desires to expose the fatal force of circumstances powerful enough even to annul so sacred a bond.

There is no doubt that there was good faith in the beginning. Though the noble words of Patrick Henry were a too fervent expression perhaps for an alliance of discordant principles, it was the true expression of that revolutionary heat which naturally animated the impending

struggle. It was no time then or during the war for a nice adjustment of rival advantages, and clauses of compromise; for the latent antagonism then was fused into a common sentiment. The seeds of the prosperity of the South were not then sown: it was feeling its way to the future, and tilling its rich soil with but a poor return for the labor expended upon it. It had reserve and coldness towards the Federal Union, whose chiefs, first Washington and then Jefferson, won a national glory which the South loves to remember, for both were her children. The genius of command she had from the first. Political wisdom and the love of freedom she could study in books, if she saw but little of it about her. The metaphysics of politics she made her own, through contemplation and study of the past. The sturdy good sense which criticises a theory made small part of her habit of life. This dialectical skill, this French preference for a constitution on paper, for political schemes born of the head, but which practice dissolves, was shown from the first. Fortunately it was but a little part of the balanced, equable mind of Washington; but, when the conflict was over, it made the pen of Jefferson the natural instrument for that statement of rights, and marshalling of

grievances, we call the Declaration of Independence.

This recites that men are born free and equal: men are born helpless and unequal. There is irony in the fact that a Southerner and a slaveholder should have been the one to put the rights of man so strongly.

Through the Revolutionary War one sees no sign of distrust of the new bond, no glimpse of any belief in the precipice towards which the stormy waters were moving. We may, therefore, consider that the Southern States entered upon the fulfilment of their part of the duties of a federation which gave to the world a new nation in good faith and cordial fellowship with the North.

But when afterwards the terms of the union were to be arranged, the want of familiarity with the new principles of government as well as the letter of the Constitution, made the impossibility of any chemical affinity to be shown at once. When votes were to be counted, a slave was made to match a freeman; though "all men are born free and equal," the negro did not find it at all true, but his master acted for him as if he did so. The three-fifths rule describes an impossible relation which already threatened trouble.

The reluctant but not long delayed assent of the North to it was the first of those many concessions which it made afterwards for the sake of unity and peace.

This assent must have inspired instinctively a hope of farther concession in the South. It was they who nourished the delicate plant of slavery; and the North must see to it that no rude legislation, dictated by liberty, should interfere with its life. The North must be its guardian, shelter it from foreign and domestic assault, and proclaim for it everywhere a consideration which its heart belied. For the South, the Constitution simply meant slavery. It was the weak stone of the arch, and for the whole arch's sake must be constantly looked after.

And the North, knowing well how fragile and tender a germ was that of the new Constitution, were willing from the first to make every sacrifice to preserve what represented the national life. Around it the North saw sturdily spreading the broad limbs of the tree of liberty, Christian villages dotting the wilderness, the town-meeting and the State government hourly more and more vitalized with the homogeneous spirit of Puritan freedom. It saw little and thought less of the difficulties of its Southern

brethren; and so from the first each grew apart. But at the South, as the feeling of something to defend, something endangered by the sentiment of justice implanted in the breasts of all men, grew stronger, a policy of such defence inevitably took every day a deeper root. And that sense of insecurity gave them skill. The training of the plantation gave them the habit of command. The practice of getting their knowledge, not from the world about them, but from books, gave them political subtlety. And thus the discordant spectacle was presented of slave States living a life alien to all the principles believed in by Anglo-Saxon freemen, and yet their sons often the foremost leaders under the national government.

This long current of influences which forms the Southern politician, it is easy to look upon through the perspective of history. But at no time the man who was a part of it saw much more than the policy of the hour. But always in this world,—

> "There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
> Roughhew them how we will."

Circumstances play a much greater part than has ever been understood, even by the actors in life's game, and often less by the historian who

describes those actions. A genius in one direction or another may guide a people, but behind him and behind them they are drifting, or steering, as the hidden hand may guide. And that is why the philosopher looks so coldly upon each hour of crisis which inflames and misguides the passions of the multitude. Never since the world began did circumstance touch the rudder of the ship of State with more tremendous influence upon a nation's destiny than when it gave the cotton-seed to the South. The little box which bore from the West Indies to South Carolina the seeds of the cotton-plant was as the box of Pandora. Hope it was indeed necessary should be left at the bottom of it, if that age could have seen in anticipation all the evil it contained. That little innocent ball of downy snow, pure as if fallen fresh from heaven, was a more powerful agent for good and evil than any prophet could have divined.

From the earliest time linen held the place, as a light fabric, that cotton-cloth finally usurped. In the tombs of Egypt we find no trace of such a thing as a cotton garment. Linen was wrought to a great degree of fineness, and that we find there plentifully. China from an early date

manufactured cloth from cotton; and, as an export to Europe and America, we have seen in our day its abandonment. Little boys and many men, fifty years ago, wore summer dresses of *nankeen;* but it is now obsolete. The throne of the coming king, the great King Cotton, is in America. Here, by the avowal of all nations, not only is thread of the finest staple grown, but the extent and certainty of the supply exceed that of any or all other nations. But the South had little to do as the primary source of the new kingdom of that innocent royalty which has set so many armies in battle. England, the home of Wilberforce, the author of the emancipation of the slave, holds the first place in that manufacturing conspiracy which fostered this new power. France comes next, and the Northern States joined the alliance, though they had comparatively, as an efficient cause, little to do with the growth of this new convenience. The South meant slavery, and slavery meant cotton. Tobacco and rice needed the same labor as cotton, and that the South has even till now only found in the negro. In the beginning, the mind of man there was sufficiently loyal to liberty to remonstrate, while we were the subjects of England, with the mother-country against her insist-

ence upon the introduction of slave labor. But the growing prosperity under the new industry soon absorbed this sentiment of freedom, and reconciled it to what it found so profitable. And with human nature as weak as it is, would any other nation have refused this boon? For it was for no mess of pottage that they sold their birthright. For the last twenty years, though cotton is not quite the king the slave States thought it to be, it is only the second in value of American products. That first is the innocent, universal, necessary grass-blade, which stored and dried is hay.

The expansion of the growth of cotton at the South is one of the wonders of the world. Not long before the year 1800, a vessel bringing some little to Liverpool as a part of its cargo, the claim of its being a growth of the American soil was denied, and the cotton seized. A statistical table, showing the yearly advance of this product as sold in the markets of England, marks with gigantic strides the extension of the growth of this plant. The prosperity which the sale of this one commodity induced, wherever it was grown, sufficed for the South. It had but one ambition, first to retain and then to extend the culture of it; and that desire introduced a new and very formidable principle. Under the complete farm-

ing of plantations, new land became a necessity for the planter. These two master necessities — first, the security of the growth, and, secondly, the necessity of new lands — were the guiding interests of all Southern statesmanship. They were indifferent to the introduction of its manufacture (though, oddly enough, South Carolina can claim to have been the first State to propose a tariff), for it knew that the negro was too unskilful to become a workman in a mill. They had little interest in all that fosters commerce, or opens new States to a population wholly free; for their interest did not lie in either of these directions. Circumstance was daily inducing a feebler hold upon those rights of freemen which lay at the foundation of the virtue of the North; and all that goes with successful industry resting upon human oppression became inevitably hourly dearer to them. It was not as they might desire or choose, but as they must. Probably it was by an insensible change that they found themselves aliens at home, — Americans, but not rightly belonging to America. Their policy, at first subtle and tenebrous, became ere long arrogant through confidence in all the metaphysical falsities which the genius of Calhoun could inspire. The habit of command, an indifference

to all rights which were not those of the dominant aristocracy, led to a bastard chivalry. For protection, not only from enemies on every side, which their system created, but also from the touchy and quarrelsome spirit of their equals, nourished in each plantation where every master was a little king, a habit of duelling and carrying arms. At Washington it spread more than once, among the peaceful representatives of the North, a reign of terror. The moral enmity of the chemical activities of what the North and South believed, perplexed both parties. A Northern man could not fight without loss of consideration at home; and a Southern man could not abstain from fighting for the same reason. Behind the Southerner's soft voice and courtly manners, there was something which annoyed, if it did not terrify, his Northern brother. And the natural fear that the surging mass of oppressed blacks should rise somewhere in insurrection, inspired in the Southern mind, through fear, that final dissatisfaction with the principles of justice and liberty which it considered dangerous, and made them, in all but the name, the least American of earthly men. The growth of these antagonistic practices cannot be better shown than by the single fact that, while the

North was laying deep the teachings of liberty for the future in an extended and costly system of common schools, the South was denying the right of education to the negro.

At last slavery formulized and incarnated its idea in a man. Educated of course at the North, for the South had no satisfactory college, Calhoun turned all that he had acquired of ingenuity and sophistry to the support of the cause he considered himself bound to defend. But an upright and loyal Irishman met his dialectics with an iron will of resistance. General Jackson could act and suppress revolt, but he could not speak. Circumstance and a watchful providence furnished from the lips of Webster a patriotic and judicial eloquence which was a new declaration of rights to the lovers of their country.

The battle for the world which Grant won was anticipated and made easy by a victory over a man of ability who spoke as representative of the Southern idea. His saucy impertinence to our State, which perhaps led the mind of the time, — a State whose cause was that of every sister State untainted by bondage, — drew upon his cause such a weight of moral indignation, such an eloquent fire of retributive justice, that it fell and

withered as before lightning. The rebellion which South Carolina then contemplated was inchoate: it slumbered like coals under ashes till the whole South at a later period burst into flame. At his death-bed when President Jackson was asked by the attending clergyman if his soul was at peace, and he left the world with nothing to regret, "Yes, by the Eternal, there is a thing to regret, — that I did not hang Calhoun."

We may imagine that such a violent catastrophe might have smothered forever rebellion and taught the South a lesson: but it is a mistake to think so; for, like a rapid driving to its fall, men's thoughts there were all moving the same way, for the same end, and with the same violence. It might postpone, but it could not avert a crisis in the nature of things inevitable. When poison loads the air, and the health of the body or the mind is tainted by it, Nature clears up the pestilence by a thunder-storm. So the thunder of the cannon was the only chemistry through which a change could be effected, which should keep the nation sound and whole, and not two unavowed enemies.

It is not every one at the North who understands where the South anticipated the trouble its conscience feared. Moving in an opposite

direction to the moral forces of the world, it had but two safeguards, — the possession it had taken of the world of manufactures and commerce, the friend it had created wherever a cotton-mill stood, and the permission guaranteed to it by the American Constitution. In anticipation of the revolt it feared, it had prepared a postern of escape in State Rights; the just dominion of a Federal State it made, through exaggeration, a fanaticism; and the reason was simple, — if slavery should be nationally threatened through the vote of a majority, it meant to dissolve the Union, and withdraw within the limits of its State lines. Their country was not the United States, but the States which practised slavery. At home it knew there was but one opinion, but the general government might become its enemy. This is pointedly shown in the following anecdote: —

Captain Ingraham, a native of South Carolina, but serving in the American navy, had won great renown for his patriotic daring in seizing from Austria a person who claimed to be an American citizen. The "London Times" wrote in admiration, "Would ever England so stand by a subject of its own!" Meeting the captain in Paris, just before the civil convulsion, I ven-

tured to ask him, who had just given such increased dignity to the American name, on which side he should place himself in the coming struggle.

"Of course, I shall go with my State," the gentleman replied.

I was astonished, but said in return, "Whatever happens, we at the North will not go with our State, but with our Country."

As two inclining lines are fated to meet somewhere, so the oppugnant directions of North and South met at the point which the latter considered vital to its prosperity. Monstrous Slavery must be fed by the acquisition of new land. In cold blood, the South had fomented a quarrel with Mexico, and the North was to help in fighting for slavery by the acquisition of Texas. To the disgust and surprise of the South, the same war gave the North and Freedom a makeweight for this acquisition in the purchase of California. That was made a State through Northern emigration; and but for a moment, when intrigue nearly seduced it, its heart was always given to freedom. Then the field of contest was Kansas; and, in opposition to all the South could do, it rightfully made one more of the States which are free. The South brooded over its dis-

appointment, and thought the hour near when the hostile majority they had feared would endanger the very life of slavery. As its motives could not be avowed, the decision to make the election of Mr. Lincoln the point of separation took the nation by surprise. The North could only see in him a wise and constitutional ruler who would be scrupulous to render to the South all that the Constitution had given her. But the South saw in his election the overthrow of its hopes of controlling the nation. Both parties were irritated by a natural antagonism, feverish with a delayed issue, and fanatical for liberty or slavery as each deemed theirs the one thing needful. The North had, with great patience, for a long time borne, through loyalty to the Constitution, the taunts of foreign nations and the violence of a small but energetic party in their midst who had but one creed, the instant abolition of slavery. This party, composed of heterogeneous materials, was led by a man, simple and brave, who in his own person had tasted of the sweets of oppression. And there was an orator to fire men's souls, gifted as few orators are with all the arts of eloquent invective, and there were humble and tender souls who sacrificed the privacy they loved, to become suspected

among their friends, but driven by an impulse they considered divine and which they could not resist.

The South, from the first, had feared this small party of the abolitionists. How small they were we have half forgotten, since the whole nation has moved to their place and even beyond it. What they saw in the distance, as the *ultima Thule* of their hopes, the nation has long since reached and made its own. But, with some spirits, the ardor of enthusiasm became so familiar that they continue to thunder and lighten unobservant of what the patriots they denounced had done in their own direction. They have tasted the luxury of influence, the joy of battle, and will not turn their faces towards a reconciliation in which, neither at its terrible beginning nor peaceful end, they had much part.

One would have thought there was but one virtue in the world, and that they had the monopoly of it; and thus, as they publicly withdrew from that Union which they had called a "compact with hell;" so now, though their wildest desires are surpassed, they are rather spectators than participants in the marvellous Unity which was again made whole without them.

And in the days of trouble, when a spiritual

selfishness released them from the burden that had to be borne, the wiser, more cautious, more patriotic citizens whom some had denounced, knowing that the one bond which held us all together was the Constitution and that without it the nation was at sea, bore it without them. The world has never done the latter justice. It was loyalty to the duty that was nearest which made them seem to disregard the moral meaning of the time. They hated slavery as much as any, but they loved America even more than they hated that. They were content to be misunderstood and vilipended, knowing well, —

"They also serve who only stand and wait."

They felt, perhaps unwisely, that the complication was too great even for a hater of slavery when burdened with the restraints of the Constitution. They or their sons, later when Providence struck the hour for the slaves' release, were found in the front ranks of the nation's saviours. With them, indeed, must be counted the indifferent and the great herd whose moral energy is too weak not to prefer the sweets of a shameful present to the danger and fatigues of a glorious future.

When slavery was abolished, the life of the

slave-owner ceased to have any intelligible meaning. With the best intentions to accept the decision, which he had invited of the matter by war, the Southerner could not be expected to abjure so wholly his past as to be at home in his new position. The habits of a life, familiarity with slavery, its uses and abuses, forbade it. No position could be crueller than his. Through his bravery, he had exhausted by a pertinacious tenacity all the resources of the South. And, as one of a class, wholly unfamiliar with labor of any sort, he could neither gain a living or pay for slave-labor so suddenly become free. His pride, and that of the women of the South as well, made them stoically endure what only time could cure. Not only was a negro looked upon still as a slave, whose manumission was enforced without his master's consent, but he bore towards him that natural enmity which his cause, identified with that of the North, made so natural.

Outrages occurred, and the half-smothered civil war at times flamed up between these two races. Activity and labor were for a time at a stand-still, and Northern emigrants, who hoped to profit by the cheapness of land and the sympathy of the slave, found their affairs going from bad to worse. Many returned after the

failure of their attempt, and the supposed fugitive visit of the rest won for them the unpleasant appellation of "carpet-baggers." As the Northern emigrant and the freed slave were in alliance, they could consider the war continued, though under a new aspect and through different methods. The pressure which they both bore upon the slave-owner would reinforce his old prejudices, and make it difficult for him to forget the past and make the best of the future. To his surprise and dislike, he found the blacks, from whom he had always withheld education, quick and clever to learn not only the commonplaces of teaching, but manifesting a considerable aptitude for politics and public affairs. The absence of all training and education among the negroes before the war, he might have supposed would leave them helpless and adrift under their new responsibilities; but he found that, though they could not overcome wholly their former awe at the sight of a white man, the new familiarity with arms brought their self-respect to a higher level, and with exasperation he found them willing to face their old masters if severely wronged.

It was the inevitable necessity that the end of the old practices and prejudices, and the begin-

ning of a new order of things, must be slow. Slowly the former dynasty faded and died away. Slowly the old generation relinquished the belief of a lifetime: but there is an end to all things; and, as the life of their system — slavery — had received its death-blow, the habits and usages it bred necessarily died with it.

ARE THE FORMER SLAVE STATES NOW A PART OF THE NATION?

To such a question there would seem to be but one answer: There is now nothing to fight for, nothing to hope for, in the old perished doctrine of the enslavement of the black race. If there should be a conspiracy to that effect, — the most improbable thing in the world, — it must fail. Not only would the North at once suppress it, but the new colored citizens of the South would not find it a matter too difficult for them to deal with. Gaining hourly self-respect and confidence, and a better training in military service, they would prove equal to the occasion without Northern aid. That brutal persons should at times express the old sentiments, and endeavor to keep the blacks under by humiliation and outrage, is to be expected; but the present relation between the races must modify

this barbarity, and bring about, through the help of mutual advantage, a reconciliation. The next generation, if it have not forgotten the sins of the fathers, will see all things from a different standpoint. Time, in national as well as individual troubles, is the great healer. What France calls "*un fait accompli*" is omnipotent. The passionate ignorance of human affairs evinced by the slaveholders may make them less ready to accept a change, heartily as well as legally, than are the nations of Europe, familiar with political convulsions. But they cannot turn aside the stern decree of fate. And in one important particular they seem already to have accepted it. The false political economy, the daily and nightly terror bred by slavery, have left them awakened to the discovery that that institution was a bale and not a blessing. They are glad to be rid of it, and can now sleep in peace. If they prefer a suicidal policy, to be putting ever obstacles in the path of progress, they may delay their own prosperity, and refuse for long all the advantages of freedom. It rests with them to be Americans, as we all are, proud of their birthright, with no covert disloyalty to the Constitution, so unlike the one to which they owed their former impunity. A

tide of good-will, of better feeling, forgiveness and forgetfulness of the former enmity, is visibly rising throughout the nation. We hail a happier day, —

> "When the war-drum throbs no longer,
> And the battle-flags are furled."

When breast to breast we march together, both children of a happy confederation, expectant of that final amity of all peoples, as the poet ends his verse, —

> . . . "in the federation of the world."

The one question the North and South ask now is, Can the former slave States find under freedom a prosperity which shall make them forget their allegiance to the principle of oppression? Can the black meet successfully the terrible axiom of the survival of the fittest, and hold and occupy his new place? Is he willing to work? Has he an ambition for honor and comfort sufficient to save him from the abject indolence and uselessness into which he at least has partially fallen in the West Indies? Is his brain, so quick to acquire, equal to the strain of civic duty, the fortitude needful in his daily affairs? If not, is the principle of freedom a sufficient attraction for the swarms of emigrants Europe sends, and the freedmen of the North, to

take his place if he should leave it vacant? A self-constituted prophet might to these questions give a confident answer; but time only can know what secret it withholds. There is every reason to suppose that the blacks will soon gain so much of industry, knowledge, and temperance as to become in their degree children of a new civilization. If, with their new rights and their new duties, they should not, they must bear the responsibility of the failure, as must the whites in their turn if they should be false to the advantages which freedom offers. There is no reason for alarm, nor perhaps should our expectations be too high. Both races are under a disadvantage. The one, that thus far all its beliefs and habits have been un-American and un-republican, while the other has the prodigious disadvantage of an inferior brain to work with.

We cannot with these two expect the South, at least presently, to rise to the level of States wholly white and always accustomed to liberty. We must be content with a degree of advance which circumstances permit. But if the black should comport himself as a citizen should, and the white forego his evil plantation manners, a Northern emigration of freemen may descend there, bearing with them the seeds of a better

culture, a better civilization, and thereby carry both the master and the slave to a higher level.

And white industry, intelligent and many-handed, may find that there are sources of profit hitherto neglected. The planter may adhere to his plantation farming ; but these new-comers may find the land profitable for more things than cotton. The orange, the fig, the olive, may hereafter be seen in those fields once only white with the cotton-plant. And the cotton-mill may stand at the side of the cotton-field, saving the labor of transport, and manufacturing near their own doors. And the silk-worm may desert the plains of Lombardy, and make its home in a climate which it will not find to be hostile.

China may with surprise see tea which rivals her own, and Cuba discover that not she alone holds the monopoly of the finer qualities of tobacco. Ships shall ride in her harbors, glad to bear the treasures of their soil and the products of their looms to distant nations. A better and more varied agriculture may succeed in raising growths which the slovenly method of the past has forbidden. A good mechanic may at last be known in the land, with a more convenient house architecture, — a better provision against

the season's changes, doors that will shut and windows that will open, — may be the improvements of that better day. And when their representatives meet ours in the councils of the nation, they will not come with a secret disloyalty to Freedom, and all the fears which followed the path of the vanished spectre, but with frank allegiance and cordiality; and a common purpose of unconflicting and useful legislation then shall be the heralds of America's consummation, the beneficent glory, without blot or flaw, of a Union of confederated States, not nominal only, but complete and enduring.

IX.

AMERICAN GOOD-NATURE.

NEVER did American good-nature show to better advantage than after the Civil War. Not a rebel chief was shot, not a rebel soldier imprisoned. As the arms of conflict dropped from the hands of the combatants, those hands were ready to lift themselves in a mutual embrace; but both had enough to do to direct and set on his feet the negro, the cause of the quarrel. Their and our methods differ, and both are likely to be tried before we are done with them.

Indeed, without our national amiability, a republic would seem impossible. But, as we said before, this amiability should not be carried too far. When horse-cars are stuffed as if with slaves packed for the "middle passage," when tipsy men disgust by their brutality women and children, the public should remember its rights, and see that the fare paid secures to each one a seat, even if the number of cars

need to be doubled; and that the passenger be safe from the oaths and turbulence of roughs and the inebriate.

American good-nature is proverbial. Something of that Arcadian good-fellowship and simplicity, which Rousseau supposed belonged to the savage state, may be found here. This good-nature is an interesting subject for study, as the lights and shades of it enter largely into the composition of our picture, — the picture of America as it is to-day. The causes of this amiability it may be useful to point out, as helping us to a better understanding of ourselves, and how to deal with its shady side.

One might have thought that ambitious men, equal before the law, yet trying to surpass their fellows, would have brought much acrimony and insolence into their struggling ambition. One would have thought that a climate so imperious, so exciting, so nervous, would have soured the most amiable tempers; but, if there be any thing of these, they do not much abate the general amiability. It certainly is not from our fathers that we inherit this trait. Their virtues and their faults are the reverse of our medal. If the Englishman be difficult of

access, short in reply, having that watery moodiness which a hundred years ago was called spleen, he also has "the qualities of his faults." He is manly, truth-loving, and will not have his personality easily invaded. Now, the American is somewhat the opposite of all this, and his faults may be expected to be as unlike those of his kinsman as are his virtues. If we should borrow from our English cousins their downrightness and honesty in dealing with the unpleasant side of our subject, we owe the reader no apology. There is no good in shirking truths, though to name them is to wound a vanity which nourishes itself only on sugar. A critic, on being once taxed with abusing his native town, replied, "I do not abuse: I only describe." If ever we are to recover that robustness of personality, that instant denunciation of the evil that strikes the eye, that martyr spirit which separates a man from the crowd, — the beginning must be made by a full recognition of the need of reform. In bringing the Englishman and American into comparison, their considerable difference of temper makes us ask, "And are they not the same race, of the same blood, and has not the offspring broken from the parent stock only a poor two hundred

and fifty years?" Such questions stimulate us to search for the discovery of these differences which time has so swiftly established. One must theorize a little and risk mistakes, if one dare to investigate. It is sad to say that, like the diagnosis of the physician, "To point out a disease is not necessarily to cure it." But both he and we may thus hope to do something by an indication which includes counsel and warning.

It is observable that the sun stimulates life, and its withdrawal produces gloom and deadens that expansion of the vital forces which engenders sympathy. Sympathy is a word in not very good odor in England. The Englishman stands alone in his cloud; but the bright sun of America fuses us into a common mass, as heat does bullets. And yet England, too, is a unit, as, indeed, without knowing it, all nations are. Patriotism never fails in Great Britain. How obstinate and tenacious it is, Bonaparte found out to his cost. Their patriotism springs from their pride and character. Ours from the head, — a genuine belief in the value of the institutions we stand for. All southern nations, if they be quick and vindictive, have a sunny temper: that fruit ripens in their sunshine at least.

If this be true, we have a fair right to be more amiable than our progenitors. But we have something more than sunshine. With an alteration of Byron's line, we all feel

> . . . "the electric chain wherewith we are 'brightly,' bound."

In no other way does the whole country telegraph its news, its humors, and its passions. If England feel like one man, we think like one man; and these wafts of intelligence foster an unconscious philosophy, kindle sympathy, and create amiability. We are always ready to make allowances. All life is brought before the forum of the brain, and even the passions are intellectualized. There is too much strain and hurry in our activity for much delay over culpability or outrage. We frown regret, and pass on. We are too much driven by the current of our life to even pause and feel very angry, and also we dislike waste of power. To a purely intellectual being the display passion makes, even if it be that of a just indignation, is unseemly and offensive. We at last look at all things by the dry light of reason, till ardor or enthusiasm get to shew like loss of balance or intoxication; or, alas! a warm expression of personality may hint of Somerville and the mad-house. A man's

friends are timid and alarmed when dealing with originality. Instead of appreciating the strength and interest of an independent character, like shepherds with crook and voice they try to get his head turned in the way of the rest of the flock. Hence the cold, questioning eye one meets in the street, which says, "Aren't you mad yet? How dare you be so odd! Fall into line." And so we fall into line, and regiment our thoughts into battalions and march with the rest. Where all are mad, a sane man seems the only madman. And so he apologizes for his existence if at home, or expatriates himself to breathe a freer air. For there is no tyranny like the tyranny of no choice; European preferences die out in an ungenial air, and our tyrannous climate makes us submissive. It early teaches us not to quarrel with the elements, for they are our master. The winds which will be howling at all hours whip us into submission. The thermometer which hangs in sight before every house dictates to us the dress and duty of each day. The irresistible control of the skyey influences pass over us like some great plane, which brings all surfaces to the same level. Each salient point is whirled off as a shaving, and falls to the floor's level; and

there is a shame about the exhibition of weakness, and bad temper is a weakness. Rumor will soon fly with a noise of such an exhibition; for, above all, we must be on our guard against Mrs. Grundy. All such foul linen as scolding or violence must be carefully washed at home. It does not pay to be any thing but what the public wants. They look upon you as their property, use you at their convenience, and like to see you strain in harness with the rest. A man does not stand for what he is, but what they value him at, and they take care to tell him so. They ignore what he modestly counts most precious in himself, and bid him wear the label of the virtues which they prefer.

From all this we may readily guess that this sunshine, that this amiability of ours, is not without alloy. There is the gold of genuine kindness; but, to give it currency, it is debased by something which is neither sunshine nor amiability, and this something is simply weakness. The way this good people allow themselves to be imposed upon in so many ways is not through their willingness to oblige, but through their weakness. Politicians and rogues trade upon it, and even criminals find in it a haven of refuge. With the weakness there is a

kind of bastard philosophy, which not only admits that one man is as good as another, but adds, and perhaps one man may be as bad as another. This reluctance to condemn, the denial that any crime is worthy of death, is a kind of democratic reverse of a formula with which our Constitution begins, and seems to say, "That is an aristocracy of righteousness which dares to rise above equals so as to smite them with its retribution." And these soft hearts are glad to point to the statistics which prove that capital punishment does not diminish crime. They would gladly see the murderer languish for years in a half-death within the prison's four walls, rather than push him at once before the all-merciful Judge, whose sentence may be less bitter. Their weak amiability disguises from them the atheism which denies to the criminal the rehabilitation which he can only get in another life. Society, too, condones crimes relating to money; while it is unsparing for infidelity to the marriage vow, duelling, or any form of oppression. For us, the sons of the Puritans, seem written the lines aimed at our Puritan fathers, —

> "Compound for sins they are inclined to
> By damning those they have no mind to."

Since imprisonment for debt as a law has been abrogated, there is a very easy virtue as to money obligations. A rogue leaves the country with the money confided to him, and jauntily asks the world for a "suspension of judgment." So, in the West, they call murdering a man in the street "a difficulty," to let down easily a familiar crime which they are inclined to. There is no truer dissolution of society than when it gets indifferent to the sanctity of contracts. It is then more or less an organized piracy, when honest and confiding men with all their property are made to walk the plank. Little by little, it is making integrity fight at a disadvantage with roguery, and, as the descent to Avernus is easy, there are constantly more lapses from the ranks of those who were staunch to pecuniary obligations.

On the esplanade, at St. Thomas, you could see, thirty years ago, comfortably promenading, pirates who had retired from business; and to-day, in our streets, the men who do not take lives, but only fortunes from others, pass with a smile their victims, secure from even personal assault. One would have thought that in a wild, new country, when the law offered no redress to the victim, he would take the law into

his own hands, and punish the pirate; but no. His good-nature, and the good-nature of all, forbid this. It is a business transaction, — the luck of the weaker, — and before what court shall the lamb bring such a wolf when even the juries' hearts lean to the aggressor? These are not the days of violence, and pardon is the duty of the Christian merchant; and so these wolves stalk abroad by daylight, and prowl in bands which they call "rings," and civilization includes in its improvements an organized and permitted brigandage. And this will go on, save when a spasm of retributive justice breaks the routine, till the nation puts more iron into its blood. A gallows conveniently placed at either end of Wall Street, with Policeman X for a Jack Ketch, might be useful. In every city the broker's board would be sure to hear of it, and act accordingly. Credit lives only by the faith man has in man, and credit is the life of trade. A certain per centum of rascality, and trade feels her wheels blocked; for credit is dead, and she cannot move on. Business is America's life-blood. Kill that, and the nation perishes; and how can such a consummation be reached more swiftly than by this indifference to loyalty and honor in business transactions? Then our good-

nature becomes a crime ; then, indeed, we know it is no longer good-nature, but the most dangerous weakness.

There is perhaps no other country where the citizens feel the government more their enemy than here. This suits us, and keeps up a chronic revolution which expresses itself every four years, not without animation. This hostility of one party to another makes the day of elections a battle; but it is a battle without bloodshed, and immediately after life runs in its usual channel.

This calm after a storm we glory in. No other country could achieve it. And this absence of violence, this repression of bitterness, is not wholly owing to a political education or the habit of self-control. Then is American good-nature, to which it is chiefly owing, seen at its best and brightest. That is its hour of triumph. We cannot tell how much our good-nature owes to these hours of conflict, to which it rises superior. It grows with every trial; and perhaps, among the many causes to which it is due, this national habit of unimpassioned surrender to the majesty of a majority is the most direct and important, as it is the occasion of its noblest expression. But, though the con-

flict is soon over, and all confess Majority to be king, there is a sense of hostility which mutters like distant thunder in breasts which seem to be silent. Everywhere the winning politician; the abrogation of the old, the imposition of the new law, — are looked at by half the nation as hostile and dangerous. It knows it is so looked upon, and is not unwilling to profit by its opportunity to press down its enemy. A spirit is engendered which is bad for all, — the conqueror as well as the conquered, — for they both suffer when the true interests of the nation are unheeded, or the council-chamber of a city erects itself into a little satrapy, above the praise or blame of even those who placed it there. It fosters that spirit of chronic revolution which it would seem we cannot escape; for every abuse of power is a prediction of its coming overthrow. But, ground between the wheels of the two opposing parties, how many delicate growths of culture, how many duties to cherish those tender germs which cannot attach to politics, are overthrown and perish!

Never was American good-nature seen to better advantage than after the Civil War. Not a rebel chief was shot, not a rebel soldier imprisoned, after the day of surrender. Scarcely were

the weapons of conflict laid aside, when forgive and forget was in the heart of the Northern people. That the South should sulk and hold back was but too natural, as their cause was lost and their fields laid desolate. But rancor cannot live long in our sunshine ; and the hopeful see a happy future for both North and South, more due to American amiability than any bills of reconciliation that could be passed. They have both enough to do to find a place for the negro which he can keep without the aid of a Northern bayonet. Every thing is adjusted in time ; and before long the negro will run without friction in the new groove, and both he and his former master will forget that it was ever otherwise.

And see our long patience with the shadowy substitute for coin! Here, again, our good-natured endurance of a depreciated currency must be counted as a fault. While discussing bi-metalism, and trying to extract from rags the value it can never have, we see California's Pactolus pass by our door to enrich the treasuries of rival nations. There is a certain cousinship between the flaccid feebleness of paper money and the irresolute timidity which protracts our suffering. As to the sick man the

sturdy sirloin which health demands only nauseates the sickly appetite, so Americans, used to paper, look at the solid metal with alarm. Over the horizon, from time to time, there is a shine of yellow, as from a rising sun; but it is not morning, and we must learn to wait. May the good time be not far distant when commerce and manufactures shall stand erect on their feet, and then, as the consummation and representative of that sounder life, may we all look with smiling complacency, —

"Where little eagles wave their wings in gold."

Indeed, without our national amiability, our republic would be impossible. They mutually aid and nourish each other, and together make the most pleasing trait of the American character; but we should guard against an excess even of the virtues. What is everybody's business is nobody's. And the want of the tonic of a central will in the States and Government but adds to our weakness. We long to see a hand which shall dare to launch the thunder against wickedness in high places. Where is the hero who shall overthrow the selfish indolence of Washington, which allows the money paid by foreign nations for American claims to never reach those to whom it belongs? *Nulla vestigia retrorsum*, as

a motto, better becomes the regal lord of the desert than the free-born wanderer of our starry sky.

The dilemma into which our good-nature gets us has at times a grotesque absurdity. In the old days of the omnibus, the seats often would hold a double layer of passengers. Without asking your leave, a pursy woman would use you as an arm-chair, nor did you dare to remonstrate.

A delightful story is told of a dignitary of a neighboring university being "overlaid" by a redundant personage, who eclipsed the daylight and made his knees like those of Belshazzar. Of course the ladies are asked first where they will go. Presently, to his surprise, the dignitary heard his own house given as the destination of his personal incumbent; and then silently, he through the front and she through the side gate, each approached the house. The *lady* was the dignitary's own cook.

In reading-rooms people lean on us to read the newspaper over our shoulder. Leave for five minutes a magazine in a car, and when you return it will have disappeared. Men with books and without books will cut from under you the best hour of the day, and feel hurt if

you reserve the right of choosing your own channel of benevolence. There are societies which do good, and also organized shams; and both prefer for their private use your first hour after breakfast. All these live upon the supposed inability of a man to say "No." Where an Englishman would thunder and lighten, grow red in the face, or write to the "Times," an American expectorates feebly and passes on.

Our good-nature is also shown in our unwillingness to damn a bad play. The positive side is too weak to affirm an energetic opinion. The piece is withdrawn if the public do not like it. It may happen to be very bad indeed, and yet succeed, if good acting, or a caricature having a basis of truth, are to be found in it.

In some circles, this want of spirit, of passionate personal judgment, gets the name of the Lively Negative. Fiction has taken hold of it; for we cannot help thinking that, in Mr. James's novel of "The American," the unwillingness of the American hero to punish even a murderer is a happy stroke of truth disappointing the reader of the natural *dénouement* of the story by making the hero act as most Americans would.

The pendulum descends as far to one side as it mounts on the other; and if we laugh at our-

selves for the "defect of our quality," — a good-nature which resents nothing, — we have abundant comfort in remembering that nowhere else in the world are the relations of man with man more easy and good-humored, without pride or reserve, as bright, gay, and universal, as is the American sunshine.

X.

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

WE may take out of a man's life, a complete and rounded one of seventy years, the core or heart of it, — say forty years, — and call this fragment of time the active life-space of him and his contemporaries. We will not count the beginning and the end of his life outside these forty years; for, besides the weakness and solitude which attach to life's extremities, they share very much the influences from generations preceding and succeeding them. This manhood, thus taken *en bloc*, is one of many lives of people of about the same age, all over the world. These people are usually called contemporaries. We propose to speak of these contemporaries, shut up in their bounds of forty years, as a unit.

It seems fair to space off time into such units for many reasons, the chief of which is, that it is a natural unit, — a life-measure for the earth's inhabitants. It is one wave moving to eternity across the sea of time; and, like a wave, though blending with those before and after, yet its

form and towering crest are its own, and it has always been counted as one wave. And this ocean, where lives are waves, has not, historically, the space we usually suppose. Looking onward from where we are, we see no shore. All is obscure. Yet we dimly think we guess something of the movement and form of those waves of the future which shall pass beyond our own, and may haply hail some light-house of the skies that we wot not of. But, looking back to mark behind us the forward falling waves, as their musical crests break in the sunlight, we can notice through what long lines of foam, from what abysses of the past, they draw their present life of living spray. And how near is the horizon which bounds Time's ocean of the past! beyond and farther than is earth's bounding horizon of the sea, something we may guess of what is hidden; but silence and an inexorable barrier defy our curiosity. To show how narrow is Time's sea to our poor human sight, let us notice and count these wave-crests as they have come to us from the past.

The days when Christ was upon earth seem very remote; and yet, between Him and us, we find but forty-seven of these life-spaces, these waves of contemporary being. Such an

observation makes us suspect that the world's history is much simpler than we have thought. If we are old, even without being wise, we must have been unobservant indeed if we have failed to notice the progress of the world, — the movement of thought, the material advance in our time. But our time is infinitely more complex than has been any other such life-space as we have imagined. The conditions even are changed. The whole earth begins to move forward as an army. Rank behind rank, we see them fall in and come. They are nearing the light which is as the candle to man's moth-like brain; and, let us hope, not to fall expiring with singed wings, and into an earthly candle, but that great eternal flame by which man's soul is nourished. Already is the marching near enough to feel the heat. It already fuses the metal from which ignorance and tyranny had wrought their chains. The old moulds of the gods melt and run down in shapeless ruin. And, by the new and auspicious light, we see these waves — these armies of men — trooping side by side, like children whose toys are laid aside, whose quarrels are forgotten, — as towards a common Father.

We have compared these life-spaces to waves

moving horizontally, and we might compare them to the rounds of a ladder ascending upwards. If we could compare these periods, one with another, we should be struck with the fuller life, and increase of knowledge and skill in every direction now, in contrast with the limitations of human knowledge under a Roman emperor, for instance, at the beginning of our era. A perspective of the world's history, thus shortened for the eye, would surprise by a diminishing at the farther end, not attributable to the common laws of perspective. There was a time when men were not inventive. There was a time when men thought little, or, if they did, could not or dared not publish what they thought. There was a time when intercourse and journeys between nations were difficult and dangerous. Then knowledge was possessed only by a few,—a mental aristocracy, raised by study and contemplation above their fellows. Then an author could hardly be said to have a public, or to aim to express any belief of the people, or any desire of theirs for improvement. As long as war was uppermost in men's minds, there was small room for the fruits of peace to grow. All these limitations make the diminishing end of the perspective very narrow.

And what a little world it was then! — a luminous track from Asian highlands, along which cities were sown, and from its western extremity, where it touched the sea, a fringe of light girdled the Mediterranean, contrasting with the surrounding darkness. Now the earth is furrowed with that mental brightness, and for the first time begins to know something of itself.

Among the many passions of the present hour, there is no warmer one than that of geographical discovery. We hunt and chase the unknown, as English squires do a fox. We are close upon the haunches of Africa, and soon will run her to earth. There seemed to be good game at the North, — a teazing bait in the mysterious Pole, — but the scent proved too cold, and the sportsmen abandoned the chase. And if "Macedonia's madman" sighed after his Asiatic triumphs for new worlds to conquer, what shall the heroic Livingstones do when the entire globe has become their conquest? Will it not be the end, and will not that time arrive when a contemporaneous completion of all man's possible achievements here will imply the consummation of the purpose for which he was sent hither? And how many does the reader suppose of these life-spaces of forty years will the world count

between that consummation and the date of our era? Though the life around us look indefinitely continuous, the end may be nearer than he thinks. *Vires acquirit eundo* is indeed true of the world. Something more than a geometrical proportion is the pace of thought now, compared with its uncertain steps in its childhood.

This kindling, swift diffusion of knowledge is like a highland torch-race; every beacon-hill is fired, and man's glowing mastery over matter, in its most spiritualized form, — his telegraph and his telephone, — almost look like a wall beyond which he cannot pass. But who can tell? Though Mr. Proctor explain to us that a catastrophe is always possible in the sun, and that then comes the end of all things, yet this old world has had many panics of this sort. Because of famine, religious excitement, or a something in the air we cannot estimate, these spasms of man's fear have again and again occurred.

We are in a fair way now to another attack of this hysteria of the soul. At one end of the town, Mr. Cook, with mathematical exactitude, is throwing red-hot shot into the ice-forts of Unitarianism; and at the other end, a pair of evangelists are incessantly calling off the business world to the passionate possibility of losing

its soul. There is just that something in the air which may make hysteria an epidemic.

A few steps farther, and this world will recede, and heaven will seem opening to the view. A date from prophecy will be sought for to justify the hope and the terror of the approaching consummation ; and then, in a few years, all this will be but as a tale that is told.

Some thirty or forty years ago, Boston suffered from such an attack of hysteria. One Miller, a fanatic, managed to persuade himself that the end of the world was approaching. In the very unmathematical condition of mind produced by such a fear, many others, beside himself, were brought to believe that certain figures and tropes in the book of Revelations indicated the absolute date of the event. Where these believers hid their faces and their disappointment, after the failure of his prophecy, we have never heard. Error, soaring to the sublime, often falls into the ludicrous. So was it then. These *Millerites*, as they were called, were said to have prepared ascension-robes, made long from feelings of delicacy, and built a tabernacle, to gather in upon the fatal day.

From curiosity, I went to see it. I found before an unfinished and very unsubstantial

structure a worthy carpenter, whom I knew well, looking up at it. "Are you, too, a believer?" I said. "Well," he replied, "I think there must be some miracle in it; for I built it, and they paid me so little that I think that it will be a real miracle if it don't come down on their heads." The city authorities thought so too, and forbade the completion of the building. It stood precisely where now is the Howard Athenæum Theatre, and I believe some of the timber was diverted to this unsanctified use.

As we advance to manhood, we see about us our contemporaries doing the same. Some were our school-fellows and some our classmates. We knew them as bright and happy boys, their highest achievement the robbing of a bird's nest or a successful recital, and yet with quick strides they were becoming men. A sense of alarm, a natural anxiety, comes over us. We remember Julius Cæsar and the prophets, and King Alfred and Charlemagne. Each of these had Atlantean shoulders to hold up a world. But alas! for our poor contemporaries! And then it flashes upon us, at first with a strange sinking of the heart, and then with a merry apprehension of how things really are. And is the whole life of the centuries, the care for the world's support

and progress, to be given to Charley Watson and Harry Folger? They were good at ball, and did not fib much; but Harry knew a mean trick or two, and Charley at times was parsimonious and shabby. But so it is: the whole of the great concerns of a planet — the responsibility of leading the ages, and transmitting not only unharmed, but ennobled, what the fathers have left us — are to fall upon the shoulders of these school and college mates; and throughout Christendom it is the same. Sir Robert Peel played a good game at marbles, and rather liked Byron, his lively contemporary. Bismarck at the university was known by his big dog and the solidity of his walking-stick. Napoleon looked askance at the games of the other boys, and Pozzo di Borgo never got over his school impression of him. And so each one in his turn is condemned to play the part of greatness, if the prizes of life fall to him. But, if we look behind the ermine of the judge, we can see the timorous fag of forty years before. That general, who, on review days, is the centre of admiring eyes, was once fished, half-drowned, from the water by the plough-boy now standing in the ranks. That emotional divine, whose breath is omnipotent with condemnation or approval,

was chiefly known at school for his indolence and enthusiasm for gingerbread.

But these successful men fairly fill the place of their predecessors. The world looks on with the admiration that distance gives to their prosperity. And it is only at times, over the social board, that the years will be stripped from these majestic figures, and the veterans again will be the boys they were. Then the sly tale, the merry memory, the joke that punctures the bladder of renown, restores to them the long-lost playground, and they will sadly feel that the boy's limitations and ignorance are more than compensated for by the freshness of feeling, the buoyancy of young desire, for which they would gladly exchange the weary elevation the world so much admires.

The earth keeps a journal, and notes carefully, with correct dates, each fresh acquisition it makes in knowledge. This line of conquest by man over his environment is a straight one. But there are fluctuations in human affairs difficult to account for. The hour has its whim, its caprice, and is not merely the obedient slave of progress. This caprice and whim, united to the wisdom and knowledge which a given date stands for, constitute what is called the "char-

acter " of an age ; and each epoch has its character, and every thing is saturated by it, almost as if this abstraction were a living being.

We say that a man represents his age, and if he be a clever one, he will show not only what the time knew, but how it felt, what it believed in, and each mood of changeful caprice.

There is always a touch of madness in the world, which, if we cannot see it in the individual, the crowd expresses : *semel insanivimus omnes.* Of course, the crowd does not see it as madness, as each one in it considers himself sane ; and, among them, a free and sound man is lucky if he escape with only the title of eccentric. For there is the passion as well as the whim of the hour ; and that may carry men far, and distort a generation. And man, leaving his track in history, marks not only the sands of time with his footprint, but with every such convulsion and oscillation, as Finelli's Pompeiian casts retain each movement of the figures they mould.

Of course it is easy to see that, of these little blocks of time and spaces of forty years, the first half belongs to that part of a man's life when his nature receives enduring impressions. These, if he live long, he will carry to the new front of

thought in the people before him. There he appears as a straggler, one who has failed like his fellows to join the great majority. His figure, his manners, his dress, so lately the best that man could do, look grotesque, abnormal, fossil. Children point at him, laugh, and run away. But they should be taught to make a better use of their opportunity than that. They should be told to look at him steadily, and to try to remember him, for the very sight of him explains an epoch.

If clever children, themselves long-lived, had been made to see characteristic survivors of their generation, and told what they saw and knew of them, when old, and then had passed it on to another child, a hoary gossip might have been transmitted which would bring us face to face with the patriarchs. As it is, there are always pleasant stories afloat, piquant souvenirs of by-gone times and people, which we delight to hear.

When last at Rome, once after dinner, I asked Cav. Visconti, the distinguished archæologist, to tell me something, not in books, about the past. He laughed, and pondered, and ended by saying: "I am sure St. Paul had a big nose." "Why?" I asked. "Well, it has come down to us, trans-

mitted from mouth to mouth, that, when the Apostle's head was struck off and brought to Nero, he exclaimed: 'By Jupiter, if I had known he had such a nose, I would not have done it!'"

There was an old lady in London lately, named Lady Cork. She always dressed in white, and looked like a fairy godmother. She had seen so much, so many shapes had passed before her, in life's magic lantern, that they got blended and confused: she would easily mistake a man for his great-grandfather, and startle him with a question strangely out of focus with the present. Rumor said of her that, in her childhood, she had known somebody who told her that she had known somebody else's father who knew King Richard III. Of course, Lady Cork considered Richard a much maligned individual.

An Englishman I met in Europe told me that, when a child or little boy, once in a London street, a gentleman stopped him to point out a venerable figure, unlike the others. He was tall and handsome, with a wig, cocked hat, breeches, and a sword by his side. "Remember, little boy, that you have seen General Oglethorpe, the founder of Georgia."

I myself, when a boy in the town of Milton,

was stopped by a gentleman, and told to turn and see Aaron Burr ; I did so, and saw painfully ascending the hill a short, sad-looking, old man of a regular profile and antiquated dress. He supported himself, I think, with a gold-headed cane.

I also, as a child, saw another Revolutionary personage. There was target firing at Savin Hill, near Dorchester. The target was set up in the water, or on the edge of it ; and, for the first time, I enjoyed the delight of ricochetting balls. There I was presented to President John Adams. He, also, was not very tall, but plump ; and his face was so like his portrait by Gilbert Stuart, that, in memory, I see them confusedly as one.

We will speak of a few details of this contemporaneous life of man which have more or less importance. The habit induced by common manners, common tastes, and common beliefs, during an epoch, gives a special physiognomy to the time. Men get to look alike, because they think and live alike. People really come to resemble each other, and form a definite type for a period. Expression is moulded by the passions and the thoughts within ; and the same sympathy which makes a husband and

wife resemble each other acts on a generation. The children of mothers who have lived through days of revolution and terror differ from those born in quieter times. The influence of a court life will make a child courteous and graceful. A tyranny will stamp itself even on infant features; and hours of anxiety will leave traces upon the young faces whose parents then suffered. Looking at portraits in a picture-gallery, we are struck with the general resemblance of those of the same time. All the women of Sir Peter Lely languish with the same sleepy eyes. The personages of Vandyke show a common dignity and grace. The Venetian nobles whom Titian painted have a simple grandeur of aspect which we seek vainly elsewhere.

We even see that the men and women of our own time have something in common which we do not remark in their ancestors. This is especially true in America, where a greater uniformity of interest and living gives an increased similarity of expression. But, in this resemblance of persons during an epoch, there is an element which easily deceives us. The same dress and costume, the hair, or the wig worn in a certain way, alter men's looks even more than do the manners or the thought of an age. This

is noticeable in actors who assume a part belonging to an era not their own. When this is ingeniously done, a play surpasses the best novel, describing the same time, for the eye is made to believe almost without the help of dialogue. And when the French give us a good historical play, even the student of the time represented can learn something from the carriage and demeanor of their good actors. It is then we notice how the costume seems the natural clothing and expression for the lives which then were lived.

In literature, this changing aspect is very observable; for not only do certain tastes and habits of thought go with certain dates, but fashion is added. The fashion of saying things, in prose or verse, is formed by imitation of successful authors. The more is their style moulded by the whim of the hour, the more is it successful then; yet liable, in an equal degree, to be distasteful to the men who come after. And this is a reason why so many gay pinnaces and showy galleys lie stranded upon the shores of time, while the renowned and venerable frigates bearing names of enduring fame, still keep unharmed the mighty deep. There is scarcely any lure more potent than the lure of a great master of

style. It dazzles and subdues, while insipid writers retire abashed; and this is why old men who have surrendered the fashion of their dress, and something of their manners, to the coming time, will yet keep their allegiance to the favorite authors of their youth, and condemn as trivial and poor the new writer whose lure is to be a successful bait for the young generation. There is something which draws our pity as well as makes us smile in the vanishing worship of these veterans, of whose youth we have known so little. They flaunt the rags of sentiment, the false pearls of poetry, before our eyes, in deplorable keeping with the grotesque suits they sometimes wear. We all remember, moving about our streets, these sadly comic effigies of the past. We find it difficult to believe that it was once filled with such scarecrows. And, when we talk with them, we find it still more difficult to believe that their tawdry flowers of speech and antiquated politeness should ever have been taken seriously. But they probably know nothing of all this. These quaint survivals of the past glow for them with life's morning, and their very accent betrays the buoyant fervor of youth, as they recite the verses they have so long loved. Dr. Holmes, who touches every thing

with such a wise humor, gives us the natural feelings of a boy, noticing one of these venerable anachronisms, in a poem, "The Last Leaf." And yet how hard it comes to us to believe that our thoughts, our dress, and manners shall soon become as antiquated as his.

The vanity of old age, though natural perhaps, is amusing. That youth and beauty should be giddy seems proper and right; but that so airy a sentiment as vanity should attach to weakness and decrepitude is at first surprising. But these old men look askant at each other as do rival belles over their fans. Getting successfully to be old is sometimes the chief performance of a man's life. And stupid people have, of course, the best chance.

Genius —

"Which o'er-informs its tenement of clay" —

wears out the body as the sword does the scabbard. But these dull brains leave the body's machinery to work at ease, without fever or disturbance. Old Father Cleveland, whom we all respected, had this vanity of old men. When asked if he was perfectly happy, being so well, he replied: "Yes, indeed; but they tell me there is an old fellow down in New York, who is one hundred and five, and he makes me feel

uncomfortable." The good man himself died within a month of being one hundred. It would seem as if the excitement of nearing and turning the centennial winning-post was too much for him. And missing this, he must have considered his life comparatively a failure.

An amateur statistician, in England, has given himself the trouble to hunt up as far as he could the facts as to the authenticity of lives famously long, of the past and present time. He discovered, in every case accessible to him, that no life surpassed a hundred and five or six. The great age claimed for some individuals rested on a mistake. The parish register of birth was never forthcoming; and senile vanity would slyly add a ten where there was no witness to expose the error. He found, I am sorry to say, that the object of Father Cleveland's emulation, an Englishman living in New York, was not really one hundred years old. This sceptic found the date of the old man's transfer as a soldier to a point in India, and his age then also: there was a mistake of about ten years.

It reconciles better the young to die when they see very old men; it is so evident that they have outlived, not only all enjoyment, but any real use of their faculties. There is

nothing to tempt any desire for a protraction of years in which there is so little gain. Without sometimes such a spectacle, it might be hard to reconcile youthful manhood to death. Its bounding pulses find little to exchange with senility, in the contemplation of the dignity of years, or the gentle dismissal through imperceptible degrees of withdrawal into the arms of Mother Earth.

And yet one of the many objects of man's foolish longing and desire is that of protracted years. Lord Lytton is said to have had it; and he has a novel, "A Strange Story," which turns upon the possible possession of it. Such people sigh when they hear of Cornaro, the Venetian, and the playful Lady Desmond, who, in the spirit of the King Charles II., whom she came to visit, on her way fell out of an apple-tree, at the age of one hundred and forty. But, most of all, these lovers of life are covetous of the good old days of the patriarchs: when they read of Abraham and Jacob, and, most of all, of Methuselah, they wish they might have lived then.

Modern Physiology and Science could tell them that such post obits were impossible: the machinery of man's frame could never have lasted so long. The Bible never mentions as miracu-

lous the age of the patriarchs. The word year probably stood with the Jews for a division of our year; or there were, as was natural with so uneducated a people, miscalculations concerning periods of time.

The accident, if accident it be, — which makes the earth's revolution on its axis small spaces of time, divided by darkness and light, that on the shortness of man's life, — gives a man a measure both of time and space, which he cannot help applying to conditions too great for such a measure. Like an insect on a wheel, which must compute the revolution of its tire by what it can know of bigness, so man's brain shrinks appalled from spaces whose vastness crushes him.

But time and space are nothing in themselves. Their vastness belongs to the eye of the spectator. We really cannot imagine a universe limited either in time or space. In this boundless infinity, it is impossible to imagine any central point where is placed the throne of an omnipotent God.

The grandest conceptions of Christian Divines are scarcely more reasonable than Homer's notion of the throne of Zeus, whence depend the golden chains to which our globe is fastened.

Much easier is it to imagine the deity diffused through his works, present in the life of every plant and animal, and in whom man's soul moves and has its being.

This is intelligible, so far as can be man's apprehension of what is so infinite; but the heart of man cries out against it. It needs what it calls a personal God; and this is easy to understand. For this world always offers a spectacle which explains it. Here crowds avail nothing. The sweet or malignant forces of nature avail nothing. There is for evermore a majestic individuality and solitude for the race. Each one is alone, even in crowds, with no question to ask of them, or even of the dumb earth about him. But, for evermore, each in his solitude knows but himself and that other he cannot understand, but feels in his soul to exist. Ever are these awful interlocutors speaking to each other, — God and the individual soul. Therefore, seeing His omnipotence, having faith in His love, he must give the something with which he converses a personality like his own. Never can man's conception of God escape anthropomorphitism; for the whole universe can tell man no more of Him than he finds in his own soul. That has the same relation to the

spiritual side of the common Father, that man's intelligence bears to the intelligent method of God's creation. Both mirror Him. Both show us to be His children. And, though the body perish and the intelligence note with interest these waves of being, these spaces of time which we have been considering, the soul looks down upon it all from the infinity to which it belongs, that home of which neither space nor time is a part.

XI.

A BROKEN HEART.

IN the State of Virginia, not many miles from Fairfax Court House, there had been built one of those stately mansions which were then so numerous in that State. It spoke of that loyalty of which, afterwards, the dwellers in it grew ashamed. But the house would not change with them. One saw at a glance that its architecture was derived from an antitype familiar to the English gentry of the days of Queen Anne. It was substantial, simple, and elegant, and rested upon broad blocks of stone which hinted at a spacious and useful cellarage.

In these temperance days, people are not proud of their cellars; no man stores in wood his Madeira, his claret, or his port; but it is getting to be the way with the unbibulous moderns to purchase as occasion demands their wines of the nearest merchant or grocer. But those were roistering days which knew not those dreadful facts of the inner man that the microscope and science have disclosed. They thought less, and

drank more. Not that this mansion was especially renowned for hospitality. Stately dinners at stated times would be given to retain the family's position in the county; but there was something too much of that Virginian *hauteur* which befriended the lofty eminence of Washington, and fenced it from a too democratic approach. It was current in the county that the family of Manwaring valued themselves upon an English and aristocratic connection; and they were proud to show proofs of it in certain dingy family portraits, embossed dishes of silver, wearing a complicated coat of arms, and antique pieces of furniture quite old enough to have dated from King James.

The body of this fine old place breathed of English steadiness and conservative tranquillity; but the out-houses, the veranda, the garden, betrayed that conjunction of America with Africa which generally marks the buildings of the South. The wooden pillars of the veranda did not quite match those of the portico. They stood awry, and betrayed fissures which promised to widen. The out-houses tailed off in a decreasing line of mysterious boxes of wood, not always of the same color, and leading, by an irregular path, to the half-concealed huts of the slaves.

In short, it was like many of the proud structures of which the James River and other favorite sites could boast; and, in this tale, it is but thus sketched, for the reason of its connection with a narrative with which it has little in common.

Very often, the chief men of the House of Burgesses drew up near the front-door, or officers of the royal army, among whom might have been seen the rosy face of General Braddock, and a young aid from the neighborhood of Mount Vernon, whose future promised something of distinction. To such, when they came, those honors would be paid of the absence of which the lesser gentry of the neighborhood occasionally complained.

After the preliminary glass of apple-toddy was despatched, and they remained to dinner, it would be composed perhaps of an aromatic and substantial wild-turkey from the neighboring woods. Succotash and Indian-corn kept company with their compatriot; and if iron forks with but two prongs held the luscious morsels, no one was ashamed. Then a more mahogany glow would pass into the countenance of the valiant General, either reflected from the table whence the cloth had been

withdrawn, or imparted by the mettlesome port which stood in bulky decanters not far from his right hand. And then the clear brown complexion of the aid showed no deeper tint than what the sun gave; and, as his elder grew the more hilarious, the thoughtful silence of the younger man but more visibly deepened.

But when Lady Manwaring, as she was sometimes called half mockingly, sailed into the low drawing-room, where, past the shining andirons of brass, a great wood-fire sent a sudden flicker across the broad panels of the room and its depending curves of carven garlands above it, — the hostess was not long in wakening the slumbering animation of her younger guest. She then with subdued ostentation pointed out the figures in the picture-frames, placing herself at times so as to give an opportunity for the observer to remark a resemblance between her and the least hideous but most ancient of the female heads, — giving the names, the dates of birth and death of each, the young officer being visibly interested.

For the miniatures, of which there were many, — fair, pale women with pearls passing through their powdered hair, and their heads

deliberately askew, their eyes sinking in slumber, — or the valiant men in bag-wigs and *queues* which suggested the handle of a gridiron, while their braided breasts wore that fatal red which to the waggish *gamin* of our time hints of lobsters, — he did not much care.

But when, after carefully passing a napkin over the antique cabinets, tables, and escritoires, she gave their history, a flash of delight sparkled in the quiet eye of the younger officer. He asked all about them, begging the privilege of opening and shutting the little drawers, and finally ending with the curiosity of youth by pushing about to try to detect if there were not a secret one.

Thus, by ever so little, this great man missed a discovery which would have diverted the current of our tale.

For fading through the long years, its modest splendor slowly changing with a nameless tarnish, — a degradation as much felt by those who lived there as visibly expressed in every line of the falling mansion, — still, with sturdy pride, something of the old pretension remained. Little by little, the estate had been parcelled out to newcomers, to patch a rent in the year's income. The ragged garden had lost its sun-dial, its

dove-cote, and half its palings. Not only was the sentiment of newness dead, but that of repair was following after it.

But the cellar, as if blind, for want of light, to that ruin which the outside felt through all its stones, recklessly retained its hospitable completeness. Burgesses and royal officers no longer drank of its nectar; but the Madeira and Port, gaining through the long years by which all else was losing, stimulated a rebel soldiery, welcomed by a host whose ancestors overhead seemed to stare out in reproving astonishment. At last, after a health to the President of the new Confederacy of the South, there was such a breadth and ardor of sympathetic adhesion that the dinner became a debauch. While the prostrate wassailers on sofas and lounges were stertorous with oppressive sleep, a candle from which one of them had lit his cigar was carelessly overturned so near the window curtain that it burst into flame. Nor long was it before the roar and crackle of the fire had awakened the sleepers. The glare and confusion reached even the bedroom of their hosts, and, with a face like Lady Macbeth's, the last Lady Manwaring entered with a superfluous lit candle in her hand, and cried: —

"You tipsy fellows, you have set my house on fire; but I have no time to scold you. Fly before it is too late, and save my pictures and furniture."

As he slowly rose from the floor, the least sober of the guests hiccoughed out, —

"Don't forget the cellar; I will look after the wine."

Amid a circle of ragged negroes and their children, their faces turned to gold in the flaming light, the devoted mansion, unhelped by any show of a fire-engine, after consuming, perished where it stood.

The property which had been saved was covered with sheets and blankets; and a few of the honestest negroes were detailed as guards for it. Meanwhile, the succor and hospitality of neighbors were not wanting. The family were solicited, in spite of their haughty airs generally, to stay at more than one house. They selected a near one, to give the less trouble in the storage of the many articles which were saved from the fire.

The tipsy soldier had been as good as his word, and, with the help of some of his companions and a few negroes, had triumphantly borne out and placed under a tree, most of the wine-

boxes and a regiment of bottles which, in long file, were drawn up with the uniformity of soldiers. The safety of the silver was presided over by Mistress Manwaring herself; and, when she drove away to her friend's house, it was carefully placed in the carriage beside her. The old furniture was not so fortunate. Hoisted out upon the brawny shoulders of the soldiers and the stoutest negroes, it was got downstairs and out upon the lawn, in an almost dislocated state. While endeavoring to disguise the ill-usage the favorite escritoire had received, by shutting the drawers which had burst open, and standing it squarely on its legs, one of the soldiers noticed a little door which opened into a concealed recess which he remembered had not been visible before. Half hanging from it was a packet carefully sealed, and tied with a string of faded red. It was long and narrow; and, I am sorry to say that, in that moment of general demoralization, the half-tipsy soldier, supposing that its contents were possibly bank-bills, put it into his pocket. When in a safe place he examined it, to his disgust he found it to be nothing better than leaves of paper upon which were written, with an ink so pale, characters of so antique a look, that he did not long

puzzle himself with deciphering them. As possible literature, of however unimportant or abnormal character, it naturally gravitated to the North. Some Union soldier who by chance saw it exchanged a square of tobacco for the MSS., in the hope, as he had so few books, that the reading might enliven a lonely evening. Finding both the writing and dates of an ancient period, he brought it home with him and submitted it to a member of the village's Historical Society, if we may name by so august a title a lawyer or two, and the clergyman of his parish, who met together, brought by their taste for ancient lore. Through their help, the little story the manuscript contained is here getting published, though with no better authenticity than its own internal evidence, and this not very praiseworthy explanation of how it came into the possession of its previous owner.

The writing was evidently of about the beginning of the eighteenth century; and the date of the following letter accords with that supposition. Around the manuscript — which in its general character resembled a journal, though no dates were given — was rolled a letter of a different paper and of a writing unlike that of the manuscript. It seemed intended as an ex-

planation, in some degree, of this strange narrative, and of how it came into the writer's possession :

"The Priory, 1709.

On parting with my dear Isabel, I requested her to write to me when opportunity offered. The dear child gladly consented, feeling through this that our long friendship would but grow the closer. But neither of us apprehended the infrequency of the mails from so distant a station; and the final impossibility of any such intercourse, when my dear Isabel with her father was wrecked upon that unknown island, thus transforming her letters into a journal.

From a child, Isabel had been of a poetic and romantic character. Her imagination made her wish to see things wonderful and strange. In the verses she had shown me, her fancy took marvellous flights; she was not contented with the beautiful country around her for her descriptions, unless she peopled them with sprites and fairies. She delighted to recite the most exaggerated portions of Master William Shakespere's play, 'Midsummer Night's Dream;' and, of a truth, I think she would have preferred the Duke's court at Athens to the allurements offered by that of our good Queen Anne. I do

not like to think her distempered; but if her wits had suffered through the incidents of shipwreck and the penury of comforts which followed it, I could gladly make allowance for unintentional untruth.

But, loving my dear cousin so well, I have been careful to not submit her fair reputation to calumny by any publication, as she desires, of her story, or even permitting the reading of it by many.

Isabel, after her return to England, was much tamed of her extravagance. No longer enthusiastic or ardent, she buried herself mostly in the privacy of pensive thought. When I questioned her as to the details of her experience, she gave it in the fewest words, without color or emphasis. There seemed something which she disliked to reveal; and, thinking this modest quietude might be owing to a painful remembrance of the extravagancies she had written, I respected her silence, and but loved her the more for it.

I have placed, with this letter of friendly explanation, her manuscript, for safe-keeping, in the little secret recess of her own writing-desk, which she said she rarely opened. I thought this best, as meaning that I too would withdraw

from all complicity in a painful memory, silence about which her own brevity of speech had been for me an intelligent indication. If she should press the little spring and discover the manuscript, I know her delicate spirit well enough to feel assured that she would understand what I have done.

As from the moment I dispossessed myself of this strange narrative, I forbore ever more to question her concerning it, all that she cares to conceal is now left to the solitude of her own breast.

I place this letter with the manuscript of my friend, for the purpose that if both should fall into unknown hands, and not those of my dear Isabel, I desire to give her reputation the authority of my name and with it an assurance to any who may chance to read it of her natural truthfulness and unblemished character with all who knew her well.

LADY BETTY FAULKLAND."

"DEAR LADY BETTY, — Our leave-taking, as you must remember, was painful to both of us. I was to lose my dearest friend, and could only add her loss to that of my native country. Those who were to be my fellow-passengers, all

unknown to me, could not disturb the solitude of my grief. But you have a life abundantly filled, and its solicitations would mitigate while not effacing any memory of me. My comfort was in my dear father, who seemed happy to be once more at sea. He busied himself in preparations for his duties at the distant station to which government had appointed him. He also relaxed himself from labor by perusing various books on natural history and the works of Mr. Locke. The happiest hour of my day was when he threw all these aside, and, if the weather permitted, walked with me, arm in arm, on the deck for a full hour. His protection gave me confidence to observe a little more narrowly the few fellow-passengers who were with us. They all treated my father with a certain deference, as their station in life was almost universally inferior to his own.

There were one or two East Indians with whom I established a certain intimacy. They had inhabited the part of the world we were going to, and, seated in the shadow of the mainsail, I listened eagerly to their strange stories of adventure, and the extraordinary creatures they had seen and shot. Among them was a young man who had formerly been a secretary to one

of our colonial governors. His attentions and deference were not unacceptable, for he gave them usually a useful turn. He would find for me a place where the wind or the sun were least unpleasant; he would bring me wraps and books from below; and he even charged me to consider him attached to my service as a body servant.

Not that there was any thing of the menial about him. He was always gentlemanly, and even shy till I taught him confidence. But I protest, dear Lady Betty, that you will not imagine there was any thing more than that two young people who, meeting by chance at sea, could for each other alleviate a little the annoyances of shipboard and the weariness of a long voyage.

My father had brought with him from Bristol a negro slave to be a servant for both of us. His name was Congo, and he seemed pleased to think that our voyage would bring us nearer to his native land. At times, in his broken English, he told me of the great woods, the long grasses, and the tropical fruits he remembered. He tried to describe the frolics and chatter of the monkeys which were to be found not far from his native village. They would leap, he

said, from tree to tree, hanging themselves by their tails, and one kind could dispense with any hold, and fly across with wings which they had. But he confessed to me that his approach was never sufficiently great for him to explain their manner of flight, and I concluded, somewhat reluctantly, with the belief that what he had seen must have been a bird.

It is not to find only what we leave at home that we travellers go so far and endure such discomfort. I am sure that before I return I shall have seen not only wonders in the deep, but those singular beings of which the books in my father's library have given accounts. And this monkey which could fly recalled to my mind what Richard Steele told me he had heard from a visitor to America. He reported that there were there many creatures different from those we know, even when they resemble them. And I remember he spoke of seeing squirrels which by the help of a membrane could, like the monkey, fly from tree to tree. This set me to much thinking, and I conjectured how little as yet we understand our fellow-inhabitants of the globe; and I thought also how narrow is the line which divides the orders of animals. If a quadruped can fly, what differences may I not yet expect to

find between what I have been told exists, and beings which we would think impossible yet really are. And before long I was again to be reminded of this invasion by one creature of the rights and habits of another. The good ship 'Monarch,' our captain told us, was a lucky vessel; and so it proved. For ten days, the wind blew steadily in a direction favorable to us. I was rarely uncomfortable and never sea-sick. Already the air was warmer and the sea of a richer blue. I was one day at a little table on deck playing at chess with my father, while St. Clair, my young friend, overlooked my game, and secretly whispered his advice as to my moves. I was not impatient with him for doing it, as I knew my father's skill was great enough to easily match both of ours. I suddenly heard an exclamation, and the passengers ran to the side of the vessel. With woman's curiosity, I followed them, and there, to my surprise, saw five or six small but beautiful fishes flying through the air as with a long bound, and then, after moistening their wings, immediately resume their flight.

And as if wonders would never end, after sailing south several days more, I saw the strangest thing in the world. I am unwilling to write of

it, as it seems, if I tell you what I saw, playing upon your credulity. But you must not believe your little Isabel shapes monsters from her heated fancy; for indeed neither fancy nor imagination had any thing to do with it. From what my father and the officers of the ship tell me, what we saw was as really miraculous as any real wonder of earth can be. My father tells me that such a creature as we saw is believed to exist by the people of Norway, and that an ancient writer, Bishop Pantopedon, gives an account of it. While sailing over a windless sea, or rather with just breeze enough to fill our sails, we gently approached something unusual moving upon the water. Whatever it was, it seemed to take no notice of us; but when we got within a quarter of a mile of it, we could see that it was a school of whales which at first we thought were playing with each other. But among them was something long and dark which, though slowly moving, we could perceive had an undulating motion. Presently it showed itself to be an enormous snake; for by a sudden movement it shot its head and some thirty feet of its body, directly into the air. Soon after its head and neck disappeared in the sea, and we saw it in the act of coiling

itself round the body of one of the whales, which seemed inert and defenceless in that terrible embrace. But with the other whales there was great agitation; they spouted the water and lashed the foam on all sides: but nothing could they do to make the monster relax his hold upon the whale which had been seized; and very soon both whale and serpent disappeared downward in the ocean, and as long as we looked never returned. One would think that there was such affliction as we feel for the loss of a friend among those which remained of the school of whales. Their grief and consternation was very intelligible, and they stayed, moving about the spot whence their friend had disappeared, as if in the hope of his return. But when they found their expectation was vain, huddling together, as if in terror, they swam directly north till they disappeared behind the horizon.

I tell my incredible tale in as few words as I can, for I conjecture you will give little heed to it. What does not make naturally a part of our mind and its beliefs is soon dismissed as an unwelcome stranger. And if I can fix your interest upon my narrative by such events as this, why should I weary you, as I myself was

wearied, with the penetrating monotony of so many of our blank days. To watch the long leagues of floating grass which is always stationary here, as the sailors tell me, as if detained by the eddy of sea-currents, just as in a brooklet you may see straws immovable or circling in an eddy outside the stream; to watch the sharks who would follow us like so many evil spirits; or, as we came nearer the Cape of Good Hope, to discern a speck in the sky which coming nearer and nearer showed us a huge bird with expanded wings which the sailors called an albatross, — all this, and more of the like which I could tell you, would be for your curiosity but insipid fare after the combat of monsters I have narrated.

The 'Monarch' put into the little town's harbor at the Cape, for stores and water, and my father and I profited by our week's detention to make an excursion into the country. We there beheld creatures of which I had heard, but never before seen, when we encountered a party of hunters returning southward from a successful excursion. We saw the skins of what had been once four majestic lions, and even this covering inspired terror. There is something in the setting of the eyes, the broad and powerful nose,

and the look of strength without meanness or cruelty which the mouth has, which made me wonder little that it is called the king of animals. There was a camelopard, which I should have thought impossible if I had not seen it. It seemed to slide from its timid-looking head and incredibly long neck, down past its sloping back and slender haunches, as I have seen no other animal.

But what interested me most which the hunters brought with them were a few negroes and their children. They were as much below Congo in good looks and intelligence, as, I may say, — if you excuse the expression, — he is to ourselves. Their hair was not like Congo's, but more like the feathers of a bird: each hair is flat, not round, and grows in a great mop over their dull faces. They were quite short, and their arms were so long that, while looking at them, I could not help thinking of some gibbons I once saw in Kew Gardens.

After leaving the little town, we were unusually fortunate in our weather, as there, they tell me, storms prevail very commonly. Not only the weather was mild, but the wind was favorable; and, until we entered that fatal Indian Ocean, both sky and sea gave us little cause

of complaint. We were hastening to the end of our long and not uneventful voyage, and for this reason I began to love the ship more than ever. I felt an unwillingness, hard to explain, to change our little round of daily life for new scenes and a country I had never visited. But my father, to whom a voyage is an old story, was braced to a new activity among his papers; and I could discern, by his alertness in walking, that he would not be unhappy to enjoy a more extended promenade. And my pleasant friend St. Clair also was changed. An expression of anxiety came into his handsome face which I had not seen before.

Though, during our long voyage, I had felt his kindness more and more, till our intimacy grew into a habit, and we were to each other for the time as brother and sister, he now approached me with a coldness I could not fail to observe. He would be as obliging as ever to attend to my slightest wish; but there was a constraint in his manner of doing it, and no longer, as before, a bright smile accompanied each act. He was preoccupied and absent; and, without imputing to myself vanity, I could but suppose he regretted the approaching day of our separation. There would be a void in his life, and he felt it, as I supposed; but, dear

Lady Betty, I was not prepared for the kind of interest with which it appears I had inspired him.

We were sailing on a moonlight night within sight of the mountains of Madagascar when after quizzing him upon his indifference and coldness, he told me all. With no intention on his part, our simple and natural relations were sowing the seeds of a regard for me, of which, while I was unconscious, he himself had not known the strength, till the pain of separation startled him with its proximity. As he told me of his feelings, I could see that he also was surprised at the violence of the passion of which they spoke: yet there was so much humility in his earnestness that I could not chide him; but, while I forbore this, I instinctively knew how to make his distress more brief by an explicit explanation of the impossibility of his suit. I besought him to try and forget it, or to think of it only as a dream. His humility and absence of self-importance assisted me in this: I think he really felt that I was by nature beyond his reach. And so presently, though, as I could see, not without controlled anguish, he tried to resume the friendly intimacy, the brotherly solicitude, which had been my happy portion till now.

My dear friend, you will readily suppose that it was not without self-reproach and tears, of which I feared the morning might show traces, that I condemned myself for an affability and too great friendship which I should have known would never suffice with what I remember I have heard you call one of the encroaching sex.

Our excess of fine weather we paid for very shortly by a terrible change. We had got about midway over the Indian Ocean when most unexpectedly one of the terrible storms of that climate broke upon us. All was confusion in a moment; the sails broke from their lashings, spars were snapped, and the cry of the sailors as they pulled at the ropes was heard above the storm. It passed away as suddenly as it came. Our captain cheered us with the good news that there was no leak and that the injury incurred could be sufficiently repaired. We all came again on deck as the sun recovered his kingdom which the powers of the air had usurped, and congratulations and smiles took the place of despondency. But our joy was of short duration; for it was discovered that the violence of the shock had parted the rudder-bands and that the vessel's power of steering had gone. Efforts were made, I believe, to replace the rudder and secure it by

ropes and chains, but the success was only partial. We drifted under easy sail on a smooth sea, which the chart, an imperfect one, showed to have no land nearer than many hundred miles. After the agitation and fright the storm caused us, we slept soundly till the morning broke. I heard then voices giving orders and a trampling of feet, but nothing which I thought alarming. Wakening my father, after dressing I went on deck, and was fixed silent with surprise.

Very near us was land. I could behold lofty trees, surmounting ranges of cliffs and great hollows through which the eye pierced to gentle valleys of tender green enamelled with flowers. But turning a face of inquiry to the captain, I was struck with his expression of despondency and mortification.

'How beautiful it all is!' he said, 'and what a lovely sunrise! Do you notice how well the ship sails?'

Observing by the land our position, and hearing no sound of waves as they passed us, I found that we were perfectly immovable and still. 'Our brave ship "Monarch,"' continued the captain, 'is expiating her good fortune; we are fast upon the reefs of that beautiful island,

which I find not marked upon any of the three charts which I have examined.'

I saw by his face that he thought there was no danger for our lives, and that he waited so patiently in the hope that the tide might float the ship, the wind change in our favor, or that the sweeps which he was then essaying might free us from our dilemma.

Hours passed, and there was no change, save one that was ominous. There was a look in the sky, as the officers told us, which boded no good; and as the vessel might break up with the return of the tempest, and as evening was coming on, reluctantly the captain ordered the boats to be manned, and every thing got ready for a night upon shore.

It was decided, however, finally that my father and myself and a few others should go under charge of the mate, while the rest remained in the vessel, trusting that the fair weather might continue. We took a few garments, a tool-chest, and a barrel of flour, and a small parcel of jerked beef; for there was room in the boat for no more. The captain thought it his duty, as did his officers, to keep by the vessel, at least till there were further signs of danger. The passengers were few, and felt such

reliance upon the captain, they preferred to risk remaining rather than meet the chances of a land, of which they knew nothing.

The passage in our boat to the shore was most easy; we found the beach accessible, and of snowy whiteness; beyond it were low cliffs overrun with vines, and scooped here and there into natural caverns. Into one of these we at once entered, and placed there our stores; then, returning to the boat, William Cudworth, the mate, exclaimed, 'Oh, we have forgotten the guns, and the flint and tinder! I will go fetch them.' Before very long, he had returned with the boat so deeply laden, — he alone being in it, — that I was surprised. He confided to me afterwards that he did not share the captain's confidence in the hope of continuing good weather. He had therefore, without difficulty, been allowed, on the plea of my father's comfort and my own, to bring as many useful articles as the captain cared to spare. How useful they were to be, I could not then guess; but Cudworth had been shipwrecked himself, and knew the things necessary to take.

As darkness came on, to my surprise I saw a lantern shining brightly in the archway of the cave's entrance. The bedding necessary for my

father and myself was placed, so that no dampness would strike through us from the ground. Indeed the warmth of the climate made the lightest clothing most suitable, as it also kept the surface of the ground so dry that I had no fear that my father would suffer from any return of his lumbago.

The boat was drawn from the water by the assistance of all; for to encourage the men, and make light of our situation, I pretended to pull with the rest.

We all slept well after our fatigue. The gentlemen of the party, the next day manifested a desire to see something of their island, to find if it might profit us by its products, or held any animals which might be dangerous. The mate urged them to go, taking the precaution to have their arms with them, and not to venture into dark places or thickets. He proposed to stay behind with me, taking note of the condition of the 'Monarch,' and meanwhile trying to make our cave more habitable.

The first thing he did was to cut down several trees of moderate size, which he lashed together at the ends; and conveying these from the topmost trunk by a stout rope above the top of the cave, he fastened it to a thick tree which

grew just behind. He called this his portcullis, and said it was to be let down at night by loosening the rope, and thus, as it extended nearly to the top of the cave's entrance, it would be a secure barrier against any wild beast or savage.

'I do not know if there are any,' he said to me; 'but I think none are enterprising enough to try and leap over it. Should they do so, I will add more logs, and try to enlarge that fissure in the ceiling of the cave, through which you can see quite a piece of blue sky.'

Having done this very expertly, he had time to fashion a rude table sufficient for our need, but which, he said, should be superseded if he had the luck to discover a *jak* tree on the island.

For my part, I busied myself with arranging things as best I could. To my surprise, the mate presented me with several of my father's books, and I was fortunate enough to have among them some which related to the Natural History of the tropics. The information was scanty, but it might be of use, situated as we were. I busied myself then about breakfast, which we had agreed to postpone till noon; and my skill was so little, and our means so limited, that I

was quite discouraged. I was just hoping the salt-beef was getting tender in the boiling water, when I suddenly heard an exclamation. I instantly ran out, and found our friends returned and not far distant. There was a merry peal of laughter; and one held up for me to see a couple of hares, while the other was so encumbered with an armful of fruits that he could only display them by a rocking motion which made me laugh as well as the rest.

'Quick!' I said, 'and prepare for me a hare, or our breakfast will be behindhand.' It was soon done; and the office of cooking it fell into better hands than mine. The mate was always going to a little recess in the cavern over which a sail was spread, and taking from under it utensils and dishes just as they were wanted. I got to believe that, like strollers I have seen, he could draw from his storehouse any thing if he wished it. But he whispered to me it was not so; that his kitchen was not complete, and that he must venture again to the ship for more supplies.

Our breakfast was of good augury: for we were all made cheerful by the confidence that our island was stocked with abundance of game and fruits; and we could see from the strand

that there were fishes of some size moving about.

'Captain Manwaring,' said the mate to my father, 'you have now an opportunity for adding to your knowledge of Natural History; for I see by the books I have brought, — and which your daughter has so prettily arranged there with flowers on each side of them in the little niche in the rock yonder — that you are a student of such things.'

'Yes, Cudworth,' merrily returned my father, 'I can give you the scientific explanation perhaps; but you, I know, are already learned by experience in these torrid regions. I, by seniority and position, if it please you all, will appoint myself captain of our little party; but I make you my first lieutenant, and rely upon it that most of the work shall be yours.'

There was a general assent to this, and then we all went down to the shore to see the mate depart in his boat. The sea was still calm, but at times irregular puffs blew across it; and we noticed that the 'Monarch' was loosening her sails as the wind came from the land, in the hope of disengaging the ship from the reef. The sky was blue, but not clear: it had a troubled look, like a face out of which all the bad temper

had not gone. I felt an anxiety I could not explain, and I urged Mr. Cudworth to press the captain and passengers to join us.

'Tell them how comfortable we are; and, if they are not obstinate, I shall see you return with them.'

We saw the dingy arrive, and a rope, which was passed over the stern and was fastened to it, and up which the mate sprang like a cat. But it was long ere he returned, and then so slowly that I knew he must almost have stripped the galley to get more material for his storehouse. He said the officers remained confident that with the freshening shore-wind, and the rising tide, the 'Monarch' would be soon afloat; the captain had promised him that, if he was so fortunate, he would anchor in deeper water, and fire a gun for us to learn the good news, as a signal for our return.

Night drew on, and while the second hare turned on its spit, the mate gave the name of the various beautiful fruits which my father held up, telling him which was the most palatable, and rejecting those either unsavory or poisonous. There had been time for several little cakes to be made of flour, sweetened with the juice of the cocoanut: this gave a superiority to the

dinner over the breakfast which well became so important a repast.

With a twinkling eye, as a conjurer will draw something out of vacancy, so the mate drew furtively from under the table-cloth a sound bottle of wine, upon seeing which, my father's eyes sparkled, and he said, 'I see, lieutenant, that you mean that now I should drink your health in a glass of old Canary.'

So saying, the cork being drawn, a little wine was poured into each glass, and my father rising said, 'To the health and happiness of Lieutenant Cudworth and that of all our party, and to our future good fortune in the beautiful island of Fortuna. As it is on no chart, I venture to christen it so, if none of you object.'

This set us in a merry pin, and for a half-hour we almost forgot our brave 'Monarch' and our absent friends.

If I may judge by sounds I heard, there was good sleeping in our cave that night; but for myself I could not close my eyes for thinking of the painful intimation I had received from the look of the weather. Nor was it long after midnight before a sound, which I at first thought was the ringing in my ears, steadily increased till it became a tumult of noise. The heaven

seemed to open and show us its burning depths beyond. Fire fell through the sky like a cataract, which the sea extinguished. The forest behind us, for the wind still came from the land, moaned like a creature in pain. Mixed with the hissing of the rain and the roll of thunder was the crash of falling trees. They were borne through the air, and the cliff under which we were sheltered resounded with the shock. At times the cry of a wild animal, shrill with fear, rose above the tumult; and, as the lightning flashed, we could see the darkness white with the wings of birds, which, like leaves, the tempest drove out to sea.

When the lightning glared, we turned our eyes toward the ship, and to our delight saw she was still there. All were afoot and ready for the worst, for the day of doom seemed at hand; and yet it was almost still where we were. But if any ventured, as they did, to go beyond the circle of calm the beetling precipice made for us, with difficulty could they retain their footing.

Fortunately, the storm passed away as speedily as it came. The mate said that in those seas storms would recur after short intervals, the wind blowing in a circle, and that it was his presentiment of this return that had made him

so anxious for the captain and passengers to come on shore with him.

The stillness was so deep after the tempest's departure, that our sleep was profound. But the sun in those latitudes is imperative, and forbids that longer rest in which elsewhere we should have indulged, while the anxiety for the fate of the 'Monarch,' which went to bed with us, again was felt as our eyes opened. We instinctively ran to the water's edge and gazed. Where the good ship had been was a blank only. There were no wreck or floating spars, so that our sadness was mitigated by hope. 'She had been driven before the gale,' said the mate, 'and if not too much injured by the rocks, she can keep the sea; and in good time, I trust, we may see something of her again.'

Half-assured by the mate's comforting belief, we set about the labors of the day, and found in occupation a relief to painful presages. We advised Cudworth to take Congo with him and explore the island, knowing that the familiarity of both with these regions would be more profitable than any search by all the rest could be without it. So having instructed those of us who remained as to little matters we could accomplish, taking each a gun, they both departed.

Having leisure on our hands, my father took me a short excursion along the shore. We had not gone very far before we noticed a fringe of cocoanut palm-trees, which my father conjectured perhaps encircled the whole island. He said it was often so, the sea-air being favorable to their growth. They leaned over the water in groups of two and three, sometimes very prettily; many of the nuts were floating on the water, torn off by last night's wind, and caught in shallows or stopped by the outlying reef. Many trees were prostrate, and we thought that, sad as it was, the wood of these and that of many other uprooted trees might be made serviceable to us.

There were other caverns and hollows in the cliff like our own; and the convolvulus hung on high in graceful festoons, its flowers made bright by contrast with the darkness of these natural arches. I gathered many flowers, of great beauty but little scent, which were new to me. There were orchids in abundance, however, which I did recognize; and once, as we passed a narrow valley, I saw, disturbed by our presence, a wild pig dash from thicket to thicket. By the shore, we found several dead fishes of extraordinary forms and variegated colors which the storm had killed and the return-

ing tide had washed on the beach. We did not venture, as my father had taken no gun, into the interior: but our walk was sufficiently beautiful, as it was; and by the end of an hour we had returned to our cave, not wishing to make the others anxious for our safety. My father rested himself upon the broad roots of a huge tree not far from our cave, and read aloud to me from one of his books interesting relations of tropical scenery and its inhabitants. We visited the second cavern to make sure that the rest of our party was comfortable, and to hear with what patience they had endured the terrible night. We promised them a fair portion from our stores, and that they should have their full share in what we possessed.

An outcry, which I recognized as coming from Congo, soon brought us back, and, making a circle, seated upon the grass, we listened to the story of the returned explorers.

Familiar with tropical wildness, and undaunted by danger, the mate and Congo had penetrated far inland, till arrested by the perpendicular rocks of a lofty mountain, whose sides were clothed in verdure. Mr. Cudworth had seen many things of much import to us, in the way of wild animals and fruits. He had

descried in dark relief against the sky, from the jutting mountain, the figure of an elk, indeed quite a flock of them. He had noticed low grounds where the tamarind was growing, and felt the full value of the discovery. He had beheld birds which looked fit for eating, and indeed had brought home several. They were of the size and somewhat the look of a partridge, each with a rosy tuft on its head. And, as he handed me these, he drew from his ample pocket a fine pineapple and one or two plantains, assuring me that where these came from there were plenty more to be found. He said he had hopes also of discovering bananas, as they were often found with the plantain; and that wild rice might be met with, perhaps, in the more marshy places.

When with pride I told him of my excursion, and the glimpse I had had of the wild boar, he said it was really good news; for the animal, if properly cooked, was very palatable. But he had reserved for the last his greatest surprise.

Upon a shoulder of the mountain, or rather a high plateau beneath it, he found lofty trees growing, whose stems soared without a branch to a considerable height. Where the branches

forked, some forty feet from the ground, there were huts constructed of wood in a rude manner, and covered with leaves. Before each hut was a platform. A number of these huts constituted a village. But who or what the inhabitants might be he could not imagine. He noticed that from each hut depended a ladder of vines, something like a knotted rope. He essayed by pulling the strength of one of these, and even thought of trying to ascend by its help to the hut above, to find if or no it were empty; but he thought it imprudent, and wondering all the while, for he had never seen any thing like it before in his voyages, he slowly withdrew. He had not proceeded far, when, hearing a noise, he turned his head and stood rooted to the ground in astonishment. The whole village was suddenly alive, and almost every platform before each hut occupied by a figure unlike any thing he had before seen. He said to himself: 'These creatures must be monkeys, but never before have I seen any so human in their appearance.'

They were but slightly covered with hair, and their skin was not browner than his own. Their faces had little of the malicious ugliness of the ordinary monkey, but wore an expression

of dignity and intelligence. Their hair, as is the case with certain other kinds of monkeys, flowed from the crown, and fell in curls, not without grace, upon their shoulders. The female monkeys mostly remained inside the huts; but, excited by the universal movement, some came to the platform with their young upon their backs, and he saw that their hair was much longer than that of the males. Both sexes seemed to be sensible to the pleasure of ornament; for necklaces and bracelets, apparently formed from sea-shells, hung upon them. Some wore bright leaves, and others flowers of gaudy color in the hair.

All these villagers, as the mate could not help calling them, were in great excitement. They gesticulated plentifully, and chattered, not with the usual shrill cry of the ape, but with sounds of variable accent, expressive of the emotion which they felt. That emotion was unbounded astonishment, not unmixed with fear, at the sight of creatures so much resembling, and yet so different from, themselves. The forest rang with the noise of their conversation; for each one seemed anxious, either to question or explain the meaning of this wonder. Some in their excitement, like sailors, nimbly ran down

the cordage of their airy habitation, and seizing each a staff advanced timidly towards the mate and Congo. But, at the distance of not many yards, they stopped and looked at the strangers most inquiringly. They made friendly gestures, and each one sought to encourage the other to advance. Seeing this, the mate and Congo proceeded together, with smiles on their faces, holding out some of the fruit they had gathered. This, after some delays and a visible look of timidity, was accepted and eaten. Some of the creatures then disappeared, but swiftly returned, bringing, as if in exchange, fruits of their own. These which Cudworth recognized he partook of in sign of good-will, which so emboldened the animals that they came up with confidence, and, expressing in their faces a curiosity like children, passed their hands over the persons of their visitors. They felt the buttons of their coats, the leather strap of their powder-horn, and at length rashly extended their hands to the guns. These, with a smile, were put out of their reach; though, as Cudworth explained, he was sorely tempted to enjoy the astonishment which would be produced by a discharge, he forbore, fearing the rupture of an intercourse he desired to continue.

After this, with many salutations, which were returned, the mate and Congo waved their hats to the distant colony, which was replied to by a salvo of uproar and good-natured sounds which he thought might stand for 'good-by.' Then accompanied by a few of these creatures, and with a wave of his hand, pointing to their leafy village, indicating his desire for their return to it, they began their home journey.

Desirous as I had always been of seeing the wonders of creation, I confess the mate's narrative filled me with surprise. I suspected him a little of a wish to entertain us at the expense of the simple truth; but my father did not think so, and amused the circle with facts concerning monkeys which he had heard in his travels, or obtained from his books.

Of a kind of monkey called the Papion, he spoke in a way which made them nearly related to the creatures the mate had beheld. The Papions rob gardens, collect in bands, and then form a chain from the vineyard to the nearest mountain. Those in the vineyard pass the fruits by the line to the place of meeting. To escape the vengeance of the proprietor, they place sentinels, who, hearing any noise, give a cry of alarm. They then all fly and disappear.

If any monkey is caught, it is said the sentinels are put to death by the band. This explains the howls the colonists hear sometimes when the band has got back to the mountain. And if the place whence the cry comes is visited, the dead bodies of several monkeys are found torn in pieces.

And of a more common monkey, the gibbon, he reported that it has a cry like a child, and is the only animal which, like a child, trembles with joy or spite according as one gives or refuses what it desires. Their natural disposition is very affectionate; they kiss persons whom they love with surprising transports.

My father had heard of the Kahau, whose brain closely resembles that of man; and who has a long and slightly curved nose, giving him the profile of a human being; and of the Mangabey he said, they could dance on the tight-rope with a balancing pole, and hold a book, which they will place on a table, and turn over the leaves as if disgusted with its contents, and it is reported of the Alonate that, when wounded, it receives succor from the rest of the troop, who chew leaves, and make a poultice which they apply to the wound.

My father said he remembered these particulars,

mostly got in conversation with natives of the islands of the East, because he had always been struck with a similarity which the tribe of apes bore to man, possessed by no other animal. But though the foregoing particulars brought these creatures nearer to us, still, their brain has an incapacity for progress, or they would heretofore have approached us more nearly. He was attentive to watch if, hidden somewhere in the great Oriental Archipelago, there might not be found creatures who had made that stride towards humanity which might suggest a new explanation of our origin. He thought it difficult to believe that man lived in a solitude of his own. He shares so much with other animals, and, in structure, the ape is especially so like him, that it seems reasonable to suppose that the gulf might be bridged, and that human vanity must content itself with being at the head of the order of beings here, without claiming such a superiority as destroys the harmony of nature. This idea, he said, is not a new one, the ancients held it, giving us tales of creatures intermediate between beast and man, but residing so far from observation as to be counted fable.

Hanno, the Carthaginian, when on his famous

voyage round the cape of Good Hope, saw such men of the woods, and he gave them the name of gorilla. My father said he had always hoped to meet a *gorilla*, or some of these wild men of the woods, that he might know if they were capable of understanding us, — had an intelligence enough like ours to be able to make progress in thought and civilization.

These ideas of my father went with me as I retired; and in dreams, which were by no means unpleasant, I saw such a creature as my father longed for, receiving from him instruction, and sharing in his affection.

There was much mystery, about this time, in the actions of Mr. Cudworth. He was evidently preparing additions to our comfort, for I could hear the sound of the saw and the hammer in the little leafy covert over our heads which he called his workshop, and which he said he had chosen so as not to disturb our tranquillity in the cave. And a day or two only had passed when, asking me to look after a net that he had contrived from cords, he took me a little way by the sea, and explained as he went the method of its making. He had bent a flexible sapling in a circle for the mouth of the net, and had placed some dazzling material, mingled with

bait, at its bottom, which he kept nearly even with the water by means of a small sapling which he had made to incline by stones attached to it. The net was placed where the water was deeper than on the shore, owing to a crag which jutted into it. From this crag we could see, to our great content, fishes of good size moving about in the net, having been decoyed through the hoop by the brightness which always attracted them. Removing the cords from the tree to which the stones were attached, the sapling rose erect and placed at our feet a dozen beautiful fishes. I insisted on carrying some of them home, to which after readjusting the net, Cudworth consented.

We were glad to give this surprise to our party who must weary of eating nothing but fruits and game.

'I am sure you are tired,' he said, 'and you had better seat yourself while I clean and prepare the fish; for we must keep our island-home as tidy as possible. Come and I will show you where.'

So saying, at no great distance from the cave, in a little hollow sheltered from the sun by overarching boughs, up whose trunks the mimosa climbed, while orchids festooned their feet, —

a place I had already known and loved, and whither I used to withdraw, as Cudworth must have seen, with my books, or for meditation, — to my infinite surprise and delight, I found at this favorite spot a large and comfortable form made of a pretty yellow wood. It was close-grained, and shaped with not a little care. Seeing my expression of pleasure, Cudworth said, 'This is the jak-wood I have been hunting for; and you are to have the first trial of its merits.'

So I sate on the seat made for me, in a happy reverie, watching him at times, as, at a little distance, with stooping figure and skilful fingers, he prepared the fish.

'As we have more than we want to-day,' he said, 'I shall let them drag in the water from a string to keep them sweet and fresh for future need.'

When he had finished, and I was relieved of my fatigue, as we went home, I thanked the mate for his kindness in thinking of me, and assured him it was the very prettiest form I had ever seen.

'Yes,' he said, 'the wood is much valued in the East, and in Ceylon the natives plant it about their dwellings. It takes a fine polish, and darkens with time, so as to resemble mahog-

any. But this poor work is nothing to what it shows when one has something more delicate by which to display its full beauty. Come, let me show you something better than that.'

So the good kind man takes me, as we reached home, into the cave; and just where I usually sit, and the light is softened of its glare, I found, placed upon a beautiful little table, my own dear familiar desk! We had been inseparable till lately, and all my treasures were in it. Not only, dear Lady Betty, were there, nicely tied in a parcel, all your letters to me, but those foolish verses of mine which you were kind enough to praise, with a few wild-flowers from dear old England which had not wholly lost their scent or color; but what, situated as I was, was almost better than all, plenty of ink, paper, and the materials for writing.

'I suspected before, Mr. Cudworth, that you were a magician; and here you have given me full proof of it.'

'It was not magic at all,' he said, 'that I observed your attachment to this little desk. Remembering your happy face when seated so often at it, was it not very natural that, among more homely objects, my boat should find room for this one?'

As he took it so easily, I forbore from further extravagance of praise; but I am sure he saw how grateful I was.

The next morning, after saluting my father, with a book I wandered into the open air, and instinctively found myself beside my precious new bench. What was my surprise to see placed upon it some bananas, a cocoanut, and a pine-apple, all prettily covered with a slip of vine to which the flowers still adhered. 'And is Cudworth turning sentimental,' I thought to myself? 'This seems like the act of a lover. Ah no! he is not foolish enough for that: it is only his considerate kindness which wishes by such things to enliven my island prison.'

Still I thought it best not to question him, nor was there, when I returned home, any expression in his face which betrayed that he had such an alarming secret.

But every day after this, I found a repetition of this mysterious homage. The fruits were different, but they were always excellent and ripe.

I loved my little unavowed mystery, and sate complacently reading my book, while, from time to time, I would taste of a mango or a pine-apple. But the fourth day, thinking I heard a sound, I suddenly turned my head, and saw

gliding between the trees behind me until it vanished, an unfamiliar figure. My first thought was that it was one of the sailors from the ship which had disappeared, and that perhaps, afraid of his reception, he had brought daily as an offering these fruits, in the hope to be permitted to stay with us. So, trying by a quiet approach not to alarm him, I followed after. I had not gone far when I saw a creature wholly unknown to me, which stood timidly, apparently to discover if I threatened it any injury.

Then I remembered what Congo and the mate had seen, and how their expressions of good-will had met with a friendly return. There was something very kind, yet very grave, in the expression of the countenance of this creature. It made me brave enough to go close to it, and offer the fruit which by chance I held in my hand. It was accepted with an expression of pleasure; and, while it was being eaten, eyes of much meaning and interest were fastened upon me. Then suddenly it fell upon its knees at my feet, and, touching the hem of my dress, kissed it gratefully.

I then made to it a friendly gesture, and returning to the form beckoned it to follow. This it did, not without some show of alarm; and while I

sat, respectfully it stood at the bench's farther end. Though I tried by patting the bench with my hand, and imitating the act of one sitting upon it, I could not induce the animal to take the offered seat. As this made mutually our situation awkward, taking up my book, and murmuring a few words of farewell, of course unintelligible to my new acquaintance, I returned to the cave.

On looking back, before the trees hid the figure, I beheld it still standing in an attitude of respectful curiosity.

After lunch, I privily told my father of all this, while taking him apart to one side. He was greatly interested, and said that unquestionably this must be one of the inhabitants from the village which the mate had visited; and, if so, he was really anxious to see the creature and discover if there chanced to be any possibility of instructing it, if it were capable of instruction. I told my father that, if he would come with me the following morning, I had little doubt that we should see it hovering about its gift of fruits to observe if they were noticed or enjoyed. He promised to do so, and I went to sleep with that hope of adventure so cherished by a young heart and brain, and which in our situation was so natural.

The next day, to my surprise, I saw the creature seated at the bench's end; but it instantly rose and fled on beholding my father. It was not without solicitation of voice and gesture, that we induced it to return; but at length it did, and even accommodated itself upon the bench, but with a look as if ready for flight. My father sat carefully by its side without seeming to observe it, after having shown his good will by friendly words whose meaning and tone no intelligence could misapprehend. He then quietly displayed, as if for ends of his own, his pocket-book, tracing with his pencil lines he had written there, and giving to each letter its appropriate sound. He exhibited from its inner-pocket a few coins and bank-notes, but still the timidity of his companion was not dissipated. But at last when he took out his repeater, and, after showing its face and the works within to the evidently admiring gaze of the stranger, he touched the spring which made a little *carillon* tinkle in the air, and then repeated the action while holding it to the ear of the friend he desired to win, the latter started up with a shrill cry of delight.

After withholding it for a while with motions expressive of care in its treatment, he relin-

quished the watch, while still holding the chain, to his visitor. Again and again turning it on every side, and examining the works, in the endeavor to discover the secret of the activity within, he made signs that he desired to hear once more the music it contained, which my father, with a smile, willingly granted. After that, taking up each of the fruits in turn, my father caressed them, and then, holding them at arm's length, slowly repeated their names. After doing this two or three times, interrogatively pausing to look into the face of his companion, he held each in turn close to him, again reiterating its name. To the satisfaction of both of us, after a few awkward attempts, his scholar succeeded in producing sounds which in a degree imitated those my father had made.

This seemed a sufficient lesson for the first day. Therefore we both rose, and after dividing, as an encouragement, with his new pupil the fruits he had brought, we pointed in the direction we were to go, saying, 'Good-by.' This sound was imitated better than those preceding, and so we took our leave. My father was much encouraged by his success; and hoped, if these imitations of the human voice were not merely mechanical, to finally reach by them the in-

telligence of the creature, and obtain thereby results which might prove a triumph indeed.

The next day we were all busy with a project the mate had conceived of hoisting the British flag upon the highest point of the island accessible to us. Cudworth was quite equal to the occasion. He sacrificed an old sail which had worn so thin that it could float in a gentle breeze, and had instructed me how, from the juice of berries which served as paint, to imitate the Union Jack. He, in the mean while, was busy with his axe in stripping a solitary tree upon the mountain's crest which should serve for our flag-staff. He ascended, not without difficulty, by the help of the branches, and then, stripping the tree of its topmost ones, he let fall a lanyard, so as to lower and hoist his flag at will. We could see from an open space near the camp the flag of England floating free to the breeze, and enjoyed the sight. My father remarked that such an emblem was the sign of possession of the island. He therefore, in the name of Queen Anne, solemnly took possession of it, under the name of FORTUNA.

All this was done at an early hour, and when it was over I hurried to my favorite nook and bench in the hope of finding my sylvan friend.

He was nowhere visible, but had given the best proofs of his visit by a more ample gift of fruits and flowers than ever before. I thought perhaps he had sufficient intelligence to have discovered our occupation, and reason enough to suppose that it must involve our absence. This was corroborated the next day, when my father and myself took care to be early on the ground for fear of losing him altogether. In the midst of the heap of fruit he had brought, a little toy-flag was placed at the top, with sufficient resemblance to our own to lead me to infer that he thus expressed his notion of our absence. We showed pleasure at the sight of it, and, taking it from the fruit, waved it in the air; and finally my father placed it in his buttonhole, as if to express that the flag stood for us; for the idea of country it was naturally impossible for our visitor to understand.

My good father was quite serious in his endeavor to teach our mature scholar if possible. He selected, from a grammar one of the sailors chanced to have, the letters of the alphabet and words of one syllable. These he would pronounce in turn, marking upon the ground with his cane the form of each letter as he did so. Then, handing to his scholar the cane, he would

by gestures invite him to do the same. After some blundering, he caught the idea, and without much difficulty succeeded in a suitable imitation. Then my father showed him the same letters in the book he had brought, and with pleasure he saw they were recognized. We had many misgivings that our attempt would be fruitless; but fortunately, though the creature had the inexperience of a child, its intelligence had the full stature of manhood. This made our task more easy, and there was something moreover of eagerness and pleasure in the expression of this savage which showed that he brought all his faculties to the task. If I may say so, his look and action implied a delight as if at the filling of a void which had been oppressive. He seemed to feel that what we did was for his good, and would help to make us better friends. But it was many days before he had any clew to the connection between these signs and thought. My father would write the words which described some simple action, and then perform the act it represented, at the same time slowly pronouncing the words which indicated it. Then, with the utmost alacrity, our intelligent pupil did the same; and, this being repeated many times, the

words and the act were associated together in his memory.

Nor did we confine ourselves simply to teaching. Having told all our party of our surprising visitor, they took much interest in him, but forbore showing themselves till our companionship was better established. But we thought the mate's acquaintance with him indispensable to success; and, coming as he did alone, there was small difficulty in accomplishing it. After that, Mr. Cudworth, with my father and myself, launched our boat, and invited 'Sylvain' to follow. My father had thought of this name for him, and had made him understand it to be his by placing his hand on my shoulder while speaking my name, and then doing the same by him and, saying 'Sylvain.' His enjoyment of the use of the oar, easily got by imitation of the mate, it was delightful to behold. He was strong and graceful, and really made a very respectable sailor; but my father went farther than that, for he expressed discontent even with his best success. So one morning, having hinted to me of his plan, he persuaded the mate to find for him a complete suit of white, and a little sailor's hat; having taken these to the place of rendezvous, the mate disrobed himself,

and explaining how the clothes he had brought were to be used as well as he could, he then slowly resumed his garments. The poor fellow was very awkward in these unfamiliar weeds, but succeeded in doing as the mate did, and clothing himself from head to foot. He was then placed in the boat, and as he rowed, little inconvenienced by this summer suit, he saw by our expressions of satisfaction that we now considered him a complete sailor, and no longer a wild man of the woods. As the awkward feeling wore away, we noticed in his carriage and bearing that look of pride which made us certain that he accepted his outward resemblance to my father and the mate as a sign of progress. When our interviews were over, his clothes were taken from him, and carefully put in a dry place with a stone upon them ; for we knew that it would be impossible for him to return to his fellows thus clad without a commotion in the village which might do him harm. But he took care, every morning that he visited us, to take the dress from under the stone, and wear it in token that, so far as he knew how, he wished to be one of us.

After some time, his progress was singularly rapid, as if the means of communicating his

thought by speech and writing were something which the spirit within him had waited for; and, as he succeeded in making himself understood, a new expression came into his face corresponding to the idea or the actions they expressed. Here was evidently a brain imprisoned and unhappy, now rejoicing in a freedom it had not known. We might have thought a benumbing spell had chained his faculties till now, so much did he express daily, not only of delight, but of respect and content in himself.

My father, more fortunate than most enthusiasts, had accomplished something which others would think impossible. He gave himself wholly to the pleasure of the task, and confessed to me privately that his zeal was inflamed by the hope of exhibiting to the rest of our party what no one before had accomplished, — the training in speaking, and even reading, of a creature seemingly excluded from such benefits. In every way possible, my father encouraged and praised his scholar, making him understand how his study had brought him nearer to a level with ourselves, and fit for the companionship of Christian men and women. He showed Sylvain one day a stout knife of many blades, and explained to him that it was a prize he should

win if he passed a favorable examination before the friends who were with us.

He was all attention, his eyes riveted upon the beautiful object whose use was explained to him. As he recited, the knife was placed in full sight, and whenever his eyes lifted from his task they were fixed longingly upon it. When my father thought his progress sufficient for the trial, he brought, one by one, each of our party near the bench, and placing them on the ground, after bidding them to abstain from any rudeness and to cheer each success with encouragement, told Sylvain that his friends were ready. Certainly no scholar at Oxford or Cambridge ever had for the most brilliant display a result more satisfactory. As Sylvain first drew each letter of the alphabet upon the earth, and then gave it its appropriate sound, afterwards rising to the proper pronunciation of words in two syllables, and finally ascending still to the writing and utterance of whole sentences, the surprise which might be called amazement and their cheerful congratulations showed his visitors' content in the exhibition before them. When Sylvain had shown all he could do and the display was over, my father rising with much solemnity, in the name of all the learned

professors present, handed him, with an encouraging smile, the much coveted knife.

The pleasure, visible in every motion, which Sylvain expressed at finding that knife secure in his pocket, made us think, that, mature as he was, he retained enough of the school-boy to share in what an English boy could so well understand.

The days now were pleasant, yet passed with a certain monotony. Fresh excursions into the interior were made, and our larder profited by them, and often the explorers brought back game and fruits which we had not procured before. But the aerial village of man-monkeys still remained the greatest wonder we could boast of. Its inhabitants established a certain relation with us, and were no longer alarmed at our presence; they sometimes made, as had Sylvain, excursions in our direction; but this they did rarely, seeming still to share some undefinable fear. We supposed they might have heard the sound of our fire-arms and been terrified by it.

My father's lessons to Sylvain continued with great regularity; both teacher and pupil shared an enthusiasm justified by the progress that was made. Not many months had elapsed before Sylvain could converse in a way to be under-

stood; and, having a dictionary of words, we explained them to him, and found no difficulty in making such words as described objects which he saw, or feelings which he felt, intelligible to him. Quite often, I shared as a spectator in his studies and recitals. His pleasure at my presence was made evident in the most simple and natural manner. He showed me great deference, and addressed to me the little phrases of compliment and respect which he had at his command. I confess, dear Lady Betty, that, coming as they did from a being who mentally was so much our own creation, I was touched and affected by these proofs of intelligence and friendship. One day, to the surprise and gratification of us both, he placed upon the form a miniature model of the boat in which we sometimes allowed him to go with us. It was very cleverly done, and manifested a skill in construction and imitation which we could not suppose he possessed.

On another occasion, seeing we were pleased with this, he produced an ingenious repetition, in little, of one of the huts, with its platform, in which his companions resided. It was very amusing to witness him, with one leg crossed over the other in imitation of my father, ab-

sorbed in a book which he held before his face as might any scholar of one of our universities.

He looked neat and even handsome; for we had taught him how to wash his clothes and keep them in good order. He even had contrived out of some leaves and twigs to make a hat for himself with a wider rim than had the little sailor's hat we had given him. This protected his head from the sun; and, after that, he kept the other merely for excursions on the water. He took much interest in the fishing, and before we were up would secure those caught in the net, and had them ready prepared for breakfast. He was of much request, also, at the oar, and made several excursions with our party into the interior. The first time he heard the sound of a gun, he showed much terror, and ran away; but, seeing that the rest were quite calm and collected, he returned, showing shame at the fright which lowered him in our eyes. It was only after he had made one or two excursions with our men that he dared to discharge the fowling-piece; but, finding he was not hurt by it, he soon took much pleasure in the act, and his skill was so great that he rarely missed the object he aimed at. We explained to him the nature of the gun, and made him load his own

piece, and clean it out with moss after the discharge. He never got over his surprise at seeing fire come from the flint, but he carried and caressed his gun as if it were something, though unintelligible, which he was proud to be able to use. He knew the haunts of beasts and birds, and became, as a sportsman, a valuable addition to our number. We encouraged this diversion as well as that of rowing, knowing that this relaxation of the brain would be profitable to his studies; for he displayed weariness when his lessons were protracted, as was natural for a brain so little accustomed to mental labor.

My father began to notice something of uneasiness and depression in Sylvain, when I was not present at the usual lesson. He attributed it to the possible mortification he felt that I might be indifferent to his progress, or careless to witness his continued advance. When I did appear, his ardor was evident, and he began to look at me with something in his eyes which I naturally attributed to his desire that I should think of him, not only as a ripening scholar, but as one who was daily more nearly becoming my equal. His expression was a mingled one of pride and anxiety to please; thought and study had so far humanized his aspect, that it seemed

quite natural to forget his low estate, and trust a manhood which became pleasantly apparent. My father thought that he ruminated perhaps too much over his new acquisitions, and that thought bred in him that melancholy which seems inseparable from the gift of intelligence; but it was not till fully three months had elapsed that we both recognized in him the dawn of something more than intelligence.

After we had explained to him as well as we could what we knew and believed of God, that part of his being which had relation with reverence and faith suddenly expanded as a flower might after the chill of an arctic winter. We taught him to pray, which he did devoutly, with folded hands; and, as he slowly spoke the words of that prayer our Lord has dictated to us, there came into his face such a look of awe and aspiration that my father exultingly whispered to me, 'He has found his soul! I am sure he must have a soul.'

Always, after that, he expressed in his countenance, and even by his gestures, the gratitude he felt for the great gift we had made him. It was friendly, filial, reverential. He explained to us that he wished to know better what was written concerning the Deity. He would repeat

after me, as I sang the words of a hymn, each of them in a slow chant, and as if measuring their meaning and importance. He never tired of entreating me for more, till I had exhausted my store of them. Those he loved best he got by heart, and at times repeated after he had prayed. This led me to think that the beauty of poetry might be within his reach. I recited lines from Mr. Milton and William Shakespeare which describe the grandeur of external nature or the passionate intricacies of human feeling. He followed me as one rapt and inspired, and seemed peculiarly exhilarated by the lilt and measure of the verse. As it were, all the dumb feelings with which Nature had endowed him, all the agitation he had known in his narrow inner life, had found a voice. He was evidently a revelation to himself. He trod the earth, cadencing his step to the music in his mind, and as if he wore invisible wings. The abjectness, the grovelling, which belong to an unthinking animal had left him for ever: even when we but glanced at him between the trees, or saw him moving about, as he thought, without observation, there was an indefinable look of acquired manhood, which only became more plain as the days wore on.

I no longer dealt with him as an animal, or a

child; for I felt conscious of a sense of reserve in myself which he seemed to understand. He also daily expressed a greater awe and respect for me, and a fear of betraying all he felt of kindness and regard for me.

My dear cousin, you will notice that henceforth I give you but few details of the adventures of our island life. Not that they were many; for day followed day only with a tropical serenity. There were excursions by the men from time to time; new regions of the island explored; new fruits, new game, and new fish brought a change in our larder. But my mind, as well as my father's, was henceforth so occupied with the development of Sylvain that I cared for little else.

Even if we try to imagine that he belonged to that selection of the tribe of apes from which as some have thought we ourselves have descended, Sylvain must be considered an exceptional being. It would be hard to say which in him was predominant, his intelligence, his affection, or his soul. It would have been impossible, even without the relation he bore to us, not to feel deeply interested in this unfolding of his powers. From a stranger, an oddity of creation, he became our friend. Between us, this

attachment so absorbed us that, in view of his startling supremacy above the brute creation, we trembled for a life which had become so dear. It seemed contrary to nature, that he should retain the elevation he had reached, and yet live. We felt for him somewhat as a mother does when observing the too swift growth in goodness and intelligence of a darling child; and, if harm should come to him through the training which had civilized his wildness, we felt that we were responsible for it. And though we encouraged every exercise of the body and its muscular powers, it was not very long before our fears seemed on the point of justifying themselves. His eyes shone with a dangerous brilliancy and retreated in their orbits. His face became wan and thin, and his interest in the gun and oar visibly diminished. Alarmed at this, we cut short his lessons; though we would not prevent his enjoyment of the books which we had given him, nor could we deny an indulgence in searching questions concerning the universe, the human soul, and its relation with its Maker. After listening to our answers, he fell at times into a mood so absorbed and pensive that he did not hear us when we spoke to him. When our voices recalled him from his

reverie, he turned towards us a face of such mournful significance that we repeatedly asked him of what he had been thinking. He stammered a confused reply, but we could only make out that he was struggling with some difficulty of thought or some claim of conscience.

We began to fear that not only, through our well-meant efforts, his body was suffering, but that his mind was anxious and unhappy. My father considered it to be the lassitude following too much mental effort, and he organized a party, with which he took Sylvain, to follow round for some distance the circuit of the island. They took with them provisions and water, ammunition and guns, and did not return for several days.

They had seen many strange and beautiful things, some of which they brought with them; but alas! the weakness and lassitude of Sylvain were only the more evident after their return.

To brighten the melancholy of his life, we invented, in imitation of those at home, several games. Sylvain gratefully took his part in these, and at times manifested his old agility and strength; but fatigue soon overtook him, and then he, desired to rest upon the bench which our interviews had made sacred for him.

We again resumed in moderation his lessons, oftenest reading aloud to him from the Bible and the better poets. His eye kindled, his breast heaved, and a look of aspiration, which sickness only the better expressed, glowed in his features. I became so much concerned for his well-being that my nights were often sleepless, while my thought toiled after the enigma of his cure.

As no visible malady distressed him, it was idle to experiment with the little we had secured of medicine through the thoughtfulness of the mate. As he seemed the happiest in my society, and as gentle exercise might prove of the most benefit to him, I often walked with him along the shore, pausing to explain the beauty of the sunset above the sea, and where the golden light fell upon the rugged cliffs, and the trees which towered above them. This idea of beauty in nature, though wholly new to him, he was prepared for. At some point where, with soothing murmur the billows broke upon the snowy shore in foam, and the distant headland swam in rosy light, he would stand like one enchanted, and then slowly turning to me a face of pathetic devotion, extending to right and left his hands, murmur, 'How beautiful! it

is God everywhere.' It almost pained me to hear him speak thus; for it made me feel as if life were receding, and the soul, through the body's rents, communing more directly with nature and its Maker. And mingled with this look of adoration, at times there came into his face a twitch of pain, and a mournfulness which desired to find relief in tears.

One day, observing this, I made him sit upon a bank beside me. I tried, though my heart was sore, to cheer him with words of encouragement and dissipate his grief. To call away from himself his attention, I gathered a few orchids and climbing flowers of the vine; and, taking from my hat a bit of ribbon, I bound them with it and gave them to him. I remarked upon the beauty of the flowers, their difference in form and color, adding, 'The Father, who gives these silent and needless creatures of his such grace and beauty, will not forget you, Sylvain, the nobler creature, which he not only has created, but lifted, through instruction, to a knowledge of himself.'

A shudder, as of mingled ecstasy and anguish, shook him from head to foot; and, with a cry as of one wounded to the death, he exclaimed,—

'Yes, for Him I love them, and that He has

thought of me. But oh! for you, who have taught me to know myself and Him, what shall I say that I feel; I cannot, I dare not.'

Bending towards him, I said, 'You dare not? What have you to conceal? What is there that I should not hear? Has my father or have I unintentionally wounded your feelings in any way? If so, forgive us, for we never meant it.'

'Not that, not that!' cried Sylvain, twisting his body as if in pain, and wringing, with interlocked fingers, his hands above his head. 'Any thing, death is better than that you should think me ungrateful, or that I have any thing to conceal but the too great gratitude, the too great love, I feel for you.'

Something in the tones of wildness, something of passion and despair, made me involuntarily start to my feet.

'Ah! do not leave me, do not hate me; stay, I must tell you every thing,' he cried. 'I know it is wrong; I feel it should not be: but how could I help it? You, so thoughtful and kind, are the one bright thing in my life, something supernatural which has deigned to visit me and draw me towards yourself. Can it be wicked that I should feel through every fibre of my heart your condescension, your kindness? If

so, you are in fault at least, that to see you, to know you, must be to love you. You ask for my secret, and you have it. It shall die with me, and the confession of it shall never again wound your ear; that you bear to hear it and do not fly, that I have the courage to say it, gives me a joy I did not think to know on earth. This gratitude, this adoring love, is not that which is killing me. It is that I know, that I see, the gulf which I cannot pass yawning between us. You have lifted me to your society, to your affection; but that gulf even you cannot bid to disappear. It is my fate to carry a fire in my breast which must devour me. The life you have given destroys itself, for it cannot reach to your life. And I am happy in knowing that I die, because I am lifted where life and love cannot exist together. What has a poor wanderer of the forest, a homeless brute whom you have made man without the privileges of one, to do in a world where he is not wanted!

'Do not pity me too much, for I would not that either my life or my death should darken yours. You are my sun, and I the poor insect, happy to wither in your brightness, asking no better doom than to perish near you.

'I do not ask you to say how much or in what

way you love me; for I know that such love as mine is not for you to share. I see in your face, in your eyes, its only substitute, — a pity, a grief, which is more than I ask. Make no reply to the wild words of a dying creature; but remember them in your heart, and least of all do not let them turn to bitterness in your memory.

'Say nothing of this to your father. It is too foolish and too sacred, and might harm me if I so wounded his pride. It is between us and Him who fashioned me out of nothing, and gave to you that human heart, against which my own has dared to beat for a moment.

'Of this again my lips shall never speak. I have only said already too much for your peace and my own. I am feverish, weak, and weary. Oh! lead me back, that I may say farewell where I always do; for now all is finished for me in this life: but I must not die here at your feet.'

We returned to the cave in silence, where Sylvain, not without emotion, took leave of my father. Long after his feeble step, his drooping, hopeless figure had disappeared from notice, I stood gazing after him. A sense of a pain which had come into my life, an obligation to an infinite forgiveness and care, sobered my thoughts, and

left me absorbed and helpless before the wonder of this strange trial.

Sylvain did not return to us for many days. My father augured no good to his health from this. Only I, in the silence of my heart, felt the true reason, hardly daring even to think of it; and condemned for the first time with my father to an unfilial reticence.

'The poor fellow,' said my father, 'is too weak and ill to come the long distance from his village. Not only I am certain that he suffers for the loss of what we have taught him to enjoy but how, among his fellow-brutes, should he have that care and comfort which we, his new friends, could give him? If he come again, as I am sure he will, we will prepare for him, near to ourselves, all the dwelling he needs, and Mr. Cudworth shall see to it at once. I will have it like his own, and yet with something of the advantage he has seen in our habitation, and this may tempt him to stay. For his mind's and body's sake, it will be far better that he should be within reach of us and our help, rather than perish, if perish he must, among companions unworthy of him, and with whom his new thoughts meet no response.'

Mr. Cudworth prepared not far from the scene

of our lessons, and placed upon the bough of a tree quite near the ground, the hut which we hoped Sylvain might accept from us as his own. One morning, not long after this, as my father and myself were gazing, while seated upon Sylvain's bench, without much hope, in the direction of his village, we saw him, with timid and painful steps, and oh! so wan and shadowy, advancing with difficulty toward us. We ran to meet him, and on either side sustained his drooping limbs. A strange look of peace and happiness flickered across his features as he said, 'Forgive me: is it not best so? I have come to die among the only friends I know now, the only ones to whom I could address my parting words.'

We drew him slowly to the form of jak-wood, and sate beside him as he rested there. His breathing was difficult, so that at first he spoke but little; but after a while his eye brightened, his strength returned somewhat, and, taking one of our hands in each of his, he pressed them, saying with a smile, —

'Indeed, I could not live, I could not die among my kindred. You are my nearest and dearest; and is it not best even that I should burden you with the presence of one whom you have made what he is?'

We tried — ah! so vainly — by smiles, caresses, and soothing words to dissipate the deep gloom which infolded his spirit. He smiled, indeed, in return, and spoke words pleasant to hear, but their natural sense was not in them. We both saw that he knew his doom, and he taught us to acquiesce in it as he had done.

When we showed him the little hut with its additions, which Cudworth had fashioned for him, he seemed entirely pleased. Turning his faded face to us, he said,—

'Always the same kind friends! How happy I am that once again I am with you!'

Dear Lady Betty, my falling tears prevent my seeing what I write; and, if they did not, how could I deal out to you, pang by pang, what the slow days now brought to us? It is not well to lay bare for a stranger's eye the fibres of a heart which shrank before my own. There is a sacredness not only for the parting spirit, but in a love so strange, so impossible, that if I had not known it through the bitterest sympathy, I should have said it never on earth could be. No, I will not, drop by drop, measure the departing life. It would be too much for your interest in me and mine, too much for the sorrow which bowed me to the earth if I did so.

Slowly, hourly, Sylvain was withdrawn from us. He faded like an exhalation into the forest, even as like one we had drawn him from it. Always unfaltering in his affection to us both, it now seemed equally divided between us. By not a word, by not a look, was he false to the promise he had made me of being silent for evermore as to the love he bore me.

He liked to have us read to him from the Bible, and sing to him the hymns which had so delighted him when healthier and stronger. Then his face took on an expression which we both noticed.

'See, father,' I whispered, 'this is our Sylvain, the man we have created, the soul which should be baptized. There is nothing there now of the wild thing of the woods: all that is left is ours, — our own Sylvain.'

My father was greatly agitated, and withdrew with me into a privacy beyond the hut.

'My dear child,' he said, 'you have touched a chord in me whose sound was already ringing in my ears. Through us, by our help, has been created a soul, perhaps immortal, and we have no right to send it darkling on its way without the hope a Christian feels in death.

'You have said the word "baptism;" and,

though I am a magistrate only and no clergyman, I think it right, the case is so wonderful, to assume the duty and privilege of one. To-morrow we will ascertain from Sylvain if he shares in our desire. If he does, the rite shall be accomplished.'

The next day our poor patient and scholar was still worse; so much so that my father feared that, unless he hastened the ceremony, Sylvain might leave us without its holy promises.

When my father spoke of this to him, lying inert, and, as we feared, unheeding, before us, with a great cry he half-rose from his couch, and eagerly grasping our hands, exclaimed, —

'The last of friendship, the last of earthly love, is now that with you both I should be baptized in Christ: in the heaven you tell me of we shall meet with equal souls, — an equal birthright and an equal love.'

As with failing voice he murmured the latter word, I thought he seemed pouring all the fervor of his dying soul, as from a cup, from his eyes into my own; and then, with a look of infinite peace, he fell backward and was still.

I cannot write of these things, dear cousin: the distress wounds me too much. Enough to say, the next day, amid tears and prayers, the

ceremony of baptism was accomplished; then instantly a look of consecration and holy peace took possession of his features for the few days he remained on earth.

Two days after the ceremony of baptism, Sylvain expired in my father's arms. It was great comfort to us to see that all our fellow-travellers shared sincerely in our grief; for his intelligence, simplicity, and affection had endeared him even to those who saw him but rarely.

Cudworth had prepared a grave a little beyond the form of jak-wood, placing a shapely head-stone before it. I made him prepare too a cross cut from the most enduring wood, and this I had put just within the head-stone. Upon the bench, the scene of Sylvain's mental progress, the place of so many happy hours, at my request Cudworth deeply carved the following words:—

Near this Bench

Lie the Remains of a Creature of the Woods,

Whom Faith and Affection lifted to an Equality of Friendship with his two surviving Friends,

Who leave this Memorial

Of their Wonder and their Love.

After this sad event, this great affliction, life was intolerable in our island. My father was already proposing that we should seek upon the shore another dwelling-place, removed from what brought by its sight so much grief to us all; when, early on the second morning after Sylvain's burial, we were all startled from our slumbers by the clear and loud discharge of a cannon.

Day was breaking, and, when we reached the shore, we could plainly see, riding proudly at anchor, the English ensign floating in the breeze, our own dear ship, the long-lost 'Monarch.'

Soon the ship's boats were lowered; and how my heart beat, dear Lady Betty, when I saw standing in the foremost one the manly figure of our excellent captain, I leave you to imagine. Soon the boats had reached the beach, and all who came we at once conducted to our cave. The captain much admired the skill and contrivance of his mate, and said that, grievous as the loss of him had been to him, he was more than compensated for by the great utility he had been to us.

On reviewing our stores and utensils of various sorts, the captain thought it wisest to leave them behind in the cave, as he was fully sup-

plied, and they might perhaps be useful to any who should suffer the same fate as our own.

You may be sure that I did not among these things include either my beautiful book-shelves or my precious desk and manuscript. Of the game and wild fowl, of which we had a fair quantity the captain took advantage, and ordered them to be carried on board and added to the ship's supplies.

On being questioned as to his disappearance, he said that his ship was violently torn from the reef by the tempest which had left us unharmed; that, finding the vessel leaked considerably, he was obliged to put into an Indian port for repairs. Then Mr. St. Clair had taken advantage of this to reach his purposed destination by land. After this, he proceeded upon his voyage, took in his cargo as quickly as he could, being resolved to visit again, in the hope of finding us, our island, whose latitude and longitude he well knew. On approaching it from its eastern side, he had joyfully noticed the flag we had made flying from its mountain-crest. This gave him the greatest hopes of our safety; and, though he had anchored early in the night, he had forborne firing the cannon till there was sufficient light for us at once to profit by his arrival.

We each in turn thanked him for his kind remembrance of us, and said we should prefer to return to our native land in the stout ship 'Monarch,' than any that ever floated upon the seas. My father briefly narrated the sad story of Sylvain; and the last thing we did before leaving the island was to visit his grave.

All stood there in silence and wonder for a while, till, seeing the captain looking at his watch, after hastily plucking a few flowers which had already sprouted from the tropical mould, I leading the way, we all walked directly towards the boats.

Our voyage home was uneventful and pleasant. The last thing I did while on board was to fold up and direct to you, my dear cousin, the manuscript in which I had described our strange adventures."

THE END.

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